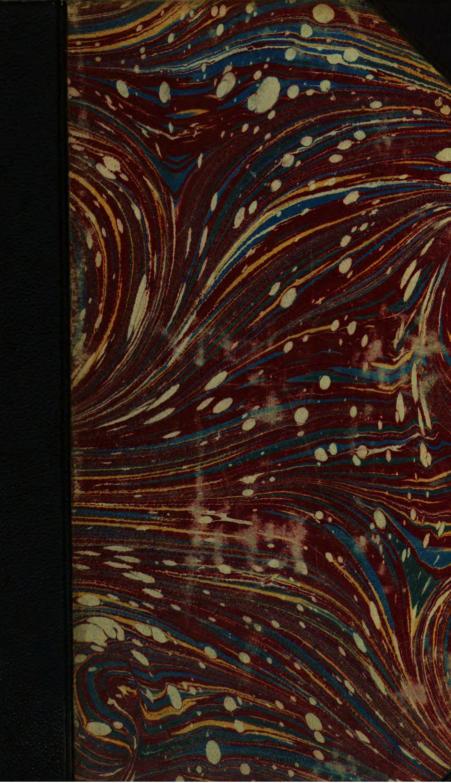
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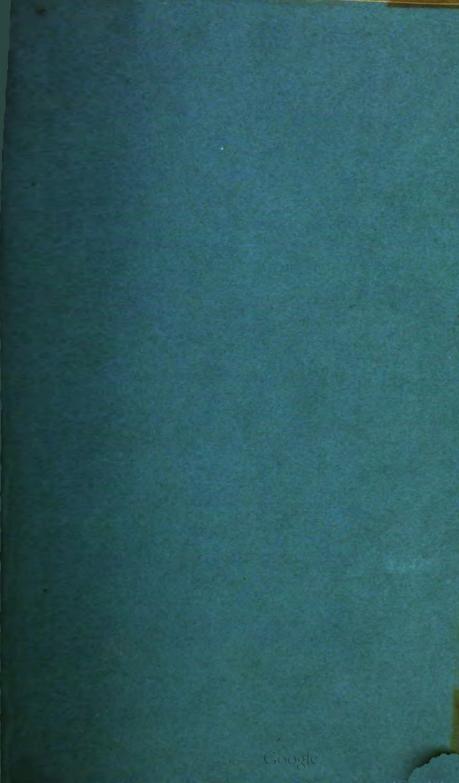
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# THE PORT FOLIO.

Vol. XII.

# FROM JULY TO DECEMBER.

1821.

#### EDITED BY

JOHN E. HALL, Esq.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.—CowPER.

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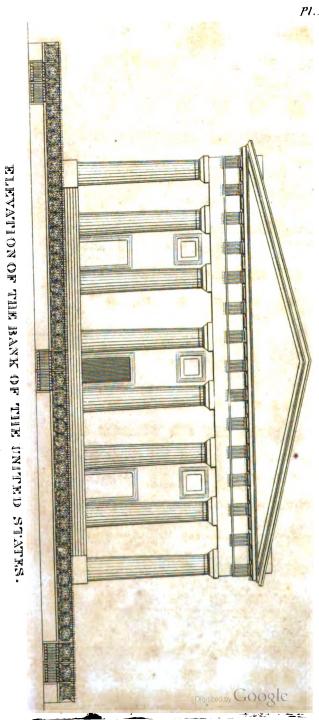
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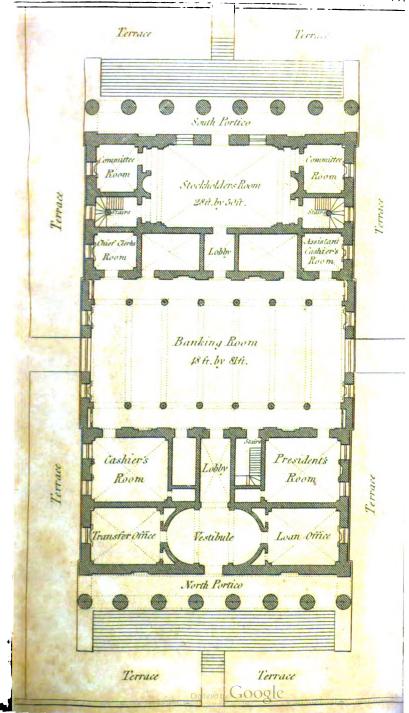
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Designed by William Strickland Arch!



# THE PORT FOLIO,

#### CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—Cowres.

Vor. XIL

SEPTEMBER, 1821.

No. I.

#### LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

By Don Signor Travideani, or Aviero, to Canova, the Sculptor.

PROM THE ITALIAN.

Palmyra 17th December, 1818.

Making a short stay at Grand Cairo, I embarked in the neighbourhood of Babylonia; and turning away from Rhodes, proud of its Nilometer, I found running upwards, Cimopolis, and the city that calls to remembrance the depraved licentiousness of Adrian, the Lower Abydos, Lycopolis, and many other places not mentioned with us.

The picturesque prospect of a thousand cavities called to my mind the anchorites of Thebes.

Following the well-employed journey, I observed Abotis, Arrotopholis, and Tentea, where, in the temple of Isis, I tasted, with wonder, the Egyptian learning; and, turning towards the opposite shore, I passed by Coenas, and Apollinopolis Minor; reviewing near thereto the city of the Hundred Gates.

Here is Carnak with its boundless walks of sphinxes, the Propylæon, porticoes of granite, the courts, the squares, and the temple, with eighteen ranks of columns hieroglyphically sculptured, the circumference of which seven men hardle span with their arms.

Luxor, with its obelisks and innumerable colonnades.

Behold Medinet Abu covered with endless ruins, and with the monstrous colossus that saluted the appearance of the king of the stars, and still shadows the Theban plain.

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1



Follow and behold Kowm, where the seat of Memnon makes a rich display; and the bright image of the great Sesostris.

But the tombs of these subterranean abodes, that which an Italian (Giovanni Belzoni,) opened last year, under the auspices of Mr. Salt, consul-general of England, in Egypt, excites a doubt whether they are the production of a mortal hand.

The interior is entered through an ample gate, where a path, with walls beautifully sculptured, leads to galleries still more beautiful, by the side of which are the royal rooms, which preserve in diffuse painting the Egyptian mysteries, and the different nations first known. The sanctuary of Isis captivates both the eye and the mind.

Then a catacomb of alabaster, adorned with hieroglyphics, both externally and internally, rises in the centre of the greater wing, which alone might enrich and give reputation to a museum. Why were not you with me in that hour when I found in the great Thebes the whole world?

Having so good a motive, I directed to you from thence a letter. Tearing myself away, as it were, by force, from the divine Hecatompylos, I passed Armuntis, Crocodilopolis, Latopolis, and Apollinopolis Major, saluting afterwards, amongst its pleasing hills, the remote Syene.

Having visited the temples of that frontier, and the well that was the looking-glass of the Sun, and the Elephantine Island, the abode of Emefet, I joined the illustrious party of my Lord Belmore, intent upon visiting Nubia; and, having passed the last cataract, improperly called the first, the caves of granite, and the sumptuous edifices of Philos, &c. reached Sieg Ibsambal, the ancient Aboceis, abandoned to Petronius by the unfortunate Candace, and where is still the best monument of Ethiopia, re-opened by order of Mr. Salt, by our Belzoni, and by us another time when the Nisis had covered it with sand. The name of Mr. Salt is dear to the republic of the literati, and to amateurs of travels, by calling to their remembrance the interesting accounts of Abyssinia.

From Ibsambal, passing over to Ischiet, we met Daud Kaschef, one of the seventy children of Hassan, who received us with an agreeable politeness, under a canopy of palms, in a field. Oh! if you had seen how different from our own are the customs of the people of Nubia.

Here Captain Correy, brother of Lord Belmore, and myself, were seized with the desire of passing the penultimate cataract, in order

to arrive by the way of Senaar at the pleasant island of Meroe, which is the Saba conquered by Moses before the high mission, when, under the name of Sontifanti, he sngaged high credit at the court of Pharaoh.

We were full of this project, when some people of the provinces, subject to the Grand Negus, told us, that the Mamelukes confined in Dongola by the brave Mahomet Ali, vehemently suspected all those who came from Egypt; wherefore we retroceded, and, on the 26th of Dec. 1817, I cut in the name of *Ilias* and my own, upon the highest top of the cataracts of Nubia.

That river which fertilizes so many kingdoms, and makes them fruitful, is here divided into millions of various streams, which, gushing out from amongst the stones, and folding into heaps of flowers, form to the eye a spectacle not elsewhere known in nature.

Having found under the torrid Zone the scites of the ancient Phthuris, Assciga, Yicroseia, Corthes, Pselchas, Thutzis, Talmis, Taphis, and Thitzi, and having returned to Syene, and soon directed my steps towards Ombos Sacra, to Crocodile, to Stilithia, Anubis, to Koptos, the friend of the maritime Berenice, and which experienced all the rigour of Diocletian, to Dioscopolis Minor, Abydos Major, which preserves considerable remains of the temple of Osiris, to Panopolis Antinopolis, Hermapolis, Magna, Tanis Superior, and to Osirineus in Siut, where I met with the French traveller, Count Forbin.

Spending some time in Radamore, where is a distillery of rum, and a sugar bakery, under the direction of the hospitable Mr. Brine, I went down to the pyramids of Saccara, and by the plain of Memphis, to those of Ghizeh, where I found M. Belzoni anxious to penetrate into the second of those heaps, thought to be of Cephrenus. Knowing his intelligence, I endeavoured only to animate him still more to the undertaking, and after a stay of some days, we traversed a place which had been inaccessible for many generations; and I know not how to express my feelings at wandering amongst those cavaties.

A very long-inclined gallery, entirely of fine and massy granite; a passage at the end so narrow, that a man bending horizontally can hardly enter; then a horizontal gallery, which looks into the hall where is the tomb worn away; a perpendicular gallery, somewhat inclined, with a room on the left side of the passage; various

collections of saline productions figured upon the walls; numerous inscriptions; and, finally, crosses drawn upon these same walls;—this is what we saw.

Emerging from this delirium to the light, I wished to ascend the highest pyramid, and arrived at the top; I appeared to touch the stars: I remained there the whole night, which was the best of my life. Forty centuries had been silent under my feet, whilst I was pondering on the cause and effects of the creation.

The following morning the rising Sun illumined me, which shone with a pomp never dreamt of either by painter or by poet.

From this place I wrote to you, to Dionigi, Morghen, Bartolomei, Pindemonte, Morichini, Ferreni, Vacea, Scarpellini, Camellieri, Delfico, to the Cardinal Gonzalvi, to the Chevalier Fossombroni, and to other lights and souls of my country.

I have scarcely mentioned to you the celebrated woman of Mizraim; she has been a prey to all the scourges of time, so that we can only write upon her remains, "there was Memphis."

Turning from the pyramids, I entered into Grand Cairo, and thence down to Alexandria, in order to expedite to you the plan of my researches: for you and the Regent of England were the first to second my efforts.

During the above mentioned period, I went to pay homage to the man who governs Egypt, worthy of being inserted in the pages of history by the side of Mœris and Menes, or with Euergetes and Ptolemy, sons of Lagos.

Returning to Grand Cario, I repaired to Asia: and, plunging into the deserts of Etam and those of Kedar, I saw on one side Pharaw, and on the other Casiotis, which includes in its bosom the bones of the great Roman yet unrevenged.

As I left Egypt, which was deserting me, I was reminded of what Amru wrote to the great Omar, who was desirous of having a picture of that country: "O prince of the Faithful, it is a vast and arid desert, with a river in the middle, which is attended in its course by two opposite hills, the borders of the ground rendered fertile by that flood so blessed by heaven." Most just is the picture, and in that too which afterwards follows.

Continuing my route I passed the isthmus of Suez, and the fragments of Rinocerura, Rapha, and Agrippiades, and leaving behind me Bezor, I comforted my weary eye with the olives of Gerara, the happy land of the Philistines. Departing from Gaza I went to Beersheba, to Sorek, upon the borders of which lived Dalilah, to Timnath, and Gabatha, known already by the feats of Samson; and getting out of the way of the tribe of Simeon, I advanced into the mounts of Judah and Benjamin, arriving by the plain of Boaz at Jerusalem, in the very time of the Greeks demanding from Heaven their sacred fire.

At the view of the Hill of Sion and Mount of Olives, at the appearance of the city, I felt both as a christain and as a philosopher, touched by an hitherto unfelt emotion, which, somewhat retarding my steps, covered my heart with pleasing melancholy, and my mind with incessant meditation. Oh! what a difference between the imagination and the reality.

Having reverenced those places which record the beginning of the best religion in the world, I contemplated with indescribable transport, the Tower of David, the Temple of Solomon, the Palace of Herod, the Fountain and the Pool of Siloah, the Sheeppool, and that of Beersheba, the Kedron, the Golden Gate, the well of Nehemiah, which concealed the true fiery element, the Mount of Offence, and that of Scandal, with the Valley of Tophet, where the priests of Israel sacrificed human victims to Moloch; the Sepulchre of Manasseh in the garden of Uzza, the sepulchres of the kings, and those of Absalom, of Jehosaphat, of Zachariah, son of Barachiah; the only architectural objects I thought worthy of you amongst the modern antiquities of the Hebrews.

You are never satiated with delight over the ruins of Jerusalem; and, taking the advantage of a company of pilgrims, I went with them to Bahurim, whence Shimei threw stones at the Psalmist, in Adummim, or Place of Blood, to the fountain of Elijah, to Jericho, which no longer gives odour to the chaste flower, down to Gilgal; I purified myself in the Jordan at Bethabara, where John baptized.

Before me were Reuben and Gad, with the plains of Moab, and the Land of the Ammorites.

Amongst the crowd of pilgrims were distinguished the Britons, Bengs, Mangles, Irby, Legh, and the exemplary companion of the Italian Belzoni.

Returning to Jerusalem, I was present at the tragic quarrel which occurred between the Greeks and Latins, near the temb of Jesus Christ. I wrote to the hero of the pontificate, exhorting him to interfere, in order, that, in future, such scandalous occurrences might not happen.

I then undertook another journey, and the places I saw were the

Valley of the Giants, the Lands of Jacob, the sepulchre of Rachel, near Ramah, the Cistern of David, Bethlehem, a smiling town of Judea, the Villa of the closed Garden, the Sealed Fountain, and the vessels of Solomon; the Hills of Engeddi, Tema, the country of Almos; and Giloh, country of Ahitophel; the Grottos of Adulam, and the wood of Ziph, where the successor of Saul, David, often hid himself; the valley of Mamre, the field of Damascus; whence re-proceeding, the vale of Terebinthus, fatal to Goliah, and the surrounding places renowned by the nativity and abstinence of the precursor. Lastly, I saw Bethany.

Having drawn from the library and the archives of the friars what I thought of service to my purpose, I bid adieu to the daughter of Sion, and by the Pool of Gibeon, Beth-horon, Succoth the Valley of Rephaim, Azekah, Emmaus, Anathoth, the country of Jeremiah placed against Modin, the glory of the Maccabees, and by Aramathea, passing Sharon, I stopped at Joppa, which still boasts of its rocks warm with the tears of Andromeda. Here arrived the Tyrian ships, bearing the precious stones and purple which the son of Abibal sent to the sapient king, and here, too, daily arrives the pilgrim, led from afar to pay the vow.

From Joppa I went by the shore to Ekron, Ashdod, which kept the ark a prisoner, to Ashkalon, now destroyed, and having returned to Joppa, I ascended the inheritence of Ephraim to the Sepulchres of Benjamin and Simeon; to Sichem, whence we mounted Ebal and Gerezzim, to the well of Jacob, and the Sepulchre of Joseph; and meeting with the Abbe de Mazure, a warm panegyrist of France, and measurer of Judea I went with him to Siloa, upon the road that leads from Jerusalem to Neapolis.

Neapolis, or Napolosa, lies upon the ruins of Sichem, and here, returning from Siloa, I found the ancient Samaritans, or Cuteans, who were praying from error, by a well, believed to be Jacob's. I taught them the truth, which doctrine excited against me no small disturbance; so far, that the said Samaritans, thinking me one of their brethren, wished by all means, to retain me in the country; and what is more singular exacted that I should promise marriage to a woman of their sect.

The christians of Napolosa took up my defence; whence, getting off at my own hazard, foreseeing the favour of the former, I took shelter in Samaria, where there is no vestige of the importunate Samaritans. I wrote to you, that, with the exception of some columns, there is nothing interesting in Sebaste.

On leaving Samaria the tribe of Issachar presented themselves to me in Galilee, with the fountain of Israel, and plain of Esdraelon, over which the eye cannot reach; Endor, at the foot of the second Hermon, known by the victory of Deberah and Barak. Sophos, the native place of James and of the friend of his master; Cana, the country of Simon and Nathaniel; Tabor, terminating with Heaven; beautiful ports of Zabulon; Bethsaida, the country of Peter and Andrew on the shores of that water, abundant in the deeds of the Divine Instructor of virtue.

Returned to Tiberias, I undertook the analyssis of those mineral waters; and in the city where lives, in retired delight, that deserving member of society, the noble gentleman Raphael de Piciotlo, consul-general of Austria in Syria, whose roof and whose fortune never denied to any one a constant and sacred hospitality.

And you must know a propose, that, amongst the Hebrews dispersed in the various regions of the globe, and amongst those of Asia and Africa particularly, there exists an ancient custom of coming to finish their days upon the spot, bedewed by the sweat of their ancestors. Such a sentiment gladdens their heart from the most tender years of youth, and hence it is moving to see arrive in the ports of Palestine, the aged Israelite, who, leaning upon the shoulder of his old consort, approaches with her amidst the cheers of hope, to deposit his ragged spoils in the sepulchre of their forefathers.

The heats suffered upon the lake of Gennesareth having moderated, I revisited the tribe of Issachar, and having ascended Carmel, I dropped down to Hepna, to Dora, to Cesarea, to Manasseh; and, passing in the tribe of Asher, over the space of Semeron and the waters of Cenderia, I continued afterwards the Belus to Ptolemais, still dyed with that blood which the cruel Djezar caused to flow in torrents.

Thus following the course of the Phænician shore, every moment appeared to me an age which interfered with that which showed me in a miserable rock, surrounded with water and with sand, that once powerful mistress of the sea.

The Greek archbishop, D. Cirillo Debbas, received me cordially in his house, and causing to be prepared a frugal repast, placed on the ground, after the fashion of the East, and sitting himself down beside me, spoke as follows:—" Eat with good will, that God may preserve it to thee. I receive thee negligently after

the manner of the apostles, and this scanty food I consume with thee in good will, as I do daily with the other guests. If I had more I would give thee more, but my only income, which is that of the archbishopric of Tyre, does not produce me more than two hundred crowns (schdi) annually of thy country, the half of which I employ to nourish the poor of my diocese. Besides being their spiritual, I am also their temporal, physician, and lend gratuitously my remedies wherever they are necessary. The other prelates live more secure under cover of the mountains, but I am more fortunate than they are, who divide with my flock the days of sorrow and of joy." May those be blessed who speak and reason with so much truth.

Leaving Tyre with the benedictions and sincere embraces of my host, I passed the Well of Living Waters, the Pseudo Eleutherius, and Sarepta, where the smiling plain of that Sidon opened itself before mc, which struggled hard with its approaching fall. Monsieur Ruffin, French consul, politely offered me a reception, and I deplore the loss he has since sustained in a companion who was the model of the tender sex.

The Lady Esther Stanhope, who, for so many years, has attracted the attention of Asia and Europe, by the singular manner of life she has adopted, is encamped one hour's distance from Sidon, in a small habitation called Ceraba; and, in order to render herself still more remarkable, she insists upon her will being obeyed, that no European shall approach her, even for a moment. Would it not be an act of intolerance to blame her for it?

Traversing that mountain which includes so many mountains, and may properly be called a kingdom, and which I shall call Libania, I hastened forward to Cilicia, and thence to Damascus, the name of which imposes more than is due to it.

In all the circuit of Libanus, as well as in Carmel, I collected a thousand fruits and petrified testaceous substances, the proof of a tremendous deluge.

My intention of going from Damascus to Palmyra not succeeding at that time, I came to Balbec, where it appeared to me as if Thebes were revived in the midst of Syria.

An entire volume would be insufficient for the description of the Temple of the Sun.

Six columns arise among the marshes, each in height seventyone feet, and twenty-one feet eight inches in circumference. Three stones of granite occupy the space of one hundred and seventy-five and a half feet, and another has sixty-nine feet of length, twelve of breadth, and thirteen of thickness. You alone, sublime genius! can solve the problem, whether it is the work of common men, or of a race of beings superior to our own.

Re-ascending mount Libanus, I wished to smell its boasted cedars, see Eden, the grottos of Canobin, and the horrible cave of the great Egyptian hermit. Oh! how the pure and sweet life of the patriarchs flourishes here. Here is that simplicity and peace that man in vain seeks amongst mankind.

After returning to Phænicia, I went to Tripoli, to Tortosa, witness of the great congress in the first crusade; to Eleutherius, Sober; to the city of Gabale, which preserves one of its amphitheatres; to Laodicea, where Signor Agostino Lazzari entertained me with more than social treatment; and penetrating amongst the mountains of the Arsarites, I arrived at the Milky Waters of Orontes and at Antioch, an object worthy of contest.

From Theopolis, by a road covered with abusive inhabitants, I came to the more flourishing Aleppo, thence to the Euphrates, and hardly touching Mesopotamia, the sound of Ninevah and Babylon already struck my fancy, and drew it away more rapidly than the steed of Elimaides, the chariot of Cyrus.

Passing again through Aleppo, I kept the other road of Damascus by Apamea, Cima, and Emesa, where the delicately fair-haired, white-complexioned nymphs display themselves, with their black eyes, more beautiful than were ever produced by the native of Urbino or by Titian.

Whilst I was enjoying the presence of Emesa, the catastrophe of the Palmyrenes came to my memory, and the blood of the acute Longinus almost drew from me a tear.

Warmly recommended to the governor of Damascus by the excellent Piciotto, consul-general of Austria in Aleppo, a son worthy of his father, I advanced towards Palmyra, in company with a single guide, and, after five days of a most troublesome journey, reposed in the court of Odenatus and Zenobia.

But what can I tell you of this memorable spot, which so much electrifies the intellects, unless that about thirty towers, the Temple of the Sun, and three hundred columns scattered here and there, over a soil covered with sand, and still standing to eternize

2

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the great Palmyra? What I pass over in silence shall blossom in my future little work.

In fifteen months, and about seven thousand miles, I have passed through the Mediterranean, Misraim, Nubia, Kedar, Idumea, Philistia, Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Phœnicia, Cœle, Syria, and Mesopotamia, having seen the sea of Pentapolis, have drank of that of Tiberias, and the Nile, the Jordan, Orontes, and Euphrates; have ascended the Pyramids, Sion, Gerezim, Tabor, Libanus, and Carmel, and have reposed in the tombs of Thebes, amongst the cataracts of Nubia, and upon the dust of Memphis, Heliopolis, Ashkalon, Tyre, Sidon, Balbeck, Palmyra, Samaria, and Jerusalem.

II.

Mount Sinai, 8th May, 1819.

I write to you from the most memorable heights in the world; but hear how I came hither.

Having closed the letter which I directed to you from the ruins of Palmyra, I followed the silent contemplation of those remarkable remains, and, under the protection of the hospitality of the modern Palmyrenes, who are the best Arabs I know of, I passed joyful and tranquil hours.

Their questions turned upon Boneborte (Bonaparte) and my Lady Stanhope; the former they remembered from his expedition into Soria, for the fame of him resounded greatly amongst them; and the latter for the liberality displayed in the journey which she undertook in the desert.

Their curiosity and my own being satisfied, I continued my journey with my guide, and arrived at Damascus. Thence, through Coele and Syria, I ascended Libanus once more, which I was delighted to contemplate amidst the horrors of the winter, and descending to Berytus by Phoenicia, the pleasant Philistia, and the wearisome Elam, I returned to the Nile.

After one day's repose, I went to offer my personal tribute to the pyramids, and a-propos of these heaps, while I was writing my name upon the third, called Phryne, I perceived that *Frediani* was the anagram of *Dia Frine*.

I then returned to Cairo, and as the pestilential scourge was beginning to mow down human victims, instead of remaining there I thought it better to continue my journey, and three days of sand made me ejaculate Dulce Videre Suez.

Having admired the progress and decrease of the waters, I put myself on board an India ship, commanded by the excellent captain Laudale; and embarking afterwards in a small boat, I sailed as far as Der Essafran, where it is believed Israel passed over, and traversing almost in a right line the famous sea, I approached Del et Hamman.

Departing by the waters of Suez, I had ordered my Arabs to wait for me at a place indicated, and judge of my surprise upon my arrival to find no one there!

The solitude of the place, the inefficiency of the bark to continue as far as Tor, the wind contrary for my return to Suez, the want of provisions, and water particularly, were the mournful thoughts that sat heavy upon my heart.

But that immutable eternal Providence, ever present where he least appears so, but where most necessary, caused in an instant my guides to approach: whence by the path of the Chosen People I trod upon Pavan and Sin, and sighing, arrived at the sides of these mountains, which are Sinai and Horeb.

The first idea I conceived, when for the first time I heard of Mount Libanus, was that of an insulated mountain, and in such respect all the ideas of men are alike, whence I shall call it Country of Libany, instead of Libanus; that country as large almost as our Abruzzo, and larger than our Tyrol, which comprises luxuriant valleys, fertile meadows, flowing rivers, beautiful hills, very high mountains, populous towns, ten bishoprics, seventy principalities, and which can produce fifty thousand champions for the protection of its precious liberty.

III.

Cairo, 1st December, 1820.

Leaving Horeb and Sinai, from the summits of which I gazed at lands which form lucid points in the blaze of human intellect I descended into the country of Elim, where still are to be seen the palms and the wells that quenched the thirst of the Jews.

Having cooled myself in Tor, where I tried its waters, I returned by the road of Suez to Cairo, and going down to Alexan-

dria, I turned towards the lake Marcotis, thence to that of Mandie and Etko, and making an excursion in merry company to the beautiful Rosetta, I traversed the branch Bolbitina, the Delta, and arrived at the ruins of Botis, and the mouth of the Sebone, upon the Fammeticus branch, in modern Damietta.

Embarking thence upon the lake of Memale, and arrived at the islands of Mataria, I advanced into the canal of Moez, whence I might view the scattered remains of Tænis, and returning to the lake, I recognized the Tanities and Pelusiac mouths, with the Bogas of Rahi.

Disembarked upon the shore, I arrived through the desert at the side of Mount Casius, and the day following ascended that celebrated eminence, whence I came to Pelusium, that famous Rey of Egypt, and trusting myself once more to the waves, I visited the islands of Tennis and Thuria, and passing over the Mendesian mouth, I returned to Damietta.

Reposing a little I took diversion upon the lake, and penetrated by the canal of Moez into that of Salahie, and descending into the desert, I found endless fields of soda, both vegetable and mineral.

Whence approaching the Nile, I arrived by the canal of Asmun, at the city of Benhi, the ancient Mendes; thence upon the branch Fammeticus to the bed fatal to Louis IX; and finally returned to Grand Cairo.

Now that, thanks to the magnanimous Viceroy of Egypt, the brave Mahomet Ali, and his faithful minister Burgoss Jusuff, I am furnished with ample and generous means of penetrating into spaces shut up by the seal of ages, I am preparing to approach the torrid zone, where I hope to show to Italy that I am not entirely unworthy of belonging to her.

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From the days of James I. the text of the Bible has ever been printed in the same form of chapter and verse; the difference in editions has consisted in a different sized volume; a larger or smal-

ler type; better or worse paper: sometimes with notes, but generally without: with more or less marginal matter, and sometimes without any; having neither various renderings, nor parallel passages; these are the points in which one Bible differs from another in all preceding editions.\* Mr. R. is the first who has had courage to make an experiment upon the text itself, and print it in some other division, than that of chapter and verse. He has divided the whole Bible into sections and paragraphs, conformably with the natural divisions of the several subjects; but he has preserved the chapter and verse for the sake of reference; so that this Bible gives a new view of the Sacred Writings, and yet retains every advantage belonging to the former Bibles; being a sort of novelty . without innovation. Mr. R. has not taken such liberties without having sufficient reasons to justify him. These he has set forth in a Preface prefixed to the work; and, as they are well worthy the consideration of every reader of the Bible, they had better be seen in the Editor's own words. Indeed, the whole of his Preface contains so much information and remark on the Bible, and the various manners of publishing it, that we shall give it at full length, as the best prospectus of the work.

"The design of this publication is to provide the public with an edition of our Church Bible, which, according to what appears to be the taste of the present time, may be deemed a more convenient book for reading, than any of the Bibles now in use.

" It has ever seemed to me a just cause of complaint, that while every English book, of any character, has had the advantage of being printed in various forms and sizes, to suit the different taste of readers. THE HOLY BIBLE has been still printed in no other form, than that of one single book, which from the bulk of the contents must necessarily make an unhandy and inconvenient volume, even if printed in a small type. All other books that are of any length, and are in much request whether for instruction or amusement, are divided into convenient volumes, and generally have bestowed upon them the advantage of a larger print; from which it may reasonably be concluded, that this is a prevailing taste; and that for a book to have readers, it must have these recommendations. It appeared to me, that the readers of the Bible were entitled to every accommodation of this sort; and further, that it was an experiment worth trying, whether persons might not be attracted, by such means, to the reading of the Bible. Such sentiments as these suggested to me, to put to the press an edition of the Bible in separate vo-

• Indeed Bishop Wilson's Bible is an exception to the verses, but not as to the chapters.

lumes, that would make a manual, commodious for perusal, like the editions of our best English books.

"There still, however, appeared to me another obstacle to the Bible being generally read, with the same degree of facility and satisfaction as other English books; and that arose from the division of the matter into chapters, and more particularly into verses. This very often interrupts the current of the sense; it sometimes misleads with a false appearance, as if it presented for a complete sentence, or aphorism, what is only the fragment of a narrative, or the sentence of an argument, both of which suffer, by such mutilation.

"The manner of subdividing the matter of a book into small verses, is peculiar to the Bible; and it is the abuse of a contrivance, that was designed for another purpose, the history and progress of which is worth considering.

"The sacred books, whether Hebrew or Greek, came from the pen of their writers, and were in the hands of those, for whom they were originally composed, without any division of this sort. The first need of any thing like such a division, was after the Babylonish captivity: the Jews had then mostly forgotten the original Hebrew; and when it was read in the synagogue, it was found necessary to have an interpretation into Chaldee for the use of the common people. To make this interpretation intelligible, and useful, the reader of the Heorew used to pause at short distances, while the interpreter pronounced the same passage in Chaldee; such pauses became established, and were marked in the manuscripts, forming a sort of verses, like those in our present Bibles. -This division into verses, was confined to the Hebrew Scriptures, and to the people for whose use it was contrived; no such division was made in the translation of the SEVENTY nor in the Latin version; so that the Bible used in the Greek and the Western Churches, was without any such division, either in the Old or New Testament.

"It was, however, found necessary, in after times, to make a division and subdivision of the sacred books; but it was for a very different purpose; it was for the sake of referring to them with more ease and certainty. We are told that Cardinal Hugo, in the 13th century, made a concordance to the whole of the Latin Bible, and that for this purpose of reference, he divided both the Old and New Testament into chapters, being the same that we now have. These chapters he subdivided into smaller portions, distinguishing them by the letters of the alphabet; and, by those means, he was enabled to make references from his concordance to the text of the Bible. The utility of such a concordance brought it into high repute; and the division into chapers, upon which it depended, was adopted along with it, by the divines of Europe.

"This division into chapters was afterwards, in the 15th century, adopted by a learned Jew, for the same purpose of reference, in making a concordance to the Hebrew Bible. This was Rabbi Mordecai Nathan, who carried the contrivance a step further; for instead of ad-

hering to the subdivisions of Cardinal Hugo, he made others, much smaller, and distinguished them, not by letters but by numbers. This invention was received into the Latin Bibles, and they make the present verses of the Old Testament. In doing this, he might possibly have proceeded upon the old subdivisions long before used for the interpretation into Chaldee. We see, therefore, that the present division of the Old Testament into chapter and verse, is an invention partly Christian and partly Jewish, and that it was for the sole purpose of reference, and not primarily with a view to any natural division of the several subjects contained in it.

"The New Testament still remained without any subdivision into verses, till one was at length made, for the very same purpose of a concordance, about the middle of the 16th century. The author of this was Robert Stephens, the celebrated printer at Paris. He followed the example of Rabbi Nathan, in subdividing the chapters into small verses, and numbering them; and he printed an edition of the Greek Testament so marked. This division soon came into general use, like the former one of the Old Testament, from the same recommendation of the concordance that depended upon it; and Latin Testaments, as well as B.bles, were ever after distinguished into chapters and verses.

" It remained for the translators of the English Bible to push this invention to an extremity. The beginning of every chapter had been made a fresh paragraph in all the printed bibles; but the verses were only marked by the number, either in the margin, or in the body of the matter; such minute subdivisions did not then seem fit to be made into distinct paragraphs. But the English translators, who had fled to Geneva, during the persecution of Queen Mary, and who published there a new translation, famous afterwards under the name of the Geneva Bible, separated every one of the verses, making each into a distinct paragraph. This new contrivance was soon received with as much approbation as the preceding; and all Bibles, in all languages, began to be printed in the same manner, with the verses distinguished into paragraphs; and so the practice has continued to the present time. A singular destiny, to which no other book has been subjected! For in all other works, the index, or concordance, or whatever may be the subsidiary matter, is fashioned so, as to be subordinate to the original work; but in the Bible alone, the text, and substance of the work is disfigured in order to be adapted to the concordance that belongs to it; and the notion of its being perused, is sacrificed to that of its being referred to. In consequence of this, the Bible is to the eye, upon the opening of it, rather a book of reference than a book for perusal and study; and it is much to be feared, that this circumstance makes it much more frequently used as such; it is referred to for verifying a quotation, and then returned to the shelf. What book can be fundamentally understood, if consulted only in such a desultory way! Those who extend their reading, but still regulate their efforts

by the chapters, are not more likely to see the scriptural writings in the true view.

- "These observations upon the size and fashion of our Bibles, will, perhaps, be questioned by some; but the justness of them may be tried by putting a few questions. How many of us would be at the trouble of reading our best English authors in such an inconvenient volume as the Bible? Who would endure to read our best prose writers, if divided into verses like the Bible? We all know, what answers must be given to these questions. Why then should the Bible be thus rendered less acceptable than all other books? If it is entitled to any peculiarity, that might distinguish it above other books, surely it ought to be such as would attract, not such as would repel. The book should be printed in the most commodious size, and the text exhibited in the most intelligent form; it should be addressed to the eye, and to the understanding; to invite and to detain every one who opens it. These advantages are lavished upon poets and historians, but the Bible is sent into the world without them!
- "There is another disadvantage which the Bible labours under, beyond other ancient books. Like other productions of high antiquity, the sacred writings stand in need of explanation. The ancient writings of Greece and Rome are constantly published with more or less of explanatory notes, in all sizes. But all our authorized Bibles, published by the King's printer, and the universities, are wholly without explanatory notes. These privileged persons have confined themselves to reprinting the bare text, in which they have an exclusive right; forbearing to publish it with notes, which, it is deemed, may be done by any of the King's subjects as well as themselves. However, there is no want of notes and commentaries to the Bible; they have been provided, in great abundance, by persons of sound learning, eminently qualified for the undertaking; but these labours are confined to volumes still larger, and more unwieldy than the common Bibles before spoken of; so that readers in general have no aid of this kind to assist them in perusing, and understanding the obscure parts of Holy Scripture.
- "Under these disadvantages from the size, the form, and the want of explanation in our Common Bibles, I have long thought, that many serious persons, who are desirous of acquainting themselves with the contents of the Bible, are induced to seek them any where, rather than in the Bible itself; they go to Histories of the Bible, to Expositions, to Paraphrases, and the like substitutes; turning to the Bible only on par-
- I mean such notes, as are bond fide intended for annotation; not the pretence of notes, which I have seen in some editions of the Bible and Common Prayer, placed there merely as a cover-to the piracy of printing upon the patentees, as if fraud could make legal any thing that was in itself illegal. In some of these editions the notes are placed purposely so as to be cut off by the binder.

ticular occasions, as a book of reference, to verify passages, and to determine in the last resort. There are many such publications, which may be thought by most readers more favourable to study than the text of the Bible, as now printed. It cannot be denied, that such works are excellently contrived, and have their use; but still they are only substitutes; and if they prepare some minds for going on to a perusal of the Bible itself, it is to be feared they seduce others from reading it at all, in the way of study. Something, therefore, seems wanting, that shall bring studious persons to the very text of the Bible, as well as the contents of it; where the law of God may be read in the very words of the law itself, as commodiously, and with as much intelligence and satisfaction, as in books of the above description, that are substituted for it.

"It was in an humble, but earnest endeavour to furnish such a book, that I have put myself to the trouble and expense of preparing and publishing this edition of the Bible. I have made it a book, that is free from all objection to the size, or to the type; it can tire neither the hand, nor the eye; it is in the fashion and taste of those books, which are most read, and read with pleasure. If these external circumstances should recommend it to perusal, I venture to hope, that the method in which the text is here exhibited, together with the aid of the notes, will fix the attention of the reader to a studious reading of the Holy Scriptures, because he will read with ease and with understanding also.

"The plan is, to give to the text of Scripture the appearance which the different characters of it claim. Thus the greater part of it is unquestionably prose; but a part of the Old Testament is judged by the best critics to be, what may be called metrical, for want of some other word to distinguish it from prose. These respective parts are distinguished in this edition. All the historical books of the Old Testament, and all the New, are of the former kind; the Psalms, the writings of Solomon, most of Job, some songs in the historical books, and the greater part of the prophecies, are of the latter kind. The prose parts are here printed as prose compositions are printed in all other books, without regard to the division of chapters, and verses; which, however, are preserved for their original purpose, that of reference, but concealed in a manner not to obstruct the progress of the reader. The metrical parts are printed in the old division of verses. This appeared to me sufficient to mark the distinction between metre and prose; and I judged it more prudent to retain a division already in use, than to hazard any new one that might be made into lines or versicles, according to some late theories of Hebrew poetry; for I wished merely to distinguish what is metrical, without presuming to decide, what is the metre. In this manner. I have been able to furnish novelty without innovation; and those who are inclined to criticise the metrical part of the work, should recollect, that the singularity is really not in that, but in the prose.

"In the historical books, the metrical parts are easily known, for they are distinguishable by the very subject of them; as the Song of Vol. XII.

Moses, and the like. In the books that are wholly metrical, as the Psalms, there is no distinction to be made. The difficulty is in the prophetical books; where, it is acknowledged, there is a mixture of prose and metre, but where the subject all through is so similar, that some other criterion becomes necessary; this criterion can only be sought in the original itself. Metre, strictly speaking, is a syllabic measure; but none such is now discoverable in the Hebrew; there is, however, often discernible a peculiarity in the language and stile, consisting of something rhetorical in the choice of words, and something rythmical in the collocation of them. Such artificial passages ought surely to be regarded, and distinguished. They continually recur in the prophets; and it appears from this view of their writings, that they often change from one tener of composition to another, giving the whole an air of something rhapsodical, analogous to a transition from prose to verse, and from verse to prose.

"The prophets would not thus have varied their strain, unless it was to produce some different effect; and if this change can be represented, or even notified to the English reader, it helps to make a still closer resemblance of the prophetical writings. I found this to be a critical attempt of some nicety, and that there might be various opinions and feelings about it. I hope, the experiment which I have ventured upon, will at least be thought temperate, and accordingly be received with candour. In making up my mind on this part of the work, I have relied much on the judgment of a learned person, in whose knowledge of Scripture, and Scriptural Hebrew I have great confidence, and who is alluded to in my Collation of the Hebrew and Greek Texts of the Psalms.\*

"It was only in the Hebrew Scriptures, that any such variance in the language and the stile could make a distinction between metre and prose. The Greek language has confessedly no metre, but such as is expressed in a syllabic measure; every other composition is prose, however, elevated the stile may be; and as there is no syllabic measure in the Greek Scriptures, they must therefore be treated as plain prose. But there are other considerations, which inclined me to give a metrical appearance to some parts even of these. The Hymns in Luke i. ii. which we are used to see divided into verses in our Common Prayer Book, under the titles of Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nume Dimittis, I have for that reason, printed here in verses; I have done the same, for the same reason, with The Song of the Three Children; it seemed consistent to print the Song of Judith in the same manner. The books

" "I mean Mr. Jacob, a learned and enlightened Jew; who besides his Biblical learning, is master of all the Talmudical and Rabbinical writings, without being a superstitious admirer of them. I am greatly obliged to this gentleman for his advice in matters that required knowledge and judgment; and likewise for his condescension in attending to the progress of the work, as it went through the press." of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, being imitations of Solomon's writings, and consisting of sentences, that are co-extensive with the present verses, I thought could not be printed in a better way, than in our common Bibles.

"The whole of the Bible, whether prose or metre, is divided in this Edition into sections, without any regard to the present chapters and verses. These sections are intended to conform to the divisions of the several subjects; and it is hoped, they will exhibit the whole of the Bible in an order, system, and coherence, which will throw new light upon every part of it. To make way for this sectional division I have been obliged to discard the arguments of the chapters; but I have done this with the less scruple, because they do not appear to me to be a part of the original work: for the translators, after they had completed the revision of the text, by the joint and several labours of the whole body. delegated to two only of their number the office of making arguments to the chapters. Later editions have, no doubt, observed this, and have for that reason taken liberties with these arguments, adding to them, or diminishing them, according to their fancy; in some late editions from the Cambridge press the arguments of the chapters are reduced to a single line. With this history, and these examples before me, I felt less difficulty in rejecting the arguments entirely, and substituting for them the sectional heads, and the marginal abstracts; thinking that these will be found to do more than compensate for the loss.

"In planning this edition, I constantly kept in view the original work of the Translators, and the practice of the two Universities in their editions of it; and I have always endeavoured to adapt my designs so as to be instified either by one or the other. Wishing to give a plain text, to bok like other English books, I was desirous of disincumbering the margin from the numerous parallel passages, that seem to load the page, while they contribute little, that is useful to the generality of readers. I found, that these parallel passages were very few in the first edition in King James's time, and that the present number had grown by gradual additions, derived from the industry of successive editors. The much greater part of them, therefore, might be discarded without interfering with the original work; and the Oxford and Cambridge editors have dismissed the whole of them, in some of their late octavo Bibles. This was authority enough for me to do the same; but, in this case, as in that of the arguments of the chapters, I have provided a substitute; for in the notes will be found all the references to parallel passages, which appeared to me necessary for explaining the text. Some might, indeed, be added, that would be of use; but for many of the others, they conduce more to a curious comparison of words and phrases, than to any true il-Instration of Scripture.

"The other branch of marginal matter appeared to me of a much more important nature; I mean the Hebrew and Greek renderings, as they are called. These are such translations of the original as give ano-

ther, or a more literal, sense of a word or phrase in the original, whick-could not properly be introduced into the text itself; these were wisely placed in the margin by the translators, in order to afford additional light to the reader. I considered these, as a real part of the translation, no less than the text itself, and that no Bible was fairly given to the public, that was without them. I have, therefore, retained the whole of the Hebrew and Greek renderings in this edition; and I regret that there is any example of disregarding them in others, which, for that reason, I cannot look upon as genuine editions, though coming from authority. Extricated as these renderings are, in this edition, from the heap of parallel passages, with which they are confounded in the quarto editions, they will, I hope, attract the reader's notice, and thus contribute their share towards conveying the true sense of the words and phrases of the original language.

"Such is the plan upon which I have exhibited the text of our Church Bible. For the text itself, I made choice of the Oxford Bible, which was adjusted with great care in the year 1769, and which the university has made the copy in all reprints, ever since. I directed the Printers to follow that copy implicitly; and if there is any deviation, even in the punctuation, it is from an error in the press, and not by design."

"To the text of the Psalms I have added, in another column, that of the Psalms in the Common Prayer Book. These two texts are of different characters; the former is nearer the Hebrew, but the latter seems to have less difficulties; those will become still less by a comparison with the Bible text; and the two will reflect a light upon each other, that must make both better understood.

"Although I persuaded myself, that the Bible was more likely to be read, and would be read with more interest, and intelligence, if the text was presented to the reader in the form in which it is disposed in this edition, yet it seemed to me necessary, that the text should be accompa-

"There is a peculiarity in this Oxford edition which I do not approve, and which, therefore, I am desirous should not be ascribed to me. The Editor has united into one word what are elsewhere two words, or at most are joined by a hyphen, making such compounds, as shoelatchet, eveningtide, grape-gatherers, bloodguiltiness, manservant, maidservant, and the like; all which are printed as two words in the original edition in King James's time, and are commonly so written in the present day. The printers were startled with these novelties, but I directed them to follow the copy. Having determined to reprint this text, I thought it proper to adhere to it, in every particular. This I observed so scrupulously, that when my sectional division happened, as it did more than once, to end where there was only a colon in the text, I would not allow them to change it to a full stop. So that this edition may be considered as an Oxford text, if reprinted correctly."

† "The notes are upon the Bible text only; for notes upon the other text, I must refer to the new edition of my Common Prayer Book.

aied with some explanatory notes, before it could be said to be upon a footing of equal advantage with other ancient writings. In order, therefore, to make the work as complete as I could, I resolved to compile some short notes both to the Old Testament and the New; I did not feel courage to bestow the same pains on the Apocrypha.\* The rule I had laid down to myself for framing these notes was this; that they should be very numerous, and very short; so that nothing might be passed over that appeared in the least to need annotation; and that no annotation should digress from the text; but, on the contrary, that every note should keep the text closely in view, and should bring the reader back to it, as soon as it had served the purpose of explaining the difficulty that occasioned it. Further, I resolved to keep out of these notes every thing that was learned, or curious, or novel. Formed upon this principle, they aim at nothing, but to give a plain interpretation of Scripture, such as has been known and well received for many years; and, as they are intended for English readers of every class, so both learned and unlearned, I should think, may find something in them that will be useful.

"In giving this new form to the English Bible, I claim little merit to myself beyond that of the labour and expense; the authorship is of a very humble sort; it is that of bringing forward the works of others, and placing them in a situation, where they may be more useful to the public. The substance of every thing, that may be thought valuable in this edition, is to be found in books a century old; little of it is mine, but the selecting, adapting, and wording.† If there has not always been judgment in the choice, nor every where success in the execution; if I have done too much in one place, and too little in another; I hope allowance will be made for such inequalities, considering that the work is long, and various, and the attempt new.

"I beg leave here to repeat, what I have said on a former occasion,; by way of apology for presuming to meddle with the Bible and Prayer Book, as Editor or Commentator, that I desire in these publications to be considered as acting only officially, and more in the character of a printer, than an author. It is the performance of a suit and service, which I thought due for my share in the office to which I belong. While my copatentees were carrying on the ordinary business of the King's press for the present, conformably to an agreement between us, I was unwilling to be wholly idle in the station wherein I was placed. The Bible and Prayer Book are connected with some of my former studies, and I re-

<sup>&</sup>quot; "For the reasons see the preface to the Apocrypha.

<sup>† &</sup>quot;The ground work of this edition may be seen in Well's Paraphrase of the Old and New Testament; and the notes may be considered as containing what seems most necessary in the voluminous commentaries of Patrick, Lowth, and Whitby, not to mention others.

<sup># &</sup>quot;In the Prefatory Epistle to my Collation of the Hebrew and Greek texts of the Paalms."

solved to try, whether any thing new could be devised for providing the public with better editions of those books. Hence arose the present edition of the Bible, as well as that of the Common Prayer Book. I have in contemplation some other biblical works; but I shall pause for the present, till what I have already done, shall be received in a manner. that will justify me in pursuing, any further, my notions of improvement "

Having given the Editor's Preface at length, wherein is fully shown what he has proposed in this publication of the Bible, we now come to consider the execution of his plan; and we shall endeayour to make this as plain to our readers as he himself has his design, by exhibiting such extracts from different parts of the work as will be specimens of the method he has followed in printing the whole of it.

The manner in which he has disposed the text, without regard to the obstacles from the divisions into chapter and verse, and the assistance which is derived to the text from marginal abstracts of the contents of each paragraph, may be seen in the following passage.

An angel apshua.

"13. And it came to pass, when Joshua was by Jericho. pears to Jo- that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? 14 And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my lord unto his servant?

15 And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy. And Joshua did so. GHAP. VI. Now Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel: none went out, and none came in. 2 And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valour. 3 And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days. 4 And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns: and, the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets. 5 And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up every man straight before him.

The ark is carricho on the first day.

"6 And Joshua the son of Nun called the priests, and ried round Je-said unto them, Take up the ark of the covenant, and let seven priests bear seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord. 7 And he said unto the people, Pass on, and compass the city, and let him that is armed pass on before the ark of the Lord. 8 And it came to

pass, when Joshua had spoken unto the people, that the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns passed on before the LORD, and blew with the trumpets; and the ark of the covenant of the LORD followed them." &c. &c. &c

This passage is selected from Joshua, ch. v. 13. as a specimen of the good sense and utility in Mr. R.'s divisions, because (as he tells us in a note on ch. vi. 2.) those who read this passage in our common Bibles, by chapters, would suppose " the Lord" mentioned in ch. vi. 2. was " the Lord," that usually spoke from the sanctuary, and not the angel, who spoke to Joshua in the latter part of In the present new form, it appears, as it really is, namely the continuation of a story, that was mutilated by being divided into another chapter.

The next prominent circumstance in this new manner of printing the text of the Bible, consists in the distinction made between the prose parts, and those that are metrical. Thus the Song of Moses is introduced, and distinguished in the following manner.

"CHAP. XV. Then sang Moses and the children of Israel The song of this song unto the LORD, and spake, saying,
"I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath tri-Moses and the Israelites.

umphed gloriously: the horse and his rider

hath he thrown into the sea.

"2 The LORD is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him.

"3 The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name.

"4 Pharach's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red sea.

"5 The depths have covered them: they

sank into the bottom as a stone.

"6 Thy right hand, O Long, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O LORD, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." &c. &c. &c.

The chorus of Miriam and the women is introduced thus;

"20 And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.

"21 And Miriam answered them.

"Sing ye to the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

The prophecies of Balaam are distinguished as metrical, as may be seen in the following extract from Numbers, ch. xxii. 41.

"41 And it came to pass on the morrow, that Balak took Balaam blesses the Israelites that thence he might see the utmost fart of the people. the first time.

CHAP. XXIII. And Balam said unto Balak. Build me here seven altars, and prepare me here seven oxen and seven 2 And Balak did as Balaam had spoken; and Balak and Balaam offered on every altar a bullock and a ram. 3 And Balaam said unto Balak, Stand by thy burnt offering, and I will go: peradventure the LORD will come to meet me; and whatsoever he sheweth me I will tell thee. And he went to an high place. 4 And God met Balaam: and he said unto him, I have prepared seven altars, and I have offered upon every altar a bullock and a ram. 5 And the LORD put a word in Balaam's mouth, and said, Return unto Balak, and thus thou shalt speak. 6 And he returned unto him, and, lo, he stood by his burnt sacrifice, he, and all the princes of Moab. 7 And he took up his parable, and said

"Balak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, Come, curse me Jacob, and come, defy Israel.

"8 How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the LORD

hath not defied?

"9 For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him: lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckon-

ed among the nations.

"10 Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my

last end be like his!

"11 And Balak said unto Balaam, What has thou done unto me? I took thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou host blessed them altogether. 12 And he answered, and said, Must I not take heed to speak that which the LORD hath put into my mouth?"

The song of the well, in Numbers, ch. xxi. is also distinguished as a metrical composition, thus;

And thence to Beor.

"16 And from thence they went to Beor: that is the well whereof the LORD spake unto Moses, Gather the people together, and I will give them water. 17 Then Israel sang

this song,

"Spring up, () well; sing ye unto it:

"18 The princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the lawgiver, with their staves.

"And from the wilderness they went to Mattanah: 19 And to the foot of Mount Pis- and from Mattanah to Nahaliel: and from Nahaliel to Bamothr: 20 and from Bamoth in the valley, that is in the gah. country of Moab, to the top of Pisgah, which looketh toward Jeshimon."

The advantage to the reader, in these distinctions, which excite attention, and give new interest to the subject, must be felt by every one. But this advantage is much heightened in the prophetical books; these writings, composed as they are of rhapsodies, some in metre, and some in prose, are here exhibited in their

true light; and, it must be confessed, that many passages in them derive, from this distinction, an importance that cannot fail of interesting the reader in a very particular manner. The following are specimens of the prose and metre in the prophetical writings of Jeremiah, ch. xxiii. 7.

"7 Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that they shall no more say, The LORD liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt. 8 But, the LORD liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country, and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land.

"9 Mine heart within me is broken because of the prophets; all my bones shake; I am like a drunken man, and like a man whom wine hath overcome, because of the LORD, and because of the words of his holiness.

"10 For the land is full of adulterers; for because of swearing the land mourneth; the pleasant places of the wilderness are dried up, and their course is evil, and their force is not right.

"11 For both prophet and priest are profane; yea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord."

Judgments denounced against false prophets, and mockers of the true prophecies.

Again, Jeremiah ch. xlvi. 1.

"CHAP. XLVI. The word of the LORD which came to A prophecy of Jeremiah the prophet against the Gentiles; 2 against the defeat of Egypt, against the army of Pharaoh-necho king of Egypt, the Egyptians, which was by the river Euphrates in Charchemish, which that garrison-Nebuchadnezzar king of Bubylon smote in the fourth year ed Charchemish, which we have the control of the control o of Jehoiakim the son of Josiah king of Judah.

"3 Order ye the buckler and shield, and

draw near to battle.

"4 Harness the horses; and get up, ye horsemen, and stand forth with your helmets; furbish the spears, and put on the brigandines.

"5 Wherefore have I seen them dismayed and turned away back! and their mighty ones are beaten down, and are fled apace, and look not back: for fear was round about, saith the LORD.

"6 Let not the swift flee away, nor the mighty man escape; they shall stumble, and fall toward the north by the river Euphrates.

"7 Who is this that cometh up as a flood, whose waters are moved as the rivers?"

So the following passage from Zechariah, ch. vi. 9.

"9 And the word of the LORD came unto me saying, Bytwo crowns 10 Take of them of the captivity, even of Heldai, of Tobi- set on Joshua jah, and of Jedaiah, which are come from Babylon, and is typified the come thou the same day, and go into the house of Josi- high priestah the son of Zephania; 11 then take silver and gold, and hood and kingmake crowns, and set them upon the head of Joshua the dom of Christ.

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mish, by the Chaldeans.

son of Josedech, the high priest; 12 and speak unto him, saying, Thus speaketh the LORD of hosts, saying,

"Behold the man whose name is The BRANCH; and he shall grow up out of his place, and he shall build the temple of the LORD:

"13 Even he shall build the temple of the LORD; and he shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne; and he shall be a priest upon his throne; and the council of peace shall be between them both.

"14 And the crowns shall be to Helem, and to Tobijah, and to Jedaiah, and to Hen the son of Zephaniah, for a memorial in the temple of the LORD. 15 And they that are far off shall come and build in the temple of the LORD, and ye shall know that the LORD of hosts hath sent me unto you. And this shall come to pass, if ye will diligently obey the voice of the LORD your God."

### Again, Zech. xiii. 1.

The crucifixion of Christ foretold, and the general conversion of the Jews.

"CHAP. XIII. In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness. 2 And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the LORD of hosts, that I will cut off the names of the idols out of the land, and they shall no more be remembered: and also I will cause the prophets and the unclean spirit to pass out of the land. 3 And it shall come to pass, that when any shall yet prophesy, then his father and his mother that begat him shall say unto him, Thou shalt not live; for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord: and his father and his mother that begat him shall thrust him through when he prophesieth. 4 And it shall come to pass in that day, that the prophets shall be ashamed every one of his vision, when he hath prophesied; neither shall they wear a rough garment to deceive: 5 but he shall say, I am no prophet. I am an husbandman; for man taught me to keep cattle from my youth. 6 And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.

"7 Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered: and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones.

"8 And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the LORD, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein.

"9 And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The LORD is my God."

Mr. R. has told us in his preface, that the rule he follows in determining certain parts to be metrical, is founded on the style and composition of the original Hebrew. The result of this criterion appears, upon comparison, not to differ much from the notion entertained by some learned persons, who in some late publications have given a metrical appearance to the prophetical writings; we mean bishop Lowth, archbishop Newcome, and Dr. Blavney. The principal difference we have observed between them and Mr. R. seems to be this: what Mr. R. states in a metrical form, is generally so given by those learned persons; but many passages, we observe, that are put in a metrical form by them, are printed as prose by Mr. R. We do not presume to decide between them; but, we cannot help remarking, that, upon the whole, Mr. R. seems to have taken the safer course, in such an intricate way; for his metre, after all, is only the established verses in our common Bibles, and therefore open to none of the criticism, to which the verses, or rather lines of those learned persons are subject. R. has endeavoured to show us, what is metrical, without undertaking to pronounce what is the metre.

The following are instances of metre distinguished by Mr. R. from prose, in writings that have not undergone the learned labours of the above mentioned biblical critics: in Job i. 13.

"13 And there was a day when his sons and his daugh- Satandestroys, ters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's Job's cattle

house: 14 and there came a messenger unto Job, and said, and children. The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them:

15 and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away;
yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee 16 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. 17 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. 18 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: 19 and, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. 20 Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground,

and worshipped, 21 and said,

"Naked came I out of my mother's womb,
and naked shall I return thither: the LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD.

22 In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

### Again in Ecclesiastes, ix. 13.

Piety teaches us to to see should direct us in the management of affairs.

"This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it seemed great unto me: 14 There was a little city, and few that prudence men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: 15 Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. 16 Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.

"17 The words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth

among fools.

"18 Wisdom is better than weapons of war:

but one sinner destroyeth much good.

"CHAP. X. Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.

" 2 A wise man's heart is at his right hand;

but a fool's heart at his left."

### Again, Ecclesiastes, xi. 7.

piously from our very youth.

Lastly it "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for teaches to live the eyes to behold the sun: 8 But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity. 9. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. 10 Therefore remove sorrow from thy neart, and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and worth are vanity. and youth are vanity.

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the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt

say, I have no pleasure in them;
"2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds

return after the rain:

"3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

"4 And the door shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

"5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

"6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

" 7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

"8 Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity. Solomon en-9 And moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still forces the obtaught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, servance of and sought out, and he set in order many proverbs. 10 The these instruc-Preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that tions. which was written was upright, even words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd. 12 And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

The foregoing passages exhibit completely the effect of Mr. R.'s division into paragraphs, and the distinction he has made between prose and metre; the other characteristic of this novel edition of the Bible is the divisions into sections. These sections are made conformably with the natural division of the matter, and have the effect of presenting portions of scripture, whether historical, prophetical, or doctrinal, that contain in themselves a complete whole; they stand at the head of each division in the following manner:

"Section I.—Of the Creation of the visible world, and the orderly formation of the several parts thereof in six days' time: Chap.i.ii. A. C. 4004.

"CHAP. I. In the beginning God created the heaven Of the Creaand the earth. 2 And the earth was without form and void; tion. and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the

Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. "3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was The work of light. 4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and the first day. God divided the light from the darkness. 5 And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.'

So in the prophecy of Isaiah.

\*Suction III.—Containing such prophecies as were revealed to Isaiah in the reign of Ahaz. Chap. vii.—xii. A. C. 745-730.

"CHAP. VII. And it came to pass in the days of Ahaz They are prothe son of Jotham, the son of Uzziah, king of Judah, that mised deliver-Rezin the king of Syria, and Pekah the son of Remaliah, ance from the king of Israel, went up toward Jerusalem to war against forces of Syria it, but could not prevail against it. 2 And it was told the and Israel, and house of David, saying, Syria is confederate with Ephraim. the end of And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as those king-the trees of the wood, are moved with the wind. 3 Then doma is foresaid the LORD unto Isaiah, Go forth now to meet Ahaz, told. thou, and Shearjashub thy son, at the end of the conduit of the upper pool of the highway of the fuller's field; 4 And say unto him,

"Take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither be fainthearted for the two tails of these smoking firebrands, for the fierce anger of Rezin with Swria, and of the son of Remaliah."

So in the apostolical writings, as in the epistle to the Hebrews.

- \* Section II.—He proceeds to prove the excellency of the Christian religion above the Jewish, by shewing the pre-eminence of Christ above Moses. Chap. iii. iv. 1"
- "Section III.—He shews, by the way, the fire-eminence of Jesus above Joshua, who brought the Israelites into the firomised land. Chap. iv. 2-13."
- "Section IV.—He proceeds to show the pre-eminence of Christ above Aaron, or any other high priest of the Jewish church. Chap. iv. 14 viii. 5."

The historical books of the Old Testament are divided into sections, that are numbered in regular series from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Esther; this order is interrupted by the necessity there was of notifying, that the book of Esther should. in order of time, be introduced in the middle of Ezra; this is done by numbering the sections of Esther, as if they were really so placed: the series then goes on to the end of Nehemiah, which was the last written of all the historical books, and indeed of all the books of the Old Testament. Another exception to this series of historical sections is the two books of Chronicles, which, containing a repetition of the story already told in other books, particularly those of Samuel and Kings, are divided, very properly. into distinct sections of their own. As these sections coincide with barallel sections in Samuel and Kings, and notice is generally given of such parallelism, they contribute to bring before the reader this part of the scriptural history, in the clearest manner: a part, which, in our common Bibles, has always seemed to us the most involved and perplexing, and greatly to need the disentanglement which is here effected by Mr. R.'s method.

After the historical books are brought to form a continued series of history from the creation, to the building of the second temple, the other books, both of the Old and New Testament and also of the Apocrypha, are divided into sections of their own, distinct from one another. Perhaps none of the sacred books have derived more advantage from this sectional division, than the prophecies of Jeremiah. It seems, these writings are agreed by the best critics to be misplaced, but the order, in which they ought to stand, has been tolerably well ascertained. Mr. R. has contrived to reduce them to this order, by means of his sections, without disturb-

ing the series of chapters. Another part, where the utility of this sectional division is particularly distinguished, is the four Gospels; these seem to be harmonized, in a new manner, by means of the sections, into which each is divided; the sections of each gospel comprehend a period between one passover and another, and thus preserve an exact parallelism in the narratives of the four evangelists.

What we say upon this publication is confined wholly to the text of the Bible; it might be added, that the notes, which Mr R. has compiled on the Old Testament and the New, and subjoined to each volume, conspire with the new form of the text, to make the reading of scripture still more intelligible and easy.

Upon the whole, comparing the execution with the design, as set forth by Mr. R. in his preface (to which, and the discussions therein contained, we again refer the reader) we have no hesitation to declare our opinion, that he has succeeded in accomplishing what he proposed; namely, to furnish the public with a more convenient, more intelligent, and altogether a more useful and readable Bible than we have yet had. After this, it can be no longer objected, that the Bible is an anomalous book both in size and fashion; not easily lifted, and still less easy to read; for we may now take a part of it only from the shelf, like a volume of any English writer, and may pursue the study of any one among the holy penmen, without being incommoded with the remainder of that bulky collection of sacred w itings. It can no longer be complained, that there is one undistinguishing sameness in the text of the Bible, and that too a sameness which revolts rather than invites the reader, we mean the division into verses; for the text is now distinguished, according to its true nature, into prose, and metre; this variety strikes the eye, at the first opening of a volume, and the reader is enabled to chuse the style of composition, that suits best with the present temper of his mind: again, when he has made his choice, he can easily collect the complete whole of the subject before him, by means of the sectional heads, and marginal abstracts of the para-Whether we consider the instruction, or amusement, of the reader, we are bound to say, that the holy scriptures, in all their parts, appear to us to be laid before the public, in this edition of them, with a perspicuity of order, and discrimination of parts, that must attract and detain every person of judgment and taste. We have now a rational and readable Bible; and there is

no longer the same excuse that many have hitherto made, for not perusing the sacred writings, with the same attention, readiness, and frequency, that they employ on profane writers. Our translator gave us the Bible in the English language; it remained for Mr. R. to make it an English book, adapted to the perusal of every reader of English; an improvement which cannot fail of making the Bible more read and better understood, and of promoting still more extensively the interests of religion and virtue.

# ART. III.—Essay on the Stile of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

(Continued from Vol. XI. p. 309.)

It is hardly possible for an author who writes much to avoid a peculiarity of manner. The recurrence of thoughts, similar in their restrictions and mutual dependance, introduces to the mind, by a natural association, the same arrangement and construction; and the mind, disdaining to bestow upon words that attention which is due only to things, will be too apt, through haste to execute its task, to admit the first expressions as to the best. despises the humble as well as tedious labour of turning back to re-examine sentences already marked with approbation, and will not easily be persuaded to vary, what considered simply in itself appears to have no fault. Thus from the peculiar turn of each author's thoughts, even though there should be no other cause concurring, there will naturally arise a corresponding peculiarity of stile: a peculiarity which the powerful influence of habit makes so predominant, that there are very few pages, even of our best writers, which to those who are at all acquainted with their stile, do not readily betray their author. Such favourite forms or ornaments of expression, such peculiar modes of arranging, combining and connecting, lie within the easy reach of imitation; and as every writer of eminence will have many who rely on their success in copying him for the foundation of their fame, and many who from admiration of his general excellence are led at last involuntarily to resemble him, criticism can never be more usefully employed than in examining these peculiarities of authors of acknowledged merit, and determining how far they are deserving of praise or censure, how far they are to be imitated or avoided.

As there are no modern writings higher in public estimation than Doctor Johnson's, and as there are none which abound more

in appropriate marks of stile, there are none which can with more advantage be made the subject of critical enquiry. On their obvious and distinguishing characteristic, the too frequent use of Latin derivatives, I have already discoursed at large. I shall in this exsay consider such other peculiarities of Johnson's stile, as, though less apt to be taken notice of, will it is presumed when noticed be readily recognized.

And of all these the merit or demerit must rest with full force on Johnson: for, however the stile of his compositions may correspond with his stile of conversation, and however extraordinary and perhaps authentic the stories his biographers tell of his fluency may be, yet nothing in his works can fairly be ascribed to carelessness. His stile in writing, which he had formed early, became familiar by abundant practice and in the course of a long continued life of dissertation became also his stile of speaking. His authoritative decisions on the merit of all our English authors demand, and his constant employment in critical disquision should have enabled him to grant it without injury to his literary character, that his own stile should be fairly subjected to animadversion: nor should negligence, which will never be insisted on in diminution of his merit, be admitted as a sufficient plea in extenuating his faults.

As his peculiarities cannot be ascribed to carelessness, so neither are they the effect of necessity. Few of them would have appeared, had Johnson, intent only on communicating his ideas, despised all aids of embellishment. But that this did not suit his ideas of literary perfection, we are sufficiently informed in his remarks on the stile of Swift; an author who has at least this merit, that he has escaped all those faults which the critic has fallen into. The easy and safe conveyance of meaning Johnson there declares to be " not the highest praise: against that inattention with "which known truths are received, it makes," he says, " no pro "vision; it instructs, but it does not persuade." Our author seems therefore to have thought it necessary, in conformity with his own principle, to introduce into his stile certain ornaments, which, in his opinion, would prove the effectual means of captivating attention; and these ornaments, too laboriously sought for, and used without sufficient variety, have become the peculiarities I shall comprise the principal of them under two heads, as arising either from his endeavours after splendor and Vol. xII.

magnificence, or from his endeavours after harmony; for to these two heads they may almost all be referred.

Not that it is denied, that magnificence and harmony are objects worthy an author's regard; but the means made use of to attain these, if not skilfully selected, may fail of their intended effect; may substitute measurement for harmony, and make that only pompous which was designed to be magnificent. On dignified subjects they are no doubt to be attended to, for the stile should always be proportioned to the subject; but on familiar and meaner topics they should, by a parity of reasoning, be avoided: and however well adapted to excite attention, it may be remarked, that in general they rather fix it on the expression, than on the sentiment, and too often cloy that appetite they were intended but to stimulate

Johnson's study of splendor and magnificence, by inducing him as much as possible to reject the weaker words of language. and to display only the important, has filled his pages with many peculiarities. His sentences, deprived of those feeble ties which restrained them to individual cases and circumstances, seem so many detached aphorisms, applicable to many other particulars, and certainly more dignified as more universal. But though he may have employed this art with some advantage, it is yet hardly to be recommended. Johnson's thoughts were so precise, and his expressions so minutely discriminated, that he was able to keep the leading circumstances of the particular case distinctly in view, and in the form of an universal sentence implicitly to insinuate them to the reader: an injudicious imitator, by generalizing his expressions, might in some instances make that false which under restrictions might have been true; and in almost all, make that obscure which otherwise would have been perspicuous.

As every substantive presents a determinate image to the mind, and is of course a word of importance, Johnson takes care to crowd his sentences with substantives, and to give them on all occasions the most distinguished place. The instrument, the motive, or the quality therefore, which ordinary writers would have in the oblique case, usually takes the lead in Johnson's sentences; while the person, which in connected writing is often expressed by some weak pronoun, is either entirely omitted, or thrown into a less conspicuous part. Thus, "fruition left them "nothing to ask, and innocence left them nothing to fear"—" tri-

" fles written by idleness and published by vanity"—" wealth may, by hiring flattery or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and "harden stupidity." This practice doubtless gives activity and importance, but caution must be used to prevent its exceeding the bounds of moderation. When the person is to be dethroned from its natural preeminence, it is not every quality which has sufficient dignity to assume its place: besides, in narration, or continued writing of any sort, the too frequent change of leading objects in sentences contributes to dissipate the attention, and withdraw it from the great and primary one: and even in Johnson's hands this ornament has become too luxuriant, when affections, instead of being personified, are absolutely humanized, and we are teized with the repeated mention of "ear of greatness,"—"the "bosom of suspicion,"—and "the eye of wealth, of hope, and of "beauty."

This attachment to substantives has led him, wherever it was possible by a change of construction, to substitute them in place of the other parts of speech; instead therefore of the usual construction, where the adjective agrees with the substantive, he forms a new substantive from the adjective, which governs the other in the possessive case. Thus, instead of "with as easy an "approach," he always writes, "with the same facility of ap-"proach:" instead of " with such lively turns, such elegant irony, "and such severe sarcasms,"—he says, " with such vivacity of "turn, such elegance of irony, and such asperity of sarcasm." When the effect produced no otherwise arises from the substantive, than as possessed of the quality which the adjective denotes, this change of construction is an happy one: it expresses that which is necessary in the thought, by a necessary member of the sentence; whereas the usual form lays the whole stress of the idea on a word, which, without the smallest injury to the construction, may be safely removed. An instance however may shew, that Johnson sometimes uses it where the same reasoning would shew it to be absolutely improper. "Steele's imprudence of generosi-"ty, or vanity of profusion," he says, "kept him always incura-"bly necessitous."-Here, since Steele's generosity could not have kept him necessitous if it had not been excessive or imprudent, " imprudence of generosity" is proper : but as his being vain of profusion, if he had not actually been profuse, never could have produced this effect; since his vanity is but the very remote cause

of that which his profusion would have effected, whether he had been vain of it or not, "vanity of profusion" is an improper expression.

This ambition of denoting every thing by substantives has done considerable violence to Johnson's constructions:—" places of "little frequentation,"-" circumstances of no elegant recital," -" with emulation of price,"-" the library which is of late erec-"tion,"-" too much temerity of conclusion,"-" Philips's ad-"diction to tobacco," are expressions of affected and ungraceful harshness. This, however, is not the worst fault such constructions may have, for they often become unnecessarily obscure: as "he will continue the road by annual elongation;" that is, by compleating some additional part of it each year:- Swift "now lost distinction:" that is, he could not now distinguish his acquaintances. Many of the substantives too which are thus introduced, are words absolutely foreign to the language: as "cbriety of amusement,"-" perpetual perflation,"-" to obtain "an obstruction of the profits, though not an inhibition of the "per ormance,"-" Community of possession must always in-" clude spontaneity of production." One of our most usual forms of substantives, the participle of the verb used substantively, to give room for such introduced words he has on all occasions studiously avoided: Yet Dr. Lowth would scarcely have given the rule for a construction repugnant to the genius of our language; and some arguments will be necessary to prove that the words. " renewing, vanishing, shadowing and recalling," should give place to " renovation, evanescence, adumbration and revocation," when it is considered, that all who understand English know the meaning of the former, while the latter are intelligible to such only of them as understand Latin; but of this I have elsewhere treated fully.

Johnson's licentious constructions however are not to be conceived as flowing entirely from his passion for substantives. His endeavours to attain magnificence, by removing his stile from the vulgarity, removed it also from the simplicity of common diction, and taught him the abundant use of inversions and licentious constructions of every sort. Almost all his sentences begin with an oblique case, and words used in uncommon significations, with Latin and Greek idioms, are strewed too plentifully in his pages. Of this sort are the following: "I was only not a boy"

"—"Part they did"—" Shakspeare approximates the remote"—
"Cowley was ejected from Cambridge"—" Brogues are a kind
"of artless shoes"—" Milk liberal of curd," Such expressions
it is unnecessary to mark with censure; they bear in themselves
an harshness so repulsive, that easy writing must be held in more
than ordinary contempt, when they are considered as patterns
worthy of imitation.

Metaphorical expression is one of those arts of splendor which Johnson has most frequently employed; and while he has availed himself of all its advantages, he has escaped most of its concomitant faults. Here is no muse, which in one line is a horse and in the next a boat; \* nor is there any pains requisite to keep the horse and boat from singing. Johnson presents to your view no chaos of discordant elements, no feeble interlining of the literal with the figurative. In his metaphors and similes the picture is always compleat in itself, and some particulars of exact resemblance are distinctly impressed upon the reader. What image can be more beautiful than that which represents the beginnings of madness as "the variable weather of the mind, the flying vamours which from time to time cloud reason without eclipsing it?" Or what more apposite than that which calls Congreve's personages "a sort of intellectual gladiators?"

Sometimes, indeed, it must be acknowledged, his metaphors succeed each other in too quick succession, and are followed up too elaborately: but to commit this fault he was solicited by temptations scracely to be resisted. Much of his life had been consumed in enquiring into the various acceptations of each word, all of which except the primary one are so many metaphorical uses of it; so that every word suggested many metaphors to his mind, presenting also from his quotations a variety of other terms of the same class, with which it would wish to be associated. Thus ardour, which in his preface to his Dictionary, he observes, is never used to denote material heat, yet to an etymologist would naturally suggest it; and Johnson accordingly, speaking of the "ardour of posthumous fame," says that " some have considered "it as little better than splendid madness; as a flame kindled by pride and fanned by folly." Thinking of a deep stratagem, he is naturally led from the depth to the surface, and declares "that

<sup>\*</sup> Vide Johnson's Life of Addison.

"Addison knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to " the surface of affectation " His subjects too were such as scarcely could be treated of without figurative diction: the powers of the understanding require the aid of illustration to become intelligible to common readers. But to enquire how our author illustrates them, is to detect the greatest and almost the only fault in his metaphors. "The mind stagnates without external ventila-"tion"-" An intellectual digestion, which concocted the pulp of "learning, but refused the husks"-" An accumulation of knowl-"edge impregnated his mind, fermented by study, and sublimed by imagination." From such illustrations common readers will, it is feared, receive but little assistance. The sources from which his allusions are borrowed are so abstruse and scientific, and his expressions so studiously technical, that even those who most commend his similes as apposite, cannot pretend that many of them are explanatory.

Of the peculiarities of Johnson's stile, which I proposed to treat of under my second head, as arising from his study of harmony, the principal I may call the parallelism of his sentences; which admits no clause, without one or two concomitants, exactly similar in order and construction. There is scarcely a page of the Rambler which does not produce abundant instances of this peculiarity: and what is the ornament, which, if introduced so often, can be always introduced happily? Or what is the ornament, however happily introduced, which will not disgust by such frequent repetitions? Johnson's mind was so comprehensive, that no circumstance occurred to him unaccompanied by many others similar; no effect, without many others depending on the same or similar causes. So close an alliance in the thought naturally demanded a corresponding similitude in the expression : yet surely all similar circumstances, all the effects of each cause, are not equally necessary to be communicated; and as it is acknowledged that even a continued poem of pure iambics would disgust, variety must appear an indispensably necessary ingredient to har-Were we even to admit then, that in any particular triod the construction of one of its clauses could not be altered without injuring the harmony of the sentence, yet a regard to the harmony of the whole treatise will oceasionally make such an alteration necessary.

But these parallel sentences are not always faultless in them-

selves. Sometimes, though indeed rarely, a word is used without a definitive appropriation to that to which it is annexed; as in this instance, "Omnipotence cannot be exalted, infinity cannot be "amplified, perfection cannot be improved;" where the exact relation between amplitude and infinity, and between improvement, and perfection, is not at all kept up by exaltation being applied to Onunipotence. Sometimes too words are introduced, which answer hardly any other purpose than to make the parallelism more conspicuous, by adding a new member to each clause. Thus, in the following passage, " grows too slothful for the labour of con-"test, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate " for the coarseness of truth;" where labour, asperity and coarseness are sufficiently implied in slothful, tender and delicate. Sometimes too the parallelism itself is unnecessarily obtruded on the reader, as " quickness of apprehension and celerity of reply," where "celerity" having precisely the same meaning as "quick-"ness," could only have been introduced to make up the parallelism: "Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured" where the first adverb is essential to the sense, and the last only to the sound. "When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather. "they are in haste to tell each other what each must already "know, that it is hot or cold, bright or cloudy, windy or calm." Such uninteresting enumerations, since they contribute nothing to the meaning, we can only suppose introduced, as our author observes of some of Milton's Italian names, to answer the purposes of harmony.

It were unjust however not to declare, that many of his parallelisms are altogether happy. For antithesis indeed he was most eminently qualified; none has exceeded him in nicety of discernment, and no author's vocabulary has ever equalled his in a copieus assortment of forcible and definite expressions. Thus, in his comparison of Blackmore's attack on the dramatic writers with Collier's, "Blackmore's censure," he says, "was cold and gene-ral, Collier's was personal and ardent: Blackmore taught his readers to dislike, what Collier incited them to abhor." But it is useless to multiply instances of that which all must have perceived, since all his contrasts and comparisons possess the same high degree of accuracy and perfection. From the same cause may be inferred the excellence of his parallel sentences, where praise-worthy qualities are separated from their concomitant

faults, or kindred effects are disunited: as where he calls Gold-smith "a man who had the art of being minute without tedious"ness, and general without confusion; whose language was copi"ous without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy
"without weakness." But Johnson's triads occur so frequently,
that I find myself always led aside to wonder, that all the effects
from the same cause should be so often discovered reducible to
the mystical number three: I torment myself to find a reason for
that particular order in which the effects are recited, and I am involuntarily delayed to consider, whether some are not omirted
which have a right to be inserted, or some enumerated which due
discretion would have suppressed. Surely I must be singular in
my turn of thought, or this art of attention, which thus leads
away from the main subject, cannot be an happy one.

His desire of harmony has led him to seek even for the minute ornament of alliteration. Thus, he says, "they toil without prosure pect of praise, and pillage without hope of profit."—Shakespeare opens a mine, which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals." Alliteration indeed is so often casual, and so often necessary, that it is difficult to charge it on an author's intentions. But Joinson employs it so frequently, and continues it through so many words, as in the instances given above, that when we consider too how nearly allied it is as an ornament to parallelism, we have I think sufficient grounds to determine it not involuntary.

Under this head I shall beg leave to mention one peculiarity of Johnson's stile, which though it may not have arisen, at least not entirely, from his endeavours after harmony, yet discovers itself obviously to the reader by its effects upon the ear; I mean the studied recurrence of the same words in the latter part of the sentence, which had appeared in the former; the favourite ornament of his Idler, as parallelisms are of the Rambler, and used not unfrequently in the Lives of the Poets. As the use of it is attended with many advantages and many disadvantages, the author who would adopt it should watch it with a suspicious eye. If restrained within the bounds of moderation, it is on many occasions the most lively, concise, perspicuous and forcible mode of expressing the thought. Since the words too at their return naturally recall to the mind the antecedent members of the sentence, it may be

considered as a valuable assistant in imprinting the thought upon the memory. It has also this additional advantage, that as unfairness in reasoning often arises from change of terms, so where the terms are not changed, we are apt to presume the reasoning to be fair. Thus, where we read in the Life of Savage the fol-• lowing sentence, "As he always spoke with respect of his mas-" ter, it is probable the mean rank in which he then appeared did " not hinder his genius from being distinguished or his industry "from being rewarded; and if in so low a state he obtained dis-"unctions and rewards, it is not likely they were gained but by "genius and industry." In this instance the perspicuity of the reasoning seems to have been preserved through such a chain of propositions, merely by the artifice of returning the same words a second time to the reader's observation. But the unrestrained use of this art is perhaps one of the greatest faults an author can adopt. A fault, which burlesques grave subjects by communicating impressions of levity, and on occasions less serious, instead of being sprightly degenerates into quaintness: which for disquiaition and reasoning gives us nothing but point and epigram; by a constrained conciseness often betrays to obscurity, and where most successful, leads but to trite retorts and verbal oppositions. which the reader has already anticipated, and perhaps already rejected.

Were Johnson however to be charged with negligence, it might be most fairly on the subject of harmony. There are many passages in his works where sounds almost similar are suffered to approach too near each other; and though some of these are too palpable to be passed over unnoticed by the author, yet I can never think any ear so incorrect as to adopt sameness and monotony for harmony. Either way however Johnson is culpable, and his alternative is either a faulty principle, or a negligence in his practice.

Yet his pages abound with memorials of close attention to harmony; unfortunately with memorials equally deserving of censure; with heroic lines and lyric fragments. Thus, he says, "Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery just budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art or industry of cultivation; the soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to co- lour and embellish it." "I will chase the deer, I will subdue

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"the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun." Surely this is to revive the Pindaric licentiousness, to confound the distinction between prose and poetry, to introduce numbers by study while negligence admits rhymess and to annihilate the harmony of prose, by giving the reader an obvious opportunity to compare it with the harmony of versification.

Indeed all the peculiarities of Johnson's style, pursued to their excess, tend to raise prosaic composition above itself: they give the admirers of Gray a fit occasion of retorting "the glittering accumulation of ungraceful ornaments, the double double toil and trouble, the strutting dignity which is tall by walking on tip toe," which have so harshly been objected to their favourite. Simplicity is too often given up for splender, and the reader's mind is dazzled instead of being enlightened.

I shall now conclude this enquiry into the peculiarities of Johnson's style with remarking, that if I have treated more of blemishes than beauties, I have done it, not so much to pass censure on Johnson, as to give warning to his imitators. I have indeed selected my instances from his writings: but in writings so numerous, who is there that would not sometimes have indulged his peculiarities in licentiousness? I have singled him out from the whole body of English writers, because his universally acknowledged beauties would be most apt to induce imitation; and I have treated rather on his faults than his perfections because an essay might comprize all the observations I could make upon his faults, while volumes would not be sufficient for a treatise on his perfections.

# ART IV .- THE AYRSHIRE LEGATERS;

Or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

(Continued from Vol. XI. p. 427.)

There was a great tea-drinking held in the Kirk-gate of Irvine, at the house of Miss Mally Glencairn, to which our intelligent correspondent, Mr. McGruel, the surgeon of Kilwinning, was invited. At that assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion, among other delicacies of the season, several new-come-home Clyde Skippers, roaring from Greenock, and Port-Glasgow, were served up—but nothing contributed more to the entertainment of the eve-

ming, than a proposal, on the part of Miss Mally, that those present, who had received letters from the Pringles, should read them for the benefit of the company. This was no doubt a preconcerted scheme between her and Miss Isabella Todd, to hear what Mr. Andrew Pringle had said to his friend Mr. Snodgrass, and likewise what the doctor himself had indited to Mr. Micklewham, some rumour having spread of the wonderful escapes and adventures of the family in their journey and voyage to London. For, as Mr. M'Gruel, with that peculiar sagacity for which he is eminently distinguished, justly remarked, "had there not been some prethought of this kind, it was not possible that both the helper and session clerk of Garnock could have been there together, in a party, where it was an understood thing that not only Whist and Catch Honours were to be played, but even obstreperous Birky itself, for the diversion of such of the company as were not used to gambling games." It was in consequence of what took place at this Irvine route, that Mr. M'Gruel was led to think of collecting the letters; and those which were read that evening. in addition to what we have already published, constitute the burthen of our present article,

#### LETTER VIII.

# Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.

London.

My Dear Bell,—It was my heartfelt intention to keep a regular journal of all our proceedings, from the sad day on which I bade a long adieu to my native shades—and I persevered with a constancy becoming our dear and youthful friendship, in writing down every thing that I saw, either rare or beautiful, till the hour of our departure from Leith. In that faithful register of my feelings and reflections as a traveller, I described our embarkation at Greenock, on board the steam-boat,—our sailing past Port-Glasgow, an insignificant town, with a steeple; the stupendous rock of Dumbarton Castle,—that Gibraltar of antiquity;—our landing at Glasgow,—my astonishment at the magnificence of that opulent metropolis of the muslin manufacturers. My brother's remark, that the punch bowls on the roofs of the infirmary, the museum, and the other trade's hall, were emblematic of the universal estimation in which that celebrated mixture is held by all ranks and

degrees-learned, commercial, and even medical, of the inhabitants:-our arrival at Edinburgh-my emotion on beholding the castle, and the visionary lake which may be nightly seen from the windows of Prince's street, between the old and new town, reflecting the lights of the lofty city beyond-with a thousand other delightful and romantic circumstances, which render it no longer surprising that the Edinburgh folk should be, as they think themselves, the most accomplished people in the world. But alas, from the moment I placed my toot on board that cruel vessel, of which the very idea is anguish-all thoughts were swallowed up in suffering-swallowed, did I say? ah, my dear Bell, it was the odious reverse—but imagination alone can do justice to the subject. Not. however, to dwell on what is past, during the whole time of our passage from Leith, I was unable to think, far less to write-and, although there was a handsome young officer belonging to the celebrated Glasgow Huzzars, also a passenger, I could not even listen to the elegant compliments which he seemed disposed to offer by way of consolation, when he had got the better of his own sickness. Neither love nor valour can withstand the influence of that sea demon. The interruption thus occasioned to my observations, made me destroy my journal, and I have now to write to you only about London-only about London! What an expression for this human universe, as my brother calls it, as if my weak femenine pen were equal to the stupendous theme!

But before entering on the subject, let me first satisfy the anxjety of your faithful bosom with respect to my father's legacy. All the accounts, I am happy to tell you, are likely to be amicably settled, but the exact amount is not known as yet, only I can see, by my brother's manner, that it is not less than we expected, and my mether speaks about sending me to a boarding school to learn accomplishments; nothing, however, is to be done until something is actually in hand. But what does it all avail to me?-here am I, a solitary being in the midst of this wilderness of mankind, far from your sympathizing affection, with the dismal prospect before me of going a second time to school, and without the prospect of enjoying, with my own sweet companions, that light and bounding gaiety we were wont to share in skipping from tomb to tomb in the breezy churchyard of Irvine, like butterflies in spring, flying from flower to flower, as a Wordsworth or a Wilson would express it.

We have got elegant lodgings at present in Norfolk-street, but my brother is trying, with all his address; to get us removed to a more fashionable part of the town, which, if the accounts were once settled, I think will take place-and he proposes to hire a carriage for a whole month; indeed, he has given hints about the saving that might be made by buying one of our own; but my mother shakes her head, and says, "Andrew dinna be carrit,"-from all which it is very plain, though they don't allow me to know their secrets, that the legacy is worth the coming for. But, to return to the lodgings, we have what is called a first and second floor, a drawing room, and three handsome bed-chambers. The drawing room is very elegant; and the carpet is the exact same pattern of the one in the dress-drawing-room of Eglintoun castle. Our landlady is indeed a lady, and I am surprised how she should think of letting lodgings, for she dresses better, and wears finer lace, than ever I saw in Irvine. But I am interrupted .-

I now resume my pen-we have just had a call from Mrs. and Miss Argent, the wife and daughter of the Colonel's man of business. They seem great people, and came in their own chariot, with two grand footmen behind; but they are pleasant and easy, and the object of their visit was to invite us to a family dinner to morrow, Sunday. I hope we may become better acquainted; but the two livery servants make such a difference in our degrees, that I fear this is a vain expectation. Miss Argent, was, however, very frank, and told me that she was herself only just come to London for the first time since she was a child, having been for the last seven years at a school in the country. I shall, however, be better able to say more about her in my next letter. Do not, however, be afraid that she shall ever supplant you in my heart-no, my dear friend, companion of my days of innocence,—that can never bebut this call from such persons of fashion, looks as if the legacy had given us some consideration; so that I think my father and mother may as well let me know at once what my prospects are, that I might show you how disinterestedly and truly I am, my dear Bell, yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

When Miss Isabella Todd had read the letter, Mr. McGruel says, there was a solemn pause for some time—all present knew something, more or less, of the fair writer; but a carriage, a car-

pet, like the best at Eglintoun, a Glasgow Huzzer, and two footmen in livery, were phantoms of such high import, that no one could distinctly express the feelings with which the intelligence affected them. It was, however, unanimously agreed, that the doctor's legacy had every symptom of being equal to what it was, at first expected to be, namely, twenty thousand pounds;—a sum which, by some occult or recondite moral influence of the Lottery, is the common maximum, in popular estimation, of any extraordinary and indefinite windfall of fortune. Miss Becky Glibbans, from the purest motives of charity, devoutly wished that poor Rachel might be able to carry her full cup with a steady hand; and the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, that so commendable an expression might not lose its edifying effect, by any lighter talk, requested Mr. Micklewham to read his letter from the doctor.

### LETTER IX.

The Rev. Z. Pringle, D. D. to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session Cierk of Garnock.

London.

DEAR SIR,—I have written by the post that will take this to hand, a letter to Banker M\*\*\*\*\*\*\*y, at Irvine, concerning some small matters of money that I may stand in need of his opinion anent; and as there is a prospect now of a settlement of the legacy business, I wish you to take a step over to the banker, and he will give you ten pounds, which you will administer to the poor, by putting a twenty shilling note in the plate on Sunday, as a public testimony from me of thankfulness for the hope that is before us; the other nine pounds you will quietly, and in your own canny way, divide after the following manner, letting none of the partakers thereof know from what other hand than the Lord's the help comes, for indeed from whom but his does any good befall us.

You will give to auld Mizy Eccles ten shillings. She's a careful creature, and it will go as far with her thrift as twenty will do with Effy Hopkirk; so you will give Effy twenty. Mrs. Binacle, who lost her husband, the sailor, last winter, is, I am sure, with her two sickly bairns, very ill aff; I would therefore like if you will lend her a note, and ye may put half a crown in the hand of each of the poor weans for a playock, for she's a proud spirit, and

will bear much before she complain. Thomas Dowy has been long unable to do a turn of work, so you may give him a note too. I promised that donsy body, Willy Shachle, the betherel, that when I got my legacy, he should get a guinea, which would be more to him than if the Colonel had died at home, and he had had the howking of his grave; you may therefore, in the mean time, give Willy a crown, and be sure to warn him well not to get fou with it, for I'll be very angry if he does. But what in this matter will need all your skill, is the giving of the remaining five pounds to auld Miss Betty Peerie; being a gentlewoman both by blood and education, she's a very slimmer affair to handle in a doing of this kind. But I am persuaded she's in as great necessity as many that seem far poorer, especially since the muslin flowering has gone so down. Her bits of brats are sairly worn, though she keeps out an apparition of gentility. Now, for all this trouble, I will give you an account of what we have been doing since my last.

When we had gotten ourselves made up in order, we went with Andrew Pringle, my son, to the counting-house, and had a satisfactory vista of the residue, but it will be some time before things can be settled—indeed, I fear, not for months to come—so that I have been thinking, if the parish was pleased with Mr. Snodgrass, it might be my duty to my people to give up to him my stipend, and let him be appointed not only helper, but successor likewise. It would not be right of me to give the manse, both because he's a young and inexperienced man, and cannot, in the course of nature, have got into the way of visiting the sick-beds of the frail, which is the main part of a pastor's duty, and likewise because I wish to die, as I have lived, among my people. But when all's settled, I will know better what to do.

When we had got an inkling from Mr. Argent of what the Colonel has left, and I do assure you, that money is not to be got, even in the way of legacy, without anxiety,—Mrs. Pringle and I consulted together, and resolved that it was our first duty, as a token of our gratitude to the Giver of all Good, to make our first entlay to the poor. So without saying a word either to Rachel, or to Andrew Pringle, my son, knowing that there was a daily worship in the church of England, we slipped out of the house by ourselves, and hiring a hackney conveyance, told the driver thereof to drive us to the high church of St. Paul's. This was ent of no respect to the pomp and pride of prelacy, but to Him

before whom both pope and presbyter are equal, as they are seen, through the merits of Christ Jesus. We had taken a golden guinea in our hand, but there was no broad at the door, and instead of a yenerable elder lending sanctity to his office, by reason of his age, such as we see in the effectual institutions of our own national church—the door was kept by a young man, much more like a writer's whipper-snapper-clerk than one qualified to fill that station, which good king David would have preferred to dwelling in tents of sin. However, we were not come to spy the nakedness of the land, so we went up the outside stairs, and I asked at him for the plate; "Plate!" says he, "why it's on the altar!" I should have known this—the custom of old being to lay the offerings on the altar, but I had forgot, such is the force you see of habit, that the Church of England is not so well reformed and purged as ours is from the abominations of the leaven of idolatry. We were then stepping forward, when he said to me as sharply as if I was going to take an advantage, "you must pay here;" wery well, wherever it is customary," said I, in a meek manner, and gave him the guinea. Mrs. Pringle did the same. "I canpot give you change," cried he, with as little decorum as if we had been paying at a playhouse. "It makes no odds," said I, " keep it all." Whereupon he was so converted by the mammon of iniquity, that he could not be civil enough he thoughtbut conducted us in and showed us the marble monuments, and the French colours that were taken in the war, till the time of worship-nothing could surpass his discretion.

At last the organ began to sound, and we went into the place of worship—but, O Mr. Micklewham, yon is a thin kirk. There was not a hearer forby Mrs. Pringle and me, saving and excepting the relics of popery that assisted at the service. What was said I must, however, in verity confess was not far from the point. But it's still a comfort to see that prelatical usurpations are on the downfal; no wonder that there is no broad at the door to receive the collection for the poor, when no congregation entereth in. You may, therefore, tell Mr. Craig, and it will gladden his heart to hear the tidings, that the great Babylonian madam is now, indeed, but a very little cutty.

On our return home to our lodgings, we found Andrew Pringle, my son, and Rachel, in great consternation about our absence. When we told them that we had been at worship, I saw they were

both deeply affected, and I was pleased with my children, the more so, as you know I have had my doubts that Andrew Pringle's principles have not been strengthened by the reading of the Edinburgh Review. Nothing more passed at that time, for we were disturbed by a Captain Sabre that came up with us in the smack. calling to see how we were after our journey; and as he was a civil, well-bred young man, which I marvel at, considering he's a hussar dragoon, we took a coach, and went to see the lions, as he said; but instead of taking us to the tower of London, as I expected, he ordered the man to drive us round the town. way through the city he showed us the Temple Bar, where Lord Kilmarnock's head was placed after the rebellion, and pointed out the Bank of England and Royal Exchange. He said the steeple of the Exchange was taken down shortly ago-and that the late improvements at the bank were very grand. I remembered having read in the Edinburgh Advertiser, some years past, that there was a great deal said in Parliament about the state of the Exchange, and the condition of the bank, which I could never thoroughly understand. And, no doubt, the taking down of an old building, and the building up of a new one so near together, must, in such a crowded city as this, be not only a great detriment to business, but dangerous to the community at large.

After we had driven about for more than two hours, and neither seen lions nor any other curiosity, but only the outside of houses, we returned home, where we found a copperplate card left by Mr. Argent, the Colonel's agent, with the name of his private dwellinghouse. Both me and Mrs. Pringle were confounded at the sight of this thing, and could not but think that it prognosticated no good; for we had seen the gentleman himself in the forenoon. Andrew Pringle, my son, could give no satisfactory reason for such an extraordinary manifestation of anxiety to see us, so that after sitting in thorns at our dinner, I thought that we should see to the bottom of the business. Accordingly, a hackney was summoned to the door, and me and Andrew Pringle, my son, got into it, and told the man to drive to second in the street where Mr. Argent lived, and which was the number of his house. The man got up, and away we went, but after he had driven an awful time, and stopping and inquiring at different places, he said there was no such house as Second's in the street, whereupon Andrew Pringle, my son, asked him what he meant, and the man said, that he supposed it

was one Second's Hotel, or Coffeehouse that we wanted. Now only think of the craftiness of the neer-da-weel, it was with sume difficulty that I could get him to understand, that second was just as good as number two, for Andrew Pringle, my son, would not interfere, but lay back in the coach, and was like to split his sides at my confabulating with the hackney man. At long and length we got to the house, and were admitted to Mr. Argent, who was sitting by himself in his library reading, with a plate of oranges, and two decanters with wine before him explained to him, as well as I could, my surprise and aniexty at seeing his card, at which he smiled, and said, it was merely a sort of practice that had come into fashion of late years; although we had been at his countinghouse in the morning, he considered it requisite that he should call on his return from the city. I made the best excuse I could for the mistake, and the servant having placed glasses on the table, we were invited to take wine. But I was grieved to think that so respectable a man should have had the bottles before him by himself, the more especially as he said his wife and daughters had gone to a party, and that he did not much like such sort of things. But for all that we found him a wonderful conversible man, and Andrew Pringle, my son, having read all the new books put out at Edinburgh, could speak with him on any subject. In the course of coversation they touched on politic economy, and Andrew Pringle, my son, in speaking about cash in the Bank of England, told him what I had said concerning the alterations of the Royal Exchange Steeple, with which Mr. Argent seemed greatly pleased, and jocosely proposed as a toast, " may the country never suffer more from the alterations in the Exchange, than the taking down of the steeple." Mrs. Pringle is wanting to send a bit line under the same frank to her cousin Miss Mally Glencairn, I must draw to a conclusion, assuring you, that I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

The impression which this letter made on the auditors of Mr. Micklewham was highly favourable to the doctor—all bore testimony to his benevolence and piety, and Mrs. Glibbans expressed, in very loquacious terms, her satisfaction at the neglect to which prelact was consigned. The only person who seemed to be affected by ather than the most sedate feelings on the occasion, was the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, who was observed to smile in a very un-

becoming manner at some parts of the doctor's account of his reception at St. Paul's. Indeed, it was apparently with the utmost difficulty that the young clergyman could restrain himself from giving liberty to his risible faculties. It is really surprising how differently the same thing affects different people. "The Doctor and Mrs. Pringle giving a guinea at the door of St. Paul's for the poor need not make folk laugh," said Mrs. Glibbans, " for is it not written, that whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?". "True, my dear Madam," replied Mr. Snodgrass, "but the Lord to whom our friends in this case gave their money, is the Lord Bishop of London; all the collection made at the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral is, I understand, a perquisite of the Bishop's. In this the Rev. gentleman was not very correctly informed, for, in the first place, it is not a collection, but an exaction; and, in the second place, it is only sanctioned by the Bishop, who allows the inferior clergy to share the gains among themselves. Mrs. Glibbans, however, on hearing his explanation, exclaimed, "Gude be about us," and pushing back her chair with a bounce, streaking down her gown at the same time with both her hands, added, "no wonder that a judgment is upon the land, when we hear of money changers in the temple." Miss Mally Glencairn, to appease her gathering wrath and holy indignation. said, facetiously, " Na, na, Mrs. Glibbans, ye forget, there was na changing of money there. The man took the whole guineas. But not to make a controversy on the subject, Mr. Snodgrass will now let us hear what Andrew Pringle, 'my son,' has said to him:" -And the Reverend gentleman read the following letter with due circumspection, and in his best manner.

#### LETTER X.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have heard it alleged, as the observation of a great traveller, that the manners of the higher classes of society, throughout Christendom are so much alike, that national peculiarities among them are scarcely perceptible. This is not correct; the differences between those of London and Edinburgh are to me very striking. It is not that they talk and perform the little etiquettes of social intercourse differently; for in these respects they are apparently as similar as it is possible for imitation to make them; but the difference to which I refer is an indescribable something which can only be compared to peculiarities of accent. They both speak the same language; perhaps in classical purity of phraseology the fashionable Scotchman is even superior to the Englishman, but there is a flatness of tone in his accent, a lack of what the unusicians call expression, which gives a local and provincial effect to his conversation, however in other respects learned and intelligent. It is so with his manners; he conducts himself with equal ease, self-possession, and discernment, but the flavour of the metropolitan style is wanting.

I have been led to make these remarks by what I noticed in the guests whom I met on Friday at young Argent's. It was a small party, only five strangers, but they seemed to be all particular friends of our host, and yet none of them appeared to be on any terms of intimacy with each other. In Edinburgh, such a party would have been at first a little cold; each of the guests would there have paused to estimate the characters of the several strangers before committing himself with any topic of conversation. But here the circumstance of being brought together by a mutual friend produced at once the purest gentlemanly confidence; each, as it were, took it for granted that the persons whom he had come among were men of education and good breeding, and, without deeming it at all necessary that he should know something of their respective political and philosophical principles, before venturing to speak on such subjects, discussed frankly, and as things unconnected with party feelings, incidental occurrences which in Edinburgh would have been avoided as calculated to awaken animosities.

But the most remarkable feature of the company, small as it was, consisted of the difference in the condition and character of the guests. In Edinburgh the landlord, with the scrupulous care of a herald or genealogist, would, for a party, previously unacquainted with each other, have chosen his guests as nearly as possible from the same rank of life; the London host had paid no respect to any such consideration—all the strangers were as dissimilar in fortune, profession, connexions, and politics, as any four men in the class of gentlemen could well be. I never spent a more delightful evening.

The ablest, the most elequent, and the most elegant man present, without question, was the son of a sadler. No expense had been spared on his education. His father, proud of his talents, had intended him for a seat in parliament; but Mr. T—— him-

self prefers the easy enjoyments of private life, and has kept himself aloof from politics and parties. Were, I to form an estimate of his qualifications to excel in public speaking, by the clearness and beautiful propriety of his colloquial language, I should conclude that he was still destined to perform a distinguished part. But he is content with the liberty of a private station, as a spectator only, and, perhaps, in that he shows his wisdom; for undoubtedly such men are not cordially received among hereditary statesmen, unless they evince a certain suppleness of principle, such as we have seen in the conduct of more than one political adventurer.

The next in point of effect was voung C--- G---. He evidently languished under the influence of indisposition, which, while it added to the natural gentleness of his manners, diminished the impression his accomplishments would otherwise have made—I was greatly struck with the modesty with which he offered his opinions, and could scarcely credit that he was the same individual whose eloquence in parliament is by many compared even to Mr. Canning's, and whose firmness of principle is so universally acknowledged, that no one ever suspects him of being liable to change. You may have heard of his poem "On the restoration of learning in the east," the most magnificent prize essay that the English universities have produced for many years. The passage in which he describes the talents, the researches, and learning of Sir William Jones, is worthy of the imagination of Burke, and yet, with all this oriental splendour of fancy, he has the reputation of being a patient and methodical man of business. He looks, however, much more like a poet and a student, than an orator and a statesman; and were statesmen the sort of personages which the spirit of the age attempts to represent them, I for one, should lament that a young man, possessed of so many amiable qualities, all so tinted with the bright lights of a fine enthusiasm, should ever have been removed from the moonlighted groves and peaceful cloisters of Magdalen college, to the lampsmelling passages and factious debates of St. Stephen's chapel. Mr. G. certainly belongs to that high class of gifted men who, to the honour of the age, have redeemed the literary character from the charge of unfitness for the concerns of public business; and he has shown that talents for affairs of state, connected with literary predilections, are not limited to mere reviewers, as some of your old classfellows would have the world to believe. When I contrast the quiet unobtrusive development of Mr. G's character with that bustling and obstreperous elbowing into notice of some of those to whom the Edinburgh Review owes half its fame, and compare the pure and steady lustre of his elevation, to the rocket-like aberrations and perturbed blaze of their still uncertain course, I cannot but think that we have overrated, if not their ability, at least their wisdom in the management of public affairs.

The third of the party was a little Yorkshire baronet. He was formerly in Parliament, but left it, as he says, on account of its irregularities, and the bad hours it kept. He is a Whig, I understand, in politics, and indeed one might guess as much by looking at him; for I have always remarked, that your Whigs have something odd and particular about them. On making the same sort of remark to Argent, who, by the way, is a high ministerial man, he observed, the thing was not to be wondered at, considering that the Whigs are exceptions to the generality of mankind, which naturally accounts for their being always in the minority. Mr. T——, the sadler's son, who overheard us, said, slyly, "that it might be so, but if it be true that the wise are few compared to the multitude of the foolish, things would be better managed by the minority than as they are at present."

The fourth guest was a stock broker, a shrewd compound, with all charity be it spoken, of knavery and humour. He is by profession an epicure, but I suspect his accomplishments in that capacity are not very well founded; I would almost say, judging by the evident traces of craft and dissimulation in his physiognomy, that they have been assumed as part of the means of getting into good company, to drive the more earnest trade of money-making. Argent evidently understood his true character, though he treated him with jocular familiarity. I thought it a fine example of the intellectual superiority of T-, that he seemed to view him with dislike and contempt. But I must not give you my reasons for so thinking, as you set no value on my own particular philosophy, besides, my paper tells me, that I have only room left to say, that it would be difficult in Edinburgh to bring such a party together; and yet they affect there to have also a metropolitan character. In saying this, I mean only with reference to manners, the methods of behaviour in each of the company were precisely similar—there was no eccentricity, but only that distinct and decided individuality which nature gives, and which no acquired habits can change,- each, however, was the representative of a class, and Edinburgh has no classes exactly of the same kind as those to which they belonged,—Yours truly,

ANDREW PRINCES.

Just as Mr. Snodgrass concluded the last sentence, Captain Jemmy — T—n, one of the Clyde skippers, who had fallen asleep, gave such an extravagant snore, followed by a groan, that it set the whole company a laughing, and interrupted the critical strictures which would otherwise have been made on Mr. Andrew Pringle's epistle. "D—n it," said Jemmy, "I thought myself in a fog, and could not tell whether the land a-head was Plada or the Lady Isle." Some of the company thought the observation not inapplicable to what they had been hearing.

Miss Isabella Todd then begged that Miss Mally, their hostess, would favour the company with Mrs. Pringle's communication. To this request that considerate maiden ornement of the Kirk-gate, deemed it necessary, by way of preface to the letter to say, "Ye a' ken that Mrs. Pringle's a managing woman, and ye maunna expect any metaphysical philosophy from her." In the mean time, having taken the letter from her pocket, and placed her spectacles on that functionary of the face which was destined to wear spectacles, she began as follows:—

#### LETTER XI.

# Mrs. Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

My DEAR Miss Mally,—We have been at the counting-house, and gotten a sort of a satisfaction: what the upshot may be, I canna take it upon myself to prognostricate, but when the war comes to the warst, I think that baith Rachel and Andrew will have a nest egg, and the doctor and me may sleep sound on their account, if the nation does na break, as the Arglebarglers in the House of Parliament have been threatening: for all the Cornal's fortune is sunk at present in the per cents. Howsomever, it's our notion, when the legacies are paid off, to lift the money out of the funds, and place it at good interest on hairetable securitie. But ye will hear after from us, before things come to that, for the delays, and the goings and the comings in this town of Lendon, are past all expression.

As yet, we have been to see no fairlies, except going in a coach from one part of the toun to another; but the Doctor and me was at the he-kirk of Saint Paul's for a purpose that I need not tell you, as it was a doing with the right hand what the left should not know. I could na say that I had there great pleasure, for the preacher was very cauldrife, and read every word, and then there was such a beggary of popish prelacy, that it was compassionate to a Christian to see.

We are to dine at Mr. Argent's, the Cornal's hadgint, on Sunday, and me and Rachel have been getting something for the okasion. Our landlady, Mrs. Sharkly, has recommended us to sne of the most fashionable millinders in London, who keeps a grand shop in Cranburn Alla, and she has brought us arteccles to look at; but I was surprised they were not finer, for I thought them of a vera inferior qualaty, which she said was because they were not made for no costomer, but for the public.

The Argents seem as if they would be discreet peeple, which, to us who are here in the jaws of jeopardy, would be a great comfort —for I am no overly satisfeet with many things. What would ye think of buying coals by the stimpert, for any thing that I know, and then setting up the poker afore the ribs, instead of blowing with the bellies to make the fire burn? I was of a pinion that the Englishers were naturally wasterful; but I can ashure you this is no the case at all—and I am beginning to think that the way of leeving from hand to mouth is great frugality, when ye consider that all is left in the logive hands of uncercumseezed servans.

But what gives me the most concern at this time is one Captain Sabre of the Dragoon Hozars, who come up in the smak with us from Leith, and is looking more after our Rachel than I could wish, now, that she might set her cap to another sort of object. But he's of a respectit family, and the young lad himself is no to be despisid, howsomever, I never likit officir-men of any description, and yet the thing that makes me look down on the captain, is all owing to the Cornal, who was an officer of the native poors of India, where the pay must indeed have been extraordinar, for who ever heard either of a cornal, or any officer whomsoever, making a hundred thousand pounds in our regiments, no that I say the Cornal has left so meikle to us.

Tell Mrs. Glibbans that I have not heard of no sound preacher as yet in London, the want of which is no doubt the great cause of

the crying sins of the place; what would she think to hear of newspapers selling by tout of horn on the Lord's day; and on the Sabbath night, the change houses are more throng than on the Saturday. I am told, but as yet I cannot say that I have seen the evil myself with my own eyes, that in the summer time there are tea-gardens where the tradesmen go to smoke their pipes of tobacco, and to entertain their wives and children, which can be nothing less then a bringing of them to an untimely end. But you will be surprised to hear, that no such thing as whusky is to be had in the public houses, where they drink only a dead sort of war; and that a bottle of true jennying London porter is rarely to be seen in the whole town—all kinds of piple getting their portor in pewter cans, and a ladie calls for in the morning to take away what has been yoused over night. But what I most miss is the want of creem. The milk here is just skimm, and I doot not, likewise well-watered—as for the water, a drink of clear wholesome good water is not within the bounds of London; and truly, now may I say, that I have learnt what the blessing of a cup of cold water is.

Tell Miss Nancy Eydent, that the day of the burial is now settled, when we are going to Windsor Castle to see the prescesson—and that by the end of the wick, she may expect the fashons from me with all the particulars. Till then, I am, my dear Miss Mally, Your friend and well wisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

Note Beny.—Give my kind compliments to Mrs. Glibbans, and let her know, that I will, after Sunday, give her an account of the state of the Gospel in London.

Miss Mally paused when she had read the letter, and it was unanimously agreed, that Mrs. Pringle gave a more full account of London, than either father, son, or daughter. By this time the night was far advanced, and Mrs. Glibbans was rising to go away, apprehensive, as she observed, that they were going to bring "the carts" into the room. Upon Miss Mally, however, assuring her, that no such transgression was meditated, but that she intended to treat them with a bit nice Highland-mutton ham, and eggs, of her own laying, that worthy pillar of the Relief Kirk consented to remain.

It was past eleven o'clock when the party broke up; Mr. Vol. xII. 8

McGruel, with Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Micklewham, walked home together, and as they were crossing the Red burn bridge, at the entrance of Eglintoun wood,—a place well noted from ancient times for preternatural appearances, Mr. Micklewham declared, that he thought he heard something purring among the bushes; upon which Mr. McGruel makes an observation, stating, that it could be nothing but the effect of Lord North's strong ale in his weak head, adding, by way of explanation, that the Lord North here spoken of, was Willy Grieve, celebrated in Irvine for the strength and flavour of his brewing, and that in addition to a plentiful supply of his best, Miss Mally had entertained them with tamarind punch, constituting, in the opinion of Mr. McGruel, a natural cause adequate to produce all the preternatural purring that terrified the domine.

(To be continued.)

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. V .- Account of the Cherokee Schools.

By Gen. Calvin Jones, of North Carolina.

I MUST premise that when I visited the Cherokee nation lately, I had no predilections in its favour. I had known something of two nations of Indians, and that all attempts to civilize one of them had been unavailing, and had every where seen the various tribes recede and melt away at the approach of the white people. always believed the enthusiastic zeal of good men led them to expect human means would accomplish what had been denied by an interdict of nature; that there were physical as well as moral causes which would for ever prevent the civilization of these savages until the capabilities of their minds were improved, matured, and perfected, by the long continued existence of their race But I have seen the nation and have witnessed the and species. attempts which are making to instruct and humanize it, and am no longer sceptical. I renounce my Darwinian error. I firmly believe, if the efforts now making are duly seconded, the little that remains of a brave and unfortunate nation will be rescued from barbarism, suffering, and utter annihilation.

Heretofore there seems to have been more zeal for christianity, than knowledge of the constitution of the human mind, employed in missionary labours. Little is to be expected from preaching

abstruse doctrines to men who have never been taught the exercise of their thinking faculties. The American board of commissioners for foreign missions have profited by experience of the abortive attempts of others: they have anatomized the mind and know its properties and structure; they have learned (to borrow the expression of the poet,) that the twig must be bent to give fashion to the tree.

The first school in the Cherokee nation was founded by the Rev-Abraham Steiner, under the auspicies of the Moravian Society of Salem, North Carolina, about twenty years ago, and has been continued without interruption, but on a limited scale, ever since. The Rev. Mr. Gambold is the present missionary. He is a plain worthy man, and supports his family chiefly by the labour of his own hands, while his wife, a woman of uncommon mental endowments, instructs ten or fifteen Indian children. On the Sabbath Mr. G. preaches. Charles Hicks, a chief, and the second man nominally in the nation, but in influence the first, is a member of his church, and is reputed an intelligent and devout christian who does honour to his profession.

But the most considerable school is at Chickamauguh (the local name Brainerd) under the superintendance of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions. Its first instructor was the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, who went into the nation three years ago, but left it last winter to found a school among the Choctaws. It is due, however, to the distinguished merit of the Rev. Gideon Blackburn of Tennessee, to state here, that he was the pioneer in this business, having, by his individual exertions, maintained a school, taught by himself, in that part of the nation, many years ago; which, however, the difficulty of subsisting, and much unfounded obloquy, thrown upon his conduct and motives, made it expedient for him to abandon.

The present head of the missions is the Rev. Hard Hoyt, a venerable, pious, sensible, and discreet man, who, with his wife and six interesting children, left the pleasant valley of Wyoming, in Penusylvania, to encounter the difficulties and endure the privations of a wilderness, with the single view of extending the blessings of civilization and christianity among the Cherokees. The teacher of the school is Mr. William Chamberlain, of Vermont: the steward and manager Mr. Moody Hall, of Troy, in New York, and besides Milo Hoyt, the son of the missionary, there are two

young men learning the Cherokee language, with a view to eacrease the utility of their labours, Daniel S. Butrick and L. Long.

This institution is very creditably patronized by government. The expenses of the buildings for the accommodation of the families attached to the mission, of the Indian pupils, and of the school, are defrayed by Col. Meigs, the Indian agent, who furnishes, at the charge of the government, all the requisite implements of husbandry. A fertile tract of land is loaned to the missionaries so long as their institution exists, which serves the double purpose of lessening the burthen of expense upon the board of missions, and of initiating the Indian youth into the principles and practice of agriculture.

The school is conducted on the Lancasterian plan, and consists of fifty-three scholars, of whom forty-nine are Indians. I spent a day, taught and heard every one of the classes myself, and I declare that I never saw a better regulated school, or scholars of more promising dispositions and talents. They were quick of apprehension, retentive in memory, docide and affectionate. The greater number of the scholars were between eight and twelve years of age; a few were sixteen, and one, I think, was eighteen. This last was a young woman of much merit: she read well, conversed sensibly; was grave, dignified, and graceful in her manners, handsome in her person, and would be an ornament to almost any society. I was told that at their female society meetings, when asked to pray, she always unhesitatingly did so, and in a manner peculiarly fervid and eloquent. Her name is Catharinc Brown. Not four years ago she wore the dress, spoke the language, and had the manners of her nation. Lydia Lowry, Alice Wilson, and Peggy Wolf, three other Indian girls that I recollect, of less mature age, were good scholars, and genteel and agreeable in their manners. Edward, a brother of Catharine Brown, Horace Loomis, and too many other boys to be enumerated, would, for their open manly countenances, correct manners, and decent school acquirements, obtain respect and consideration in any community.

The school is opened and closed by prayers, and all the scholars join in singing hymns. Those who merit them receive as rewards, daily, and twice a day, for "punctual attendance," "behaviour," and "diligence," cards, or tickets, with the initial letters of those words printed on them, which are valued at half a cent, a cent, and three half cents. These are current money, and are exchanged

for knives, books, or whatever else they wish to purchase. For damaging slates, losing pencils, negligencies, &c. &c. they are sometimes fined in tickets. The children value these tickets highly, both for the honour which the number of them confers, and the substantial profit they afford.

All the scholars live at the mission house, where they are both clothed and fed gratuitously, unless their parents choose to pay the expense which is not often the case. Besides the literary, religious, and moral instruction which they receive, they are taught practical farming, and are initiated into habits of industry. an art and virtue unknown among savages. They all eat in a spacious hall attached to the rear of the mansion, the boys at one table and the girls at another, at which the pastor, teacher, and the ladies of the family preside. The order and decency observed at their meals equally surprised and pleased me. The boys occupy several detached cabins as lodging rooms, which form the right wing of the mission house; the girls a spacious one on the left, where they are accompanied by a daughter of Mr. Hovt. They, in the day, sit and work in the main building, where they form busy, interesting, and pleasing groups, around some of the ladies of the family.

What is learned in the school-room is not the most considerable, nor, considering the situation of the nation, the most important part of their education. They are made practical farmers under the direction of an excellent manager, by which means they give direct support to the institution, and procure important advantages to themselves.

Every Monday morning the labours of the week are assigned to each, the boys being mustered before the house, and the girls assembled within it. The former, according to their employments, are denominated hoe boys, axe boys, plough boys, &c. and among the latter are divided the duties of carding, spinning, cooking, and house work, and making and mending the garments of the scholars. Every morning of the week afterwards the boys are summoned into line by the sound of a whistle. After the roll is called, the classes are designated by naming their avocations, when the members of each step out of the ranks, and enter upon their several employments with great spirit and alacrity. They remain in the school six hours a day, and work four. I went round to visit them at their several labours in the wood and in the field, and found

them every where busy and cheerful. They seemed by their manner to require no other recreation. A prudent well regulated system of moral discipline appeared completely to supersede the necessity of every kind of corporal punishment or physical coercion. The utmost harmony reigned throughout. Neither idleness nor games gave them occasion for feuds and dissentions. Their affection for their teachers seemed to be unbounded. I have seen the boys, by half dozens, surround Mr. Chamberlain when he came in fatigued, clasp him round the neck and arms, all eager to tell or ask something, and engage his attention; and when he had good humouredly shaken off one set he would be immediately surrounded by another, clamorous as blackbirds. A command, however, would always reduce them instantly to order and place. Play is occasionally allowed. One boy will throw up a gourd or shingle, which will come to the ground with half a dozen arrows sticking in it. Bathing in the fine clear streams of Chichamauguh is permitted twice a week. Indeed an Indian would not dispense with this, for they are scrupulously attentive to cleanliness. An Indian child runs into the water as naturally as a duck. I have seen them (particularly among the Chickesaws) scarce six years old, up to their chins in the stream of a bold creek. Col. Meigs, the Indian agent, asked a Cherokee girl why she did not marry a white man who paid his addresses to her; she replied, that she could not endure white men, they were so dirty, never, as she understood, bathing in the creeks as the red people did.

I have seen the girls at their several employments forming circles round some of the ladies of the family, beguiling the time by singing and conversation, and seeming, as no doubt they really were, very happy. The white children of the mission family are treated in all respects as the Indian children are. Indeed an exemption from any part of the routine of duty and labour would be no favour. To the Indians this course is indispensably necessary to their civilization and future welfare, and I am not sure but the plan of the Brainerd school, in all its details, is the best that could be devised for children in any community. During the week of my visit, it fell to the lot of a girl (a young lady I might with perfect propriety style her) to wait at table as a part of the household labours, and she performed the duties with equal propriety, cheerfulness, and grace. It was felt to be, as it really was, perfectly proper and honourable, because it was a place that each one, in turn,

was destined to fill, and no ideas of servitude, could of course, be attached to it. This young woman was the daughter of a wealthy, high-minded chief, who kept a good table, and servants, at whose house I have been handsomely entertained, and who spoke of the economy of this school in terms of high commendation.

The Indians are mostly favourable to the missions. Mr Hoyt is known among them by the appellation of the good man; and some profess to love to hear the good book talk, as they term reading the Bible. Every where the mission family are treated by the Indians with great respect and affection, and they will rarely receive pay from them, for what they are accustomed to consider as sources of profit, and subjects of charge upon travellers. This is not the unmeaning politeness with which Indians have been charg-It is a very emphatic expression of their sense of the disinterested and useful labours of the missionaries. A little circumstance which took place a few days before I was at the school. speaks very distinctly the sentiments which prevail. dian woman, who seemed not to have a vestige of civilization. brought a little savage, her grandson, to place at the school. When the former was about to depart, she went so much over her child who cried to accompany her, that Mr. Hoyt apprehended she would not leave him, and, through an interpreter, assured her that he would in a few days be reconciled to his situation. She replied, that she had no intention but to leave him; that the parting was very painful to her, but she too well knew what was for the child's An Indian who had once been to visit the President at Washington, told me that civilization had made the white people great, but ignorance had made the Indians dwindle away to nothing. Most of those with whom I conversed, seemed to feel the sentiment of patriotism strong in their bosoms, to deplore the fall of their once wide extended and powerful nation, and to be anxious that the little of it which remained should be saved from annihilation. Who that himself enjoys the comforts of civilized life and the consolations of religion, and knows the wants and capabilities of these people, would withhold a contribution to a purpose so benificent and full of merit?

One or two facts will enable all to judge for themselves of the teachableness of their dispositions, and of their capacities for acquirement. A wild, naked-legged boy, eight years old, named Chees-quan-ee-tah, or, a young bird, who could speak nothing but

Cherokee, came for the first time into the school on the day on which I visited it, and I taught him the alphabet three or four times over, using some devices to impress the letters more strongly on his memory, in one of which I was assisted by a beautiful and sprightly little girl who told me she was the Black warrior's daughter, and named, Polly Blackwood. This was to place the letters ocu together, the pronunciation of which in the Cherokee tongue signifies good, which I made him understand was, applicable to him. The little girl who spoke English tolerably, in a playful manner, with a look full of arch simplicity, told me her mother seldom applied it to her, but much oftener a word, of which I have now forgotten the Indian, that signified bad. At night the boy distinctly remembered seven letters of the alphabet.

A little girl by the name of Jenny Reece had been six weeks in the school, and could spell very well in words of three letters, and yet had never, in conversation, been heard to utter a word of English. It is remarkable of the Indians that when they commence expressing their ideas and wants in English, they in a time surprisingly short, speak very distinctly: But they cannot be persuaded to speak until conscious of their ability to do it well, afraid I suppose of drawing upon themselves, ridicule, and indeed their first essays are calculated to excite a smile in many, when the ardour of their anxiety to be understood, prompts them to premature efforts. Like the Greeks and Romans, they placed the object before the agent. I heard this from a boy anxious to go to the store on mail day. "Store go to who? want some go me." It was predicted from their usual progress, that this boy would speak correctly in a month.

The mention of Jenny Reece brings her father's name and merit before me, and I hope to be pardoned for a passing notice of him, though apparently very remotely, if at all in connexion with the school. This man, Charly Reece was a very distinguished warriour and one of the three Indians, who at the battle of the Horse Shoe, swam the river in sight of the contending armies, under showers of arrows and bullets, and brought over the canoes which contributed so essentially to the dislodgement and defeat of the Creek Indians. Gen. Jackson mentioned him most honourably in his despatches and general orders, and President Madison wrote him a letter and presented him with a superbly mounted rifle, with suitable inscriptions. This, once his boast, is his

pride no longer. I had some conversation with him and he spoke of his military exploits with evident reluctance: this once ferocious warriour is now a humble and devout professor of the religion of Jesus. The wild hunter, who could not endure the restraints of home and but one wife, is now the industrious and prosperous farmer and the respectable head of a happy family. This man's example, the happiness he has conferred on a wife and amiable children, is surely enough to overturn infidelity in the heart of obstinacy itself, and make the most heedless anxious to promote the diffusion of principles capable of such happy influ-I belong to no or church sect, but I have seen too much of the benign effects of religion to withhold from it this testimonial in its favour. I am convinced of the very great and essential importance of its principles and doctrines to civilization. Chinese can make pots and the Turks carpets, but they are barberians, and neither science nor manners will ever obtain there, until the domestic fireside becomes the place where confidence can repose itself, where the best and holiest affections of our nature can find their solace, and where the infant mind will be formed under the influence of precept and examples. Polygamy is at eternal and irreconcileable war with civilization.

I had almost forgotten to say, that there is one certainly, and I believe two schools in the nation, supported and patronized exclusively by the Indians. I visited one of the patrons. He complained much of the moral character of the master, and said he had seen him drunk, even on the Sabbath, and threatened to dismiss him. This teacher, a native of Europe, had the common stipend of country schoolmasters allowed him, was permitted to cultivate as much ground as he pleased, and had a good number of scholars; but the Indians were scandalised at his irregularities, and I expect, if they failed to civilize him, they would, as they threatened, discharge him. I neither saw the teacher nor his school.

It would swell this article beyond the limits prescribed to it were I to speak of the character and manners of the Indians, and it would besides, be foreign to the object for which I commenced it. I will therefore only say in a few words, that I found them every where kind and obliging in their deportment and correct in their conduct; that in their houses, and I entered not a few, I observed a general appearance of order and neatness that indicated comfort. The women seemed very industrious in various

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domestic employments, and the men much more so in their agricultural pursuits than in any Indian nation I had ever visited. Many of them had considerable plantations, and two, at whose houses I was, owned several negroes and employed white men as overscers; and all had horses and cattle, and many of them carts and wagons. Every thing manifested the progress of civilization and the practicability of its soon attaining the ordinary degrees of perfection.

Possibly this brief expositio uof facts and circumstances, new to many, will excite in the benevolent a desire to strengthen the hands of those employed in this work of instruction, and of giving them the means of more extended and general usefulness. education of the Cherokees will only be limited by the ability to found and support schools. I have no correspondence with the board of missions, but presume donations to their treasurer in Boston, Jeremiah Evarts, will be acceptable. It is equally likely that the Moravian Society of Salem N. C. would not refuse benefactions, though they have never asked contributions. they have done has been their own and it has been done without ostentation. I was told that plain ready made clothing for boys, particularly hunting shirts and trowsers, was much wanted. Strong of Knoxville, A. J. Huntington of Augusta, S. C. Danning of Savannah, and the superintendant of Indian affairs at Washington city will remit any thing to the Mission-house at Chickamauguh, that is committed to their care. I add this paragraph at the suggestion of a traveller, now confined in this city by sickness, who observed to us yesterday, that the good deeds of many fell short of their beneficent wishes from not knowing how and where to dispense their liberalities.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ART. VI .- Letters from the West .- No. I.

CAN you tell me, my dear N. why I left you in sadness, though I would fain have chased away the cloud that hung upon my brow? If you can, you will explain a feeling which I have often experienced, but never could exactly define. I have never left a spot where I had sojourned long enough to form acquaintances, without a heavy heart; and yet there is something in that same heart, which makes me delight to be ever roving from scene to scene, Can it be fondness for the spot which has already been enjoyed to satiety, where every thing has become monotonous, and where the

palled senses must feed upon the food they have grown tired of? Can it be regret when pleasure allures in the perspective, and when any dear object which is left behind, will be regained, and glow with new charms after a temporary absence? These are questions which you may answer if you please, for I assure you I shall not take the trouble to investigate them; it is enough for me to leave my friends without heaviness, and to return to them with delight, without intruding on philosophic ground, to analyze the light and shade of those conflicting emotions of which the experience is sufficiently pleasureable.

Now while you are answering my questions I will reply to yours. You ask me, in the very spirit of Goldsmith's Hermit, what allures me "to tempt the dangerous gloom," and to risk my neck—aye, and my complexion too—among the tangled forests, and sun-burnt prairies of the west? I might reply, in my usual style, by a quotation from my favourite author:

We may roam through this world like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the *East*, We may order our wings and be off to the *West*;

or I might simply say with the churlish Shylock, "it is my humour." But as I would have you to know, that I am not so much of a knight errant as to seek for giants for the mere pleasure of overcoming them, nor so sentimental as to hie me to purling streams, and spreading shades, to cool my blood and warm my fancy, I will discuss my reasons in sober prose.

My desire of exploring the western country has not been altogether the effect of that wandering disposition, to which my friends have been good enough to attribute it. It is true—too true, perhaps—that a roving fancy, indulged and confirmed into habit, by the unsettled manner of my early life, has had much weight in forming my determination; but it is equally true, that this is a national trait, entailed in common upon most of my countrymen, for there are few of us who regard time or space, when profit or amusement allures to distant regions. But I found my strongest inducement in the deep interest that we all feel in those young states which have sprung up in the wilderness, and expanding with unexampled rapidity, are fast becoming the rivals of their elder sisters in the east.

It might be questioned whether I have reached the years of

discretion; and yet, young as I am, I can remember the time whon Pittsburgh was considered as one of the out-posts of civilized America; and I shall never forget the intense interest, and unmingled admiration, which I felt while a boy, in gazing at the brawny limbs and sun-burnt features of a Kentuckian, as he passed through the streets of Philadelphia. The rough hardy air of the stranger—the jaded paces of his nag—the blanket, bear-skin, and saddle-hags-nay, the very oil-cloth on his hat, and the dirk that peeped from among his vestments, are still in my eye;—they bespoke him to be of distant regions, to have been reared among dangers, and to be familiar with fatigues. He strode among us with the step of an Achilles, glancing with a good-natured superciliousness at the fragile butterflies of fashion, that glittered in the sunbeams around him. I thought I could see in that man, one of the progenitors of an unconquerable race; his face presented the traces of a spirit quick to resent—he had the will to dare, and the power to execute—there was a something in his look which bespoke a disdain of control—and there was an absence of constraint in all his movements, which indicated an habitual independence of thought and action. Such was the stock from which a new people were to spring-but the oak has blossomed and borne fruit. Science and refinement, engrafted upon the rude stem, have flourished, and have mingled their verdure and their sweets among its hardy branches. That "lone way-faring man" is not now the only representative of his country; the West has already sent us the statesman, on whose accents listening thousands have hung enraptured, the gentleman whose politeness pleases, and the maiden whose loveliness delights us.

In the times to which I have alluded, a journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, was a most serious affair; and he who would adventure further, took with him arms, and guides, and provisions, and "all appliances and means to boot," necessary for subsistence and defence. What was then the goal is now the atarting place. Pittsburgh is the threshhold by which we pass into the great states of the West; and Kentucky, but lately a western frontier, is now one of the eastern boundaries of the western country.

The shores of the Mississippi, and its tributary streams, have presented to the world a singular and almost enchanting picture one which future ages will contemplate with wonder and delight. The colority with which the soil has been peopled, and the harmony which has prevailed in the erection of their governments, has no parallel in history, and seems to be the effect of magic rather than of human agency. Europe was at one time overrun by numerous hordes, who rushing like a torrept from the North, in search of a more genial climate, captured or expelled the effeminate inhabitants of the South, and planted colonies in its rickest provinces. But these were barbarians who conquered with the sword, and ruled with the rod of iron. The "arm of flesh" was visible in all their operations. The colonies, like ours, were formed by emigration—the soil was peopled with an exotic population—but here the parallel ends. The country gained by violence, was held by force; the blood stained soil produced nothing but "man and steel, the soldier and his sword."

What a contrast does our happy country present to scenes like these! It remained for us to exhibit to the world, the novel spectacle of a people coming from various nations, and differing in language politics and religion, sitting down quietly sogether, erecting new states, forming constitutions and enacting laws, without blood-shed or dissention. Our curiosity is naturally excited to know what powerful attraction has drawn these multitudes from their native plains, and why, like bees, they swam as it were, to the same bough; nor is it less interesting to inquire by what process such heterogeneous particles have become united, and to observe the effect of so extraordinary a combination. singular to behold the Englishman and the Frenchman rushing to the same goal; the laborious, economical New-Englander, treading the same path with the high-minded, luxurious native of the South; pay, even the cautious German, with an enterprise foreign to his nature, rearing his vine and his fig-tree, at a spet whence the footsteps of the savage aborigines are scarcely yet effaced? Is it not more strange that such men can live in fellowship, act in unison, make laws in peace, and " do all things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul," in harmonious concert.

But there are other considerations besides those of a political sature, which render this country peculiarly interesting. It is the refuge of thousands, who have fled from poverty, from tyranay, and from fanaticism. The tumults of Europe have driven hither crowds of unhappy beings, whose homes have been ren

dered odious or unsafe, by the mad ambition of a few aspiring sovereigns. Here is no Holy Alliance, trafficking in human blood; no sceptre to be obeyed; no mitre to be worshipped. Here they find not merely a shelter from the rude storm that pelts them, but they become proprietors of the soil, and citizens in the state. Here they learn the practical value of that liberty, which they only knew before in theory. They learn here that although the Englishman is born a freeman, the American only is bred a freeman. You are not to suppose, however, that this is the land of radicals and paupers. Far from it. Though many emigrate from necessity, still more do it from inclination. Among the emigrants are many gentlemen of wealth and education, whose object is to build up estates for their children, in a country which offers such facilities for the accumulation of property, and which presents so fair a promise to posterity. By far the greater class, however, are neither wealthy nor poor; these are respectable farmers and mechanics, who in the present unpropitious times, find it to their interest to seek out a residence, where their labours will yield more profit than at home.

There are also a variety of historical and literary facts connected with this country, which serve to give it interest in the eyes of an American. Braddock was defeated, and Washington immortalized on the romantic shores of the Monongahela; and the vicinity of Pittsburgh, already famous for the loveliness of its mountain scenery, and the magnitude of its mineral treasures, has been the scene of martial atchievements, which may one day wake the livre of the Pennsylvania bard, to strains as national and as sweet as those of Scott. In the western forests, did Wayne gather a wreath of imperishable laurel; and St. Clair-I blush to name him-injured man! a crown of thorns. On the borders of the Ohio, Butler fell in the prime of his life, and the vigour of his ambition, leaving a name which his countrymen have delighted to embalm. Can we trace with indifference the path of Burr, the sweetest of all seducers, but himself seduced by the wildest of all visionary schemes; or pass without a tear of sympathy, the spot where the philosophic Blannerhasset, surrounded in his loved seclusion, with rural and literary enjoyments, tasted of "that peace which the world cannot give"-tasted alas! but for a moment, and dashed away! Is it not delightful, to stray along those shores where Wilson strayed—to view the scenes which charmed his

poetic fancy—to mark the plumage, and listen to the "wood-notes wild," which allured him through many a weary mile.

Who has not heard of the Antiquities of the West? has heard, has not listened with admiration or incredulity? Of all that has been written on this most interesting subject, how little has appeared that could satisfy a reasonable mind! The time was when the tales of western travellers, were received as fanciful productions, written to beguile the unwarv emigrant into the fangs of speculating avarice. When we read of the Great Vallev. whose noble rivers stretching in every direction from the distant mountains, poured their waters into the bosom of the Pather of Streams; and of the rich bottoms, extensive prairies, and gigantic forests of the west, we could smile at what we believed to be simple exaggeration. But when we heard of caverns extending horizontally for miles, and exhibiting traces of former inhabitants; of immense mausoleums filled with human bones, some of them of a dwarfish size, which indicate the former existence of a pigmy race; of the skeletons of gigantic brutes; of metalic ornaments, warlike instruments, and earthen utensils, found buried in the soil; of the vestiges of temples, and fortifications, in short of the many remains of a civilized population, we were inclined to consider them as gross impostures. Yet all these curiosities actually exist, as well as many others of equal interest; and while we can no longer withhold our credence, we cannot help exclaiming,

-----" Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder!"

Are you answered now? Is not here sufficient food for speculation? Will it not be gratifying to mingle with the mighty flood which is sweeping onward to the west, to see it prostrating the forest, and depositing the seeds of art and refinement? The spots which I shall visit have not been consecrated by the classic pen—an Homer has not sung their heroes, nor an Ovid peopled their shades with divinity—but shall I not stroll among the ruins of ancient cities, and recline upon the tombs of departed heroes? You may not admire my taste—but believe me, I should tread with as much reverence over the mausoleum of a Shawance chief as among the catacombs of Egypt, and would speculate with

as much delight on the site of an Indian village, as in the gardens of Tivoli, or the ruins of Herculaneum.

But to add, another, and a last inducement; there has been a material variance in the statements of writers who have treated of this country, and of travellers who have visited it. Some laud it as a paradise, others denounce it as a hell. Some have given it health, fertility, and commercial advantages, others have filled it with swamps, agues, tomahawks, and musquitoes. One writer tells us, that "a dirk is the inseparable companion of every gentleman in Illinois," while another facetiously hints that the ladies in Kentucky, conceal the same weapon among the folds of their graceful vestments. This latter insinuation, however, I take to be a metaphorical compliment to the lovely daughters of Kentucky, believing as I do, that the gentleman, alluding to an expression of Romeo, intended to say, "there is more peril in those eyes than twenty of their dirks." I could refer you to a thousand other strange stories, but I have not room.

"I will see into it," said Mr. Shandy, when he went to France to learn whether "they ordered things better" there than at home; —"I will see into it" said I, when I found how doctors disagreed about a section of my native country, and it is in conformance with this determination, that I am now fairly embarked, and gliding merrily down the Ohio.

No. 2.

## DEAR N.

The promises of friendship, like those of love, are often care-lessly made, and lightly broken. We are ready to concede any thing to the entreaty of one we love, without reflecting how many little contingencies may interfere with the engagement. Our hearts are indeed but bad economists, and are apt to make liberal promises, which they have neither the ability, nor the inclination afterwards to fulfil. Thus it is that the last request of a friend, which at parting, vibrates feelingly on the ear, and entwines itself among our warmest sympathies, is often obliterated by the pains or pleasures of new scenes and novel avocations. My pleage to you, however, was of such a nature as not to be so easily forgotten. Dearly as I love to lounge away the passing hours, I should feel highly culpable, could I forget, for a moment, that you have a claim to part of them; and independently of this incentive, I assure you

that the pleasure I shall experience in participating my sentiments with one so able to appreciate them, will more than compensate me for the labour of making up the record. But for these reflections, believe me, my last long epistle would have exhausted my patience, as I dare say it has yours, and I should never have had the temerity to attempt another. But I have promised to write, and you are doomed to listen.

I left Pittsburg, in a keel-boat, carrying about forty-five tons, laden with merchandise, and navigated by eight or ten of those " half horse and half alligator" gentry, commonly called Ohio boatmen, whose coarse drollery. I forsee already, will afford us some amusement. My cabin is in the bow of the boat, and is formed by leaving a vacancy among the boxes and barrels which encompass me. I have an excellent bedstead composed of the same materials as the walls aforesaid; and here I snore among British goods, and domestic manufactures, as composedly as if neither of those articles had ever caused us one moments angry discussion. The deck, or roof, of the boat, affords ample room for a promenade; and there I saunter or recline, and enjoy the varied hues of the forest, now just budding into luxuriance. When tired of this employment, or when the sun is too high to allow me to continue it, I retire below, and read a little, sing a little, whistle a little, and if all that will not fill up the time, I turn in and sleep a little.-Thus I manage to pass away the time, in the most tedious of all tiresome situations, that of being imprisoned in a boat.

The view of Pittsburg, from the Ohio river, is exceedingly beautiful. The rivers Alleghenny and Monongahela, with their fine bridges, the surrounding hills, the improvements in the rear of the town, and the villages on each side of it, all show to great advantage. Description would be vain—for I assure you I have seldom felt so lovely a prospect.

The river pursues a winding course to Steubenville, presenting nothing worthy of remark but its beautiful scenery, which is in the highest degree romantic. From Steubenville, which is a pretty village in Ohio, we pass on by Charleston in Virginia, to Wheeling, in the same state.

This latter place, which the editor of the Pittsburg Gazette, calls "the little town at the foot of the hill," most truly deserves the pleasant appellation he has given to it; and I no sooner saw it, than I subscribed to the correctness of his coup d'œil. The hill

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is surely the most conspicuous object in the scene. Wheeling has, however, been much talked of, and its inhabitants indulge in golden visions with regard to its future greatness. It may not be useless to examine the ground of their hopes.

Until within a few years, the immense supplies of merchandise which were imported into the Western Country, were transported from Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Pittsburg, whence they descended the Ohio to their places of destination. This was one of the great sources of the wealth of Pittsburg; and she might and ought to have retained it, had it not been for the culpable negligence, and want of public spirit, of her own citizens, and those of Philadelphia. The road to Pittsburgh, extending three hundred miles, through one of the richest states in the Union, was perhaps as bad as it was possible for any road to be; and by this route slone could the Western merchants gain access to the waters of the Ohio. In vain were remonstrances made and reiterated on this subject. In vain did a few public spirited individuals plead to the justice and generosity of Pennsylvania-in vain did they address her interest and her avarice. The Pennsylvanians affected to despise the trade of the Western Country, as a matter of little importance; but, in fact, they neglected to secure it, because they imagined it was already secure. They believed the western traders could purchase goods to advantage only at Philadelphia, and that they could transport them to the Ohio by no other route than that leading through Pittsburgh. The inference from this sort of reasoning was, that it would be time enough to make a good road through their state a half a century hence, when they should have grown rich enough to expend money on such luxuries; and that in the meantime the western people must drag their goods over rocks and mountains and through mud and water, the best way But the western people were by no means satisfied, with such treatment. In their annual excursions to the Eastward. they expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in Pennsylvania, and they thought it but fair that the people whom they had thus enriched, should take some pains to render the trade as convenient and as advantageous as possible to all parties. They found that in some seasons they could procure transportation, to Pittsburg, for four dollars per hundred pounds, and that at others, they were obliged to pay more than double that sum; a disparity occasioned chiefly by the state of the road, in consequence of good or bad weather. It seemed to follow, as a natural consequence, that if a safe and permanent road was built, the lowest price which they now paid at any scason, would become the average price for all scasons; and they conceived every thing above that to be an unjust tax paid to Pennsylvania. They, of course, began to cast about in search of a remedy for the evil.

In the meanwhile, from the causes I have mentioned, as well as others of a more general nature, serious enquiries began to be made on the subject of connecting the Eastern and Western sections of the Union, by a channel of intercourse more safe and expeditious, than those which already existed. Various routes were proposed. The people of New York, with a liberality and promptitude which does them infinite honour, projected their grand capal from the Hudson to lake Erie, expecting through this channel to become possessed of a large portion of the western trade. The western representation in Congress, on the other hand, devised the National Turnpike, or, as it is commonly called, the Cumberland road. This project was proposed in such a form as to meet the approbation of the executive, who, pleased with the idea of strengthening the bonds of the Federal Union, by facilitating the intercourse between its two grand divisions, easily came into the plan of establishing a great permanent route which should lead from the metropolis through the western states. Thus supported. a law was passed, making an appropriation for a section of the road, to extend from Cumberland, (formerly fort Cumberland) in Maryland, to Wheeling, in Virginia. This section of the road, which embraces the Alleghenny mountains, has since been completed, in a manner which reflects the highest credit upon those engaged in its construction.

Cumberland is a pretty little town, delightfully situated on a branch of the Potomac, and in one of those romantic spots which we often find in mountainous and secluded situations. Braddock assembled his army here, at the commencement of the celebrated campaign, which led to his defeat and death; and he passed the mountains by nearly the same route which has been selected for the national road. This path was traced by an indian guide, who, with that instinctive acuteness for which the whole race is remarkable, added, no doubt, to an intimate knowledge of the country, at once struck out the very course, which the experience of half a century, has proved to be the best and shortest.

The Pennsylvanians were at last aroused from their apathy by the successful exertions, which they saw in operation to the north and south of them, to direct the western trade into new channels. To do them justice, they had expended a great deal of money upon the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh road; but the money had been raised in small sums and injudiciously applied.

In 1819 Mr. Breck, of Philadelphia, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, issued a pamphlet, in which he endeavoured to turn the legislative attention, to the subject of slack-water navigation. His work is valuable on several grounds: 1. As showing what has already been done for the promotion of internal improvements in Pennsylvania, and therein exhibiting many facts highly honourable to that state; 2. As showing what yet remains to be done; and 3. As pointing out the ample resources of the state, for executing the works which he recommends, and most eloquently advocating an appropriation of them to those purposes. His favourite project seems to be that of joining the Delaware and the Ohio by means of canals. For this purpose he proposes to cut a canal from the waters of the Schuylkill to those of the Susquehanna, and from the head waters of the Susquehanna, to those of the Alleghenny. This part of the work contains many interesting details, useful facts, and correct inferences; but unfortunately, Mr. Breck, with a great deal of practical good sense, mingles a great deal of enthusiasm. His notions are entirely too speculative for common use. He carries us over the mountainsor round them-with a facility that surprises us. Rocks and mountains present no obstacle to his enterprising genius. We accompany him with great pleasure, and even without suspicion, until we get to the end of the journey, but then we look back and wonder "how the devil we got there." He seems equally surprised at his own success; for, on arriving at Pittsburgh, he is so elated, that nothing short of the Pacific ocean bounds his future projects. He carries us down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, shows us how easy it would be to cut a canal from its head waters to those of the Columbia; and exultingly prophecies, that the day will come when our teas and India muslins, will be transported by this route from the Pacific ocean to Philadelphia! All this may possibly be done hereafter—but it would be as well for us to leave the question to be discussed in the legislature of some future state to be located among the Rocky Mountains; or before a Congress which may be held at St. Louis—or perhaps at Shawnee-town—who knows? Do not suppose that I mean to make a jest of Mr. Breck's book. He is a man highly respected; as well for his genius, as for the excellence of his heart and principles; but the wisest men of all ages, says my friend Shandy, have their hobby-horses, and my uncle Toby among the rest; and he wisely deduces therefrom, that, "de gustibus non est disputandum; that there is no disputing against HOBBY-HORSES."

Mr. Breck's pamphlet was immediately followed by another. from the pen of Mr. John E. Howard, jun. of Baltimore, a member of the executive council of Maryland. This gentleman publishes a variety of official reports, and other documents, on the subject of Roads and Inland Navigation, which afford ample testimony, that his own state, has not been backward, in her attention to this important branch of political economy. He strenuously advocates the policy, of contending with Pennsylvania, for the Westem trade; and shows, by a series of facts and calculations, the practicability of throwing a large portion, if not the whole of it, into the arms of Baltimore. His distinct proposition is, to complete a turnpike road to intersect the Cumberland road; by which means, a route will be opened all the way from Baltimore to the Ohio. This he shows can easily be done, as several sections of the route which he proposes to pursue, have already been turnpiked. either by the state, or by private companies. I cannot give you his estimate of the expense, as I write from memory entirely; but it is quite inconsiderable. He combats some of Mr. Breck's notions with considerable ability: but at the same time treats that gentleman with the courtesy which is due to his genius and patriotism. and on the whole, conducts the controversy with a liberal and gentlemanly spirit.

The next champion, who took to the highway, in this contest, was Mr. Neville, the able editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette. Hitherto the writers on this subject were eastern men, who, probably, thought more of the interest of their respective cities, than of the Western Country. It was gratifying, therefore, to see the question taken up by a gentleman of acknowledged abilities, on this aide of the mountains, and conspicuous for his attachment to western interests. He at once turns Mr. Breck's canal project heels over head, by stating the simple fact, known to every Pennsylvanian, that a canal through the region, which the one alluded to, is

proposed to pass, would be frozen up four months in the year, and that in the summer season, same of the streams proposed to be navigated, would not contain water enough to float a canoe-the Juniata, for instance. He urges, with much eloquence, the more reasonable and feasible plan, of completing the Philadelphia road, and clearing the bed of the Ohio, from Pittsburgh to Wheeling. He states the fact, on the authority of experienced boatmen, that the impediments in the navigation of the Ohio, between Pittsburgh and Wheeling, are not greater than between Wheeling and Maysville; and that there is no season when boats may descend from Wheeling, that they cannot descend also from Pittsburgh. Wheeling, therefore, possesses no advantages over Pittsbugh, but Pittsburgh has many advantages over Wheeling, arising from her being an older, and more wealthy place. Mr. Neville, therefore, seems to consider the competition of Wheeling to be by no means formidable; and contends, that the Western trade, may still be kept in the old channel, if the people of Pennsylvania can be brought to see their own interests, and to exercise their energies, with that enterprise, and that liberality, which the occasion so loudly demands. This writer adverts also with much feeling to the situation of the Ohio. This noble stream, which is now useless to us, during the Summer months, he believes, may be so improved by removing the obstructions in its channel, as to be navigable for keel boats, at all seasons. At the very time that Mr. Neville was engaged in this argument, the existence of a single fact, proved the correctness of his views. There was at that time, (in the autumn of 1818) merchandise worth three millions of dollars, belonging to Western merchants, lying along the shores of the Monongahela, waiting a rise of water, before they could be conveyed to their places of destination. The Western merchants were lounging discontentedly about the streets of Pittsburgh, or moping idly in its taverns, like the victims of an ague. From these, and a variety of other facts our author felt himself authorised to call on the state to rise in the majesty of its power, to preserve a lucrative, and important trade, from being diverted into foreign channels.

The treasury of Pennsylvania, as is correctly observed by Mr. Breck, is not only solvent, but in a flourishing condition, and her credit has always stood so high, that she is at any time able to command the most ample resources. Philadelphia, by the wealth, steady habits, and the extensive credit abroad, of her merchants,

has it in her power to furnish the traders of the west, with better assortments of goods, and those at more reduced prices, than can vet be afforded by Baltimore. But Baltimore is not a rival to be despised; though young, she is public spirited; her citizens are acute and enterprising; when excited they are full of fire, and though that fire has sometimes kindled a conflagration in her own bosom, it must be irresistible when properly directed. If the Pennsylvanians, therefore, neglect to cherish the trade which has poured millions of dollars into the state, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh will be forsaken; Baltimore will become the mart, and Wheeling the place of deposite. The situation of this place is pretty enough, except that the hill, at the foot of which the town is built, is so near to the river, as to leave scarcely room for the houses. They are, however, beginning to build on a flat a little lower down. An eminence back of the Town, over which the turnpike passes, affords one of the most beautiful prospects imaginable. The place is quite healthy; the inhabitants are respectable and correct in their deportment, and the society good.

It is perhaps not a matter of great importance to the Western people, whether they purchase their goods at Philadelphia, or at Baltimore, or whether they transport them by way of Pittsburgh, or of Wheeling. Time will decide these rival claims; the western merchant will make his purchases where he can do it to most advantage, and will transport his goods by the cheapest and most expeditious route. The establishment of steam boats, has carried much of this trade to New Orleans; but how far this latter place will ultimately interfere with the eastern cities, I must examine hereafter.

But there are other points of view, in which this question is highly interesting. By the controversy which I have alluded to, together with the writings of Govenor Clinton of New York, and Mr. William J. Duane of Philadelphia, it appears that the spirit of improvement is awakened in various sections of our country, and that men distinguished by their popularity, abilities, and official rank, conceive it worthy of their notice. It seems also that the rising greatness of the Western Country is not unnoticed, nor the value of her commerce unregarded.

It shows further that she has more than one outlet for her produce. Mr. Cobbett, in his letters to Mr. Birkbeck, inquires, "in tase of a war with England what would become of your market

down the Mississippi? That is your sole market. That way your produce must go; or you must dress yourselves in skins, and tear your food to bits with you hands" "On this side of the mountains, there are twelve hundred miles of coast to blockade; but you, gentleman prairie owners, are like the rat that has but one hole to go out and come in at." To observations of this kind, evincing a deplorable ignorance of the country, and its resources, it is easy to answer. In the first place, we doubt whether England will ever again have it in her power, to blockade an American port. But leaving that point to be settled by our gallant navy, or even admitting Mr. Cobbett's premises, I then say, that if we cannot descend the Mississippi, we can ascend the Ohio. We now have a road from Wheeling to Baltimore, another from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, and a communication will soon be opened, from the sources of the Ohio, to lake Erie. Large Steam boats have already ascended the river as far as Pittsburgh, in high water; but in the event alluded to, our streams would be covered by lighter vessels, propelled by steam, which would bid defiance to every obstacle, except the low water in dry seasons, and in that particular we should not be worse off than at present. The country, also presents ample means, for opening other channels of trade. The state of Ohio, part of which borders on lake Erie, will be intersected with roads and canals, as soon as the people of New York shall have completed their great work. The Illinois, or the Wabash river, will be connected with lake Michigan, and thus the people of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the lower parts of Kentucky, will have water transportation to the city of New York.

It is a well known fact, that large quantities of peltry, brought to St. Louis, by the Mississippi and Missouri traders, have been carried to Philadelphia by way of Pittsburgh; and that the saltpetre, tobacco, and hempen yarn, of Kentucky, have been taken to the same market, by the same route. Even yet a large portion of the bacon and venison hams of Kentucky, are sold at Pittsburgh. Lately, to be sure, the introduction of steam boats, has carried much of this produce down the river; but if, when the Mississippi was open, any portion of the produce of the west has been transported up the Ohio, what would be done if the navigation of the former was closed? Is not the inference plain, that if produce could be shipped up the Ohio with advantage, when the Mississippi was open, there could be no great hardship in forcing it into the same channel, when that river should be closed?

As I have spoken of the public spirit of Pennsylvania, and particularly of her two principal cities, allow me to explain myself on that subject. I am far from wishing to derogate from the hopour of my native state. The merchants and gentlemen of Philadelphia, are liberal and high minded men; but they are in the habit of attending more to their own, and less to public business, than the same class of society in almost any other part of the United States. They have a regular routine of avocation, which they seldom allow to be broken in upon, by affairs which are not of immediate interest. Consequently they are less intimately acquainted with the character and resources of their own state, than the gentlemen of other cities; and much less so than could be expected in men so well educated, and so enlightened on other subiects. Many of the most intelligent persons in Philadelphia, are utterly ignorant of the geography, population, improvements, and productions, of the interior and western parts of the State. Men who can converse learnedly of the classics, and tastefully of the fine arts. who are intimately acquainted with European history, politics and manners, and who scrutinize with critical acuteness the measures of the Federal government, glance with careless unenquiring eyes, at the lofty mountains, and fertile vallies within the bounds of their own Commonwealth. They of course feel little interest, in a subject upon which they think so little.

The state of politics, too, in Pennsylvania, has had much weight in preventing the growth of public spirit. Party spirit has raged in that devoted land with ungovernable fury; the bitterness of contention has been permitted to overstep its proper bounds: the gall of political enmity has been infused into the cup of social intercourse; and the interests of the state, have too often been forgotten, in the tumult of schemes to raise or to defeat a party. to prostrate or to exalt an individual. These contests have been distinguished by a virulence hardly known elsewhere, and a scurrilous personality which could no where else be tolerated. Men of feeling and modesty shrink from such conflicts; however willing they might be to bare their breasts in honourable war, they covet not the invidious honour, of exposing their reputations as targets for the archery of faction. No men would be more apt to stand aloof on such occasions than the Philadelphians, reared as they are, in the practice of temperance, and in habits of chaste methodical reflection. The consequence is, that the state is de-

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prived of the use of much of the talent, which she certainly possesses. Do not understand me as making any comparison, in point of ability, between the dominant party, and the minority. My position is simply this,—that where party spirit is carried to such excess as to alienate friends, and distract society, so that one portion looks with jaundiced eye upon the other, the arm of government must be paralized, and the impulses of patriotism benumbed. The man who possesses the genius to devise, or the wealth to execute, will not co-operate with him whose popularity enables him to gain the voice of the people, or the sanction of the executive. When, therefore, a work, however noble, which is proposed by one party, is sure to be denounced by the other, men of talent retire from the disgusting controversy, and the wealthy refuse to risk their gold, in uncertain and contested schemes. When, in addition to all this, it is observed how much of the legislative time is occupied in the impeachment of officers, and the discussion of party questions, it will be seen that Pennsylvania has enough to do, to manage the wheels of government, which carrying too much steam, require the attention of all hands to prevent accidents.-Yet, when, in spite of all these causes, we observe what Pennsylvania has accomplished—when we see the fine bridges over the Schuylkill, the Susquehanna, the Allegheny, and the Monongahela—the noble turnpike roads in the eastern part of the state—the splendid public buildings in Philadelphia—her charitable institutions,—and her literary monuments,—we cannot but acknowledge that she has the spirit, nor refrain from deploring the existence, of those counteracting causes, which keep that spirit dormant.

[The preceding letters from the pen of one of our former correspondents, were originally intended for a Western Newspaper in which a few of them appeared, but the writer having enlarged his design, determined, at our request, to publish the Series in the Port Folio. He has desired us to state that they are written under the pressure of ill health and much business: he therefore claims a candid jndgment.]

[En. P. F.]

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. VII.—History of the Reformation. Being an abridgement of Burnet's History. By the Rev. Benjamin Allen, Rector of the parish of St. Andrews, Virginia. p. p. 297.

THE writer of this work has given us an abstract of the Reformation, in a very small compass; and it is to be regretted, that

in a portion of history so deeply interesting, his plan did necessarily restrict him to a mere outline. A multitude of events, transacting simultaneously in several countries—the conduct, and the motives of the chief actors, their alternate success and disappointment; require folios to detail them.

But if these are neither within the means, nor adapted to the taste of many readers—shall we therefore remain in ignorance of the privileges we enjoy of being taught the pure precepts of the Gospel, and the liberty of worshipping God, according to the dictates of our own consciences? To appreciate these, we should contemplate the deplorable darkness that once involved the christian church—the perils, and the labours of those undaunted men who said to her, "Arise, for thy light is come," and that wonderful providence, which supported them in their opposition to Princes and Powers, to wealth and superstition! Let us contrast our own times, when every one may peaceably enquire, and unmolested pursue the way, which even his own fancy has traced out—when the Bible is not only open to all, but all are solicited to know its contents—with the gloomy period when the will of an earthly potentate, was alone the Oracle, and when the Bible was prohibited by the severest penalties! Indeed the history of the Reformation is to us a Romance. We cannot realize the excess of barbarism which compelled men to pray in a language, not one word of which they understood-or the heartless cruelty which brought the meek and beautiful Jane Grey to an ignominious death, and such men as Cranmer and Ridley with thousands of their disciples to the stake! If we reflect on these things we cannot lightly esteem the "pleasant places" which have fallen to us.

Mr. Allen has given these considerations their due weight. He has judged wisely that we had better know something than nothing. He has therefore condensed the leading features of these scenes of blood and horror into a volume of such a size and price as might conduce to a general circulation. Enough is given to shew the progress of the Reformation amidst the fluctuating spirit of uninstructed zeal.

A sketch of the lives of Luther, Calvin and Zuingle, are appended to the history of the Reformation. Germany, the birth-place of Luther, became the cradle of the Reformation by his bold and persevering devotion to the Holy cause. Many of the princes of that empire became his converts and supported him against the

Pope and Emperor. Civil wars ensued, and the most interesting events, that can be found in the annals of nations, belong to that period; particularly the misfortunes of the annable Elector of Sazony, and the Landgrave of Hesse—the firm suporters of the new opinions, and to whose adherents the name of *Procestant* was first applied.

A brief catalogue of facts and dates must be unfriendly to a flowing style; we should however pronounce favourably of our author's abilities, from the handsome introductory remarks to his chapters. And from these too, we might charitably believe that his hearty interest in the cause of religion had lightened his labours, had we not the better evidence of our knowledge of his character, which is that of a pious and indefatigable preacher of the Gospel. The first chapter of his book is thus introduced:

"It is pleasing to behold the rising of the sun, when, from his orient bed he throws his first rays across the mountains, and in the progress of his ascent, wakes into being myriads of songs, and gives to the eye all the sublime, and beautiful, and busy of the landscape. It is pleasing, also, when the heavens have been covered with blackness, to behold the breaking away of the gloom, to see cloud after cloud dissipating and disappearing, until, at length, the whole orb of effulgence bursts forth upon the world.

"A similar pleasure awaits those who contemplate the progress of the reformation, who mark its first springings, its gradual germination, and the various steps of its approach to the vigor and stability of a tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

The accession of Edward VI to the throne of England—the young but steady prosecutor of the Reformation is poetically announced—

"From Henry's tomb there sprung forth a vine, which, though tender in age, was beautiful in promise, and rich in fruit as the clusters of Eshcol. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. It passed away, but its memorial lived, fresh to the view of each succeeding generation, and fragrant even now as the odours of sweet incense. Edward, the Josiah of England, succeeded his father. He was only nine years old when he began to reign, and, by the will of his father, was placed under the care of sixteen counsellors, who were to govern the kingdom until the completion of his 18th year."

Chap. XIII. is prefaced by a practical admonition which every reader may address to his own conscience, whilst his indignant spirit swells at the inhuman sacrifices to the bigotry of the detestable Mary.

"We would fain pause amid this recital, and contemplate, for a mement, the desperately wicked character of the human heart; how entirely resigned to selfishness, and how ut erly dead to all that is holy, except so far as influenced by the spirit of God. We have adverted to this repeatedly before, but it is useful to revolve the reflection again and again, as it may fasten upon our souls a deep sense of the importance of our securing the baptism of the Holy Ghost. These English, or rather Romish persecutors, of olden time, though they appear to our view rocking from their butcheries, are only exhibiting the same depravity of which we ourselves are sharers. If the blessed reformation, reflecting upon our fathers and upon us, the unclouded light of the Bible for centuries, has taught us better; we should remember that, if left to ourselves, we should be prone to similar enormities. And though, like Hazacl, we may each exclaim, "Am I a dog that I should do this thing?" we should rather enquire-were not these papists from the same stock with us? inheritors of the same nature? united to the same fallen Adam? Have we not in ourselves the seeds of every evil passion; and, though our constitutions are cast in somewhat different moulds, and our sympathies are diverse in degree, would not those seeds, if unchecked, spring to the perpetration of every variety of sin? Surely then it becomes while we are weeping for others, to weep also for ourselves. Surelvithecomes us, while we are wondering at the depravity of human natase, to call to mind the fact, that we are partakers of the same human nature; and to ask our consciences the question, each and every one of Have I been born again? Am I a new creature? Have old things passed away, and all things become new in me? If this question cannot be answered in the affirmative, we are not fit for the Lingdom of Hearen: so says He who has the key of that kingdom—the Lord Jesus Christ."

Upon the whole, we consider Mr. Allen's, a very useful and interesting book, which ought to be generally read. We are pleased to hear that it is likely soon to arrive at a second edition, when we should be glad the author would render more plain, such prisages as the following at page 253, he says "they formed the league of Smalcald for their mutual defence." Should he not have told us that the league was formed at Smalcald, thence the

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Edugr.

you are nearly related to the author of the abovementioned work, and will, probably, feel some delicacy in expressing your

der. VIII.—Conversations on the Bible. By a Lady of Philadelphia. Second edition enlarged and improved. Philadelphia, published by Harrison Hall 2 vols. price § 1 75.

whole sentiments about it, I beg leave to present to you the following brief review, which I regard as only a small tribute to its merit.

It is with great pleasure that I recognise in the author of this learned and judicious production, a lady of our own City and a daughter of a former Provost of our University. Mrs. H. has before been known in the character of an author and her pieces have always displayed marks of genius, but, I believe, she has never before ventured upon so extensive a performance as the one now presented to the public. Her plan in this work, is a good one, and executed with considerable skill and address.

She has contrived to comprise in a very small compass an interesting parrative of all the leading facts recorded in the Old Testament. Objections to the Scriptures, which would naturally occur are stated by the different dialogists, and very ingenious and satisfactory answers are returned to them. The author discovers, throughout the whole of this treatise, that she is well versed in theological learning, and there is not a single view taken by her of the several subjects which she discusses, to which the sound divine might not cheerfully accede. Indeed, it is not a little creditable to her, that while too many of her sex are spending the force of their understandings and exhausting their sensibilities, in perusing works of mere amusement, such as novels and romances, or pieces of frivolous poetry, she should have found time, amidst the cares of a family, to make such solid and useful acquisitions in sacred literature. May her excellent example have its effect upon the ladies of our City and Country, and lead them, instead of uselessly consuming their time in the perusal of those fictitious productions, which enfeeble their intellectual powers, deprave their taste and awaken a spurious sensibility, to direct their attention to higher pursuits, and spend their leisure hours, in contracting an intimacy with the great and good among the dead and living, which shall serve to enlighten their minds, cultivate their moral feelings and prepare them cheerfully and judiciously to perform those duties which are imposed upon them in life.

The style of Mrs. H. is neat, perspicuous and chaste, in a very considerable degree. She has confined herself, for the most part to the humble task of putting into correct and condensed phrase the facts of the sacred writers, although, in doing this, she discovers genius that might succeed in much bolder undertakings.

In a few instances, however, she has become somewhat more adventurous, in attempting to turn into our English rhyme some of the Hebrew songs, and we do not think that we bestow undue praise upon her, when we say that she has executed this task also with more than usual happiness of style and manner. To justify ourselves in the praises which we very sincerely and cordially bestow upon this production, we beg leave to present our readers with the following specimens both of the prose and verse.

"Mother. All that I have said to you my dear, or shall say, is one connected story, though episodes, particularly affecting, are sometimes interposed, and it is no wonder you should hear them with delight. You cannot study them too much, for they are accurate pictures of the human heart, and related with exquisite skill. The most accomplished writers of fiction have taken hints from many of them for their finest compositions; but as the face of nature is always more interesting than a copy, so the real incidents of life, are infininitely more affecting than the best imitations. The wisdom and goodness which dictated the scriptures for our instruction, are evinced in giving us lessons in a form so engaging, that pleasure and profit go hand in hand. That which I am about to relate of Abraham, would be incredible, if it were not stamped with the unquestionable impress of veracity.

To put the faith and obedience of Abraham, who is emphatically called, "the father of the faithful," to the most rigid trial, God commanded him to take Isaac his son into the land of Moriah, and offer him on one of the mountains for a burnt offering. Isaac, his only son, whom he loved—Isaac, whose children were to be multiplied as the stars of heaven—and in whom, "all the families of the earth were to be blessed!"—How can all this come to pass if he is to be put to death before he has one child from whom a race might descend? Without being a father; the father of an only child—and one too from whom great and peculiar blessings were to be derived, it is impossible to appreciate the extreme hardship

of this singular experiment.

FANNY. I often recollect a very affecting answer of a lady which I have somewhere read, who in excessive grief for the loss of a child, was exhorted by her confessor to imitate the resignation of Abraham. "Ah! father," cried she, "God would never have required such a sacrifice at the hand of a mother!"

CHARLES. But how could Abraham be made to believe that so

cruel a sacrifice was required at his hand?

MOTHER. The creator of the human mind, my son, must know how to impress it infallibly; and we may be sure that he would leave no doubt of the source of a command so truly distressing. We may be sure the patriarch had none, because he obeyed. He obeyed too, because he knew that the sovereign had a right to require the life he had given. He arose early in the morning, and

took Isaac his beloved child, and two of his young men, and after cutting the wood for the fire, went three days' journey into the land of Moriah. When they came near to the appointed place, Abraham directed the servants, who might have interposed to prevent the execution of his purpose, to remain there, while he and the lad should go and worship. Then laying the wood on the shoulders of his son, and taking the fire and the knife in his own hand, they proceeded to prepare the altar. Unapprised of the severe duty imposed on his father. Isaac, very naturally enquired-"Here is the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" "My son," said the pious Abraham, "God will provide himself a lamb." And so indeed he did; for at the moment when, having bound his son, and laid him on the altar, his uplifted arm with still unshaken confidence, prepared to strike the fatal blow, the Angel of the Lord called to him out of heaven, " Lay not thine hand on the lad-for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." Looking up, the patriarch beheld a ram caught in the thicket by his horns. This he took, and offered instead of his son. This act of faith, more honourable to Abraham than wealth and military triumphs, God was pleased to reward with renewed assurances of protection and favour. (B. C. 1871.)

CHARLES. Such an uncommon act of submission certainly de-

served a reward.

MOTHER. No act of man can deserve a reward from the Deity to whom all his services are due. But virtue and piety are sometimes graciously distinguished even in this life, and for our encouragement we know, they will certainly be rewarded hereafter.

A very eminent advocate for the divine legation of Moses, whose learning and ingenuity entitle his opinions to great respect, takes another view of this remarkable event in the life of Abraham, which, although not inconsistent with, is somewhat different from that which I have just presented to you. Action being a common mode of communication in the East, he considers this whole exhibition as designed to develope completely the promise to Abraham (hitherto opened by degrees, and but partially understood) by a lively representations of the sacrifice of an Only Son, which should one day be offered on this same Mount of Moriah. Thus the seemingly harsh command, became really, the brilliant reward of his singular piety.

CATHERINE. Why then did Moses in his relation, conceal this most interesting truth and speak of the command as the trial

of Abraham's faith?

MOTHER. It was truly, though incidentally, a trial of his faith; while, according to this writer it had, primarily, a more important



<sup>\*</sup>Bishop Warburton considers this the true interpretation of that declaration of Christ, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day."

reference, which, his people being then under a preparatory dispensation, Moses was not permitted to declare otherwise, than in his prelusive institutions." Vol. 1, page 42.

"CHARLES. Let me take this opportunity to ask the reason of that ancient custom of giving travellers water to wash their feet;

we should think it an awkward piece of civility now.

MOTHER. We do not require it. Our convenient boots and shoes were not known to the people who practised this courtesy. They were sandals, which exposed the upper part of the foot to the dust. Washing the feet and bathing the whole body is so necessary to health, as well as comfort, that it becomes a religious rite in very hot climates. But I will not detain you from the meeting of Joseph with his brethren.

FANNY. Yes, I am impatient to return to that eventful dinner.

MOTHER. No explanation however took place at this second
meeting, for the purposes of Providence were not yet completed.
Every thing that occurred was calculated to excite wonder and
reflection; especially the singular notice that was taken of Benjamin: for Joseph not only graciously accepted their present, and
asked affectionately for their father, "the old man of whom they
had spoken;" but seeing a new face among them, he gently inquired, "Is this your younger brother? God be gracious to thee
my son," was all he could articulate; and hurrying from them to
his chamber he gave vent to his tears. When his agitated feelings
were in some measure tranquilized, he washed his face, and assuming an air of indifference, met his family and guests.

Three tables were prepared; one for the governor of Egypt, another for his eleven brothers, and a third for the nobles who were admitted to his society, and who could not submit to the a-

bomination of eating with the Hebrews.

CHABLES. Dear mother, your narrative so often encounters the customs or prejudices of the ancients, of whom I am always anxious to learn what I can, that I am tempted to interrupt you.—Pray tell me why these people could not eat together.

MOTHER. Because the Hebrews, who at that time made no distinction in articles of food, would eat the flesh of animals held sacred by the Egyptians; and the abhorrence of the latter for such a profanation would not permit them to sit at table with those

who committed it.

But though offensive in this particular, the strangers were treated with extraordinary civility. Arranged carefully in the order of their birth, they received each a portion from the governor's table; but Benjamin's was five times the quantity of any of his brothers'. This singular attention amazed them; but as they saw no immediate occasion of alarm, they enjoyed the present moment in feasting and mirth. Early the next morning they commenced their journey homeward laden with provisions as much as they could possibly carry. But scarcely had they lost sight of the city, when they were overtaken by the very steward who had seemed so stu-Volanti.

dious of their comfort, and abruptly reproached with having returned evil for good in that they had stolen the golden cup of his master! Confident in their innocence, and seeing only in this disgraceful charge some new oppression of their mysterious persecutor, they fearlessly inquired, how they who had brought back the money discovered in their sacks on the former occasion, which they might have concealed and retained, could now be suspected of an action they abhorred? And to evince their indignant sincerity, they added, "let him die with whom the cup shall be found." The terms were accepted, and the baggage immediately examined; beginning with Reuben's and descending to Benjamin, when lo! In the sack of the latter the goblet was found.

FANNY. Alas! Had he stolen it indeed?

MOTHER. O no—it was placed there secretly by Joseph's directions, who intended by these trials to bring them to a sense of their guilt. Their conviction had seemed yet incomplete: but now overpowered entirely by the dreadful result of heir own stipulation, they saw the hand of God taking vengeance for their brother's blood. In awful suspense they returned to the presence of Joseph, and prostrating themselves at his feet, they exclaimed, "what shall we speak, or how shall we clear ourselves! God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold we are my lord's servants, both we, and he with whom the cup is found."

"God forbid," returned he, "that I should do so: the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant, as for you,

get you up to your father in peace."

"This determination was the climax of their sufferings. To see the sorrow they had once wantonly brought upon their father by tearing from him his favourite, renewed in the loss of Benjamin, they could not endure. Judah, therefore, encouraged by the amiable deportment of Joseph, approached him, and deprecating his anger, he prayed to be heard. He then went on to rehearse with the simple eloquence of heartfelt grief, the whole history of their coming into Egypt. He painted the anguish of his father for the loss of Joseph, his best beloved child, his subsequent tenderness for Benjamin, the only remaining son of their mother, and his excessive unwillingness to trust him out of his sight. Nor did he forget indirectly to appeal to the generosity of the governor, by reminding him that the unhappy Israel would not have been brought into this dilemma but for his own rigid enquiry,--- " have ye yet a brother?" and his refusal to let them have corn except their younger brother came down. "Suspecting no danger," he continued, " he had readily become the surety for his safety; and now that the liberty of Benjamin was thus inexplicably forfeited, he would pay the penalty in his stead, for he could not return and behold the anguish of his father."

"This pathetic speech of Judah, not one word of which can be omitted without losing a significant expression, was admirably adapted to affect such a man as Joseph; his firmness was conquer-

ed—the tide of tender emotions could no longer be restrained and hastily commanding every one except the culprits to leave the room, he exclaimed, " I am Joseph—does my father yet live?"--Amazement, joy, and shame overpowered his brethren. Silence. the most profound, could alone declare the tumultuous passions which mingled in their bosoms. He saw them unable to speak. and generously encouraged and comforted them-" Come near, I pray you," said he, " I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt; be not grieved therefore nor angry with yourselves that ve sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life." And seeing them incredulous, and pitying their confusion, he continued to assure them, " haste ye, go to my father and say to him, thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not, and I will nourish thee, for there are yet five years of famine; thou shalt dwell in Goshen, with all that thou hast, lest thou come to poverty. Your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin see, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you; tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and all that ye have seen, and haste and bring Jown my father hither."-The generous effort to relieve his troubled brothers was now exhausted. Language refused any longer her aid; but throwing his arms around his beloved Benjamin, and by turns embracing them all, tears, the natural eloquence of unutterable tenderness, expressed the rest.

"Tranquillity and confidence by degrees succeeded these impassioned feelings, and they conversed affectionately together. In the mean while, the report of this unexpected meeting had gone abroad. The violence of Joseph's agitation had been overheard by his servants; every one rejoiced in the happiness of their benefactor; and Pharaoh himself, embracing every opportunity to testify his high regard for him, gave immediate command that carriages should be prepared to bring down the father of Joseph and his whole family into Egypt. "Regard not your stuff," said the generous prince, " for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

Preparations were accordingly made, and the sons of Israel, laden with provisions and presents both for him and themselves, returned to their father with the tidings of Joseph's existence and

elevation in Egypt.

FANNY. These tidings would be almost as insupportable as the

former had been, though from an opposite cause.

MOTHER. His feeble spirits fainted under the excess of surprise and joy, and only the evidence of the carriages provided by Joseph and the munificent monarch whom he served, to transport him with all that he had, could convince him that such great and unexpected blessings were his. "It is enough, (said he) Joseph my son, is yet alive-I will go and see him before I die." Vol. I, page 101.

# Song of Deborah and Barak.

"Praised be the Lord, the high, the holy one
Who Israel's sons avenged—Himself alone.
Our willing hands the sacred banners raise,
Thine is the cause; be thine our God the praise!
Hear O ye Princes—O ye kings give ear,
Sing praise to Israel's God; adore and fear.
When Thou went'st forth from Edom's smoking field,
The heav'ns bow'd down, the clouds their droppings yield.
Seir's dewy mount thy awful presence felt,
Its bases tremble, and its summits melt!

From Israel's hills, unhallowed altars rise; Then wasting wars, the guilty land chastise. In valiant Shamgar's rule and Jael's days, Oppressed Israel walked in secret ways; From wonted paths they turn in fearful haste, Their towns deserted and their fields laid waste! Vengeance they cry, in vain-of all bereft, With forty thousand not a spear was left. Then heaven-appointed Deborah arose, To rescue Jacob, and chastise his foes. From Tabor's sides the awakened people pour, And fill the plain of Kishon's wide-spread shore. The chiefs of Israel to the combat came, Led by Jehovah. Praise his mighty name! Speak ye his wond'rous deeds, who ride in state, Who sit in judgment in the lofty gate.\* Speak ye, whose happy villages are freed, Whose flocks beside your wells securely feed. No more the archer's shout, your ears assail, Rings through the hills, and saddens ev'ry vale.

Barak arise! Lead on—in triumph lead,
The captive princes, and the prancing steed.
Mother in Israel! Deborah awake,
Judgment, renown, and wide dominion take!
Why Reuben didst thou in the sheep-fold stay,
The bleating of thy flocks what charm had they?
Asher beside the Sea secure remained;
His freighted ships, ignoble Dan detain'd.
Gilead from far, beheld the hostile scene,
While Jordan's peaceful current roll'd between.

Thy patriot warriors Zebulon, were they, Who dared the battle that disastrous day! Thy chiefs too, Naphtali, were they who fought, On Tabor's heights they set their lives at nought. Canaan's impious princes came from far,

<sup>\*</sup> The Gate of the city-where anciently judgment was dispensed.

Megiddo's waters saw the unrighteous war. Vainly they strove—the coursing stars can tell: They fought for Israel, when bold Sisera fell! Kishon, that ancient stream, avenging roars, And sweeps the invaders from his blood-stained shores. Awake my soul! thy mighty deeds rehearse, But curse ye Meroz—said the angel,—curse! They came not to the battle of the Lord, Nor in Jehovah's honour drew a sword. Blessed beyond the lot of woman's fame Be Heber's wife-illustrious her name! The deadly implements her hands impel And at her feet proud Sisera bowed—he fell! Ah, hapless mother! thou enquirest in vain, What direful cause his chariot-wheels detain? Her ladies answer-she herself replies. While fearful visions in her bosom rise, "Comes not my son in gorgeous robes array'd, "The victor's spoil, of curious texture made. " Do captive maids the conq'rors triumph grace "The blooming daughters of that hated race?" As Sisera, be thine enemies, O Lord! While those who love and trust thy holy word, Shine like the Sun, progressive in his strength, And reach thy glorious mount of peace at length.

FANNY. Difficult as it is to reconcile our present notions with the conduct of Jael—or indeed to the participation of women in warlike exploits at all, I must plume myself on Deborah. The appointment of a woman to the dignity of a ruler and a prophet, by unerring wisdom, is in favour of my opinion, that the mental powers of the sexes are naturally equal.

MOTHER. This is a question my dear, which we can never determine until their natural powers are alike cultivated by education. So long as one and twenty years are unremittingly given to the improvement of the one, and not more than half that time to the other, and that besides in a desultory manner, it will be altogether unfair to estimate the minds of men and women by their subsequent conduct.

That the Creator, has separated their respective spheres of action by a line almost impassable, there ought to be no question, and perhaps the entire devotion of females to study for so many years, might be somewhat incompatible with their peculiar destination, still we may be allowed to contend, that a large portion of knowledge, the early and careful improvement of every talent, is necessary to qualify women for the useful discharge of those duties—as well as to sustain them, under the sufferings to which they are peculiarly liable. Neglected as they are, and unfurnished with adequate armour, they often meet the ills of life with sur-

prising fortitude, and have even governed empires with ability. I cannot however gratify you with the elevation of another female besides Deborah in this period of sacred history. A female Sovereign arose some centuries after in Israel, but we derive no honour from her character." Vol. 1. page 275.

FANNY. Mother, you have now finished the history of the Old Testament, without mentioning the Book of Job. You have I be-

lieve named every other, -why did you omit that?

MOTHER. The Book of Job was omitted because it is wholly unconnected with the history of which we have spoken. Job was not a Jew, nor does he appear to have known any thing of that people, but rather to have lived some ages before they became a nation.

FANNY. Why then, is his story inserted amongst the sacred

writings, which are chiefly devoted to their affairs.

MOTHER. By the sacred writings, we do not mean merely such books as were connected with the Jewish history, but all the inspired books which have come down to us, and considering the scrupulous care that has been most religiously devoted to their preservation, it may be presumed that we now possess all that did ever bear the sacred stamp. We have histories of the Jews by some profane authors, and frequent allusions to them by others. We read also of "the book of Jonher," "the book of Iddo the seer," and "the book of the wars of the Lord"—these were historical, but probably not inspired, otherwise, they would not have been lost, as they now certainly are. But this sublime poem has been treasured up with the sacred rolls of the Jews from the earliest period of their written history, and is transmitted with them for our instruction. It has all the marks of divine inspiration; its views of the deity are the most elevated, and its moral sentiments the most pure: we conclude then, that it was delivered to them by their revered legislator, from whom alone perhaps, they would have received a rule of faith and manners.

CATHERINE. By whom was it written?

MOTHER. That is a question which divides commentators. Some have assigned it to Moses, and some to Job himself. Some have supposed it to have been written by Elihu one of the actors in the drama, whilst others have not scrupled to bring it down so late as the time of Ezra, but so various are the opinions on this uncertain subject, that still others, and intermediate persons, between the first and the last named, are supported as the authors.

No book of scripture has been more severely scrutinized than this. The reality of Job's existence, the period, and the place in which he lived, as well as the pen to which we are indebted for this portion of his story—have all been made the subjects of very able discussion. The time and the design of its publication have also been examined. Some writers more fanciful than wise, have imagined the whole book to be an allegory, or fable, agreeably to the eastern mode of giving lessons. Whilst others, with more

reason defend the literal truth of every circumstance related, admitting however, that the dialogue is ornamented by the florid language without which, a conversation could not have been reduced to measured numbers consistently with the elegance required in an epic poem. But all these disputed points are put to rest by the successful labours of commentators\* all competent to the work. It is not necessary that I should rehearse all the arguments on either side, an abstract on each particular will prepare you to read their works, and to study the sublime original. I shall only premise, that it is allowed on all hands to be a poem of the most lotty character, excepting the two first and the last chapters, which are plain narrative, and that it is replete with instruction.

CATHERINE. On what ground is the reality of his existence questioned, when the patience of Job is proposed as an example

by the apostle James ?†

MOTHER. Objections are made to the transactions related in the exordium. That the adversary of mankind should have appeared with the "sons of God" before the throne of the omnipotent and have obtained permission to bring a succession of calamities beyond the common lot of mortals, on a rightcous man, say the objectors, appears fabulous, and the protraction of the patriarch's days to the amount of an hundred and form years after his trial, is inconsistent with the abridgment of man's life after the flood, for that he lived after that catastrophe is evident from the text.

Now the experience of every age in accordance with the words of inspiration is sufficient proof that the patience and resignation of the most pious, are often severely tried by affliction. That Satan may be the agent, is also clear. He tempted Eve in Paradise, and our Saviour in the wilderness-but in what manner he obtains his commission, or what takes place in the celestial regions respecting this awful arrangement, is amongst the secret things of God, which we are not permitted to know. If the fact is to be communicated to mortals, it must be done in some way compatible with human comprehension. Another argument against the reality of the whole story is assumed, from its metaphorical style, in the debate between Job and his companions. In answer to this, it is not necessary to contend that every word is related as it was spoken, although much may be allowed to the known figurative style of the Arabians, the country in which the scene is laid. If the sentiments are preserved, the dignified form into which the puem is cast, does not impugn the reality of the events. Besides, to the testimony of an apostle we have added that of a prophet, concerning the existence of such a man as Job. And with respect to the number of his years—they did not so far exceed that

Gray, Magee, Peters, Horne, &c.

† James, v. 11.

‡ Ezekiel, xiv. 14.

of other patriarchs. (considering too that he was but young at the date of his trial) that we may not suppose him to have been favoured with an extraordinary length of life, as a reward of his pious fortitude, and a gracious compensation for his extraordinary

sufferings.

Job is called "the greatest of all the men of the East," by the inspired historian. "The wnole region between Egypt and the Euphrates, was called the East, at first in respect to Egypt, and afterwards absolutely, and without any relation to situation or circumstances "\* He dwelt in the land of Uz, which is said to be a district of Arabia, lying between Egypt and Philistia. Having discovered the place of Job's residence, there is no difficulty in ascertaining the period at which he flourished. The whole complexion of the book in question, bears the mark of high antiquity. He was the priest of his own family according to patriarchal customs, and offered sacrifices for his children and his friends; consequently he lived before the institution of a regular priesthood by Moses, to which alone belonged this privilege after the promulgation of the law. He offered them at his own dwelling, whereas, the Levites, as you know, might sacrifice only at the consecrated tabernacle. Had there been a law, the acknowledged picty of Job would have restrained him from transgressing it. His wealth is reckoned by his flocks—he had seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, besides an immense herd of cattle; he therefore led the pastoral life—the earliest occupation of man. Our bible chronology dates the trial of Job about twen-That there is no ty-nine years before the Exodus from Egypt. allusion to such a nation as the Israelites, or their peculiar system, to the miracles by which they were delivered from the cruel hand of Pharaoh, or by which they were sustained forty years in a desert, is abundant evidence that he lived anterior to these wonderful events. Their number, and their notoriety, must have reached the ears of those who lived in the very neighbourhood where they occurred. Sodom, Gomorrah and the other cities of the plain lay still nearer to the land of Uz-all the people of Idumea must have known of their miraculous ruin, yet none of all these most remarkable transactions are mentioned in the conversation between Job and his companions—a conversation which turning chiefly on the power of God, and the manner of his dealings with the children of men, afforded an opportunity so favourable, that they must have been noticed had they taken place before that time. also observable, that all these men, though coming from different parts of Arabia, spoke the same language, the original Hebrew; from which it would appear, that they conversed together on this memorable occasion before it was corrupted into different dialects by the posterity of Abraham.

It is well known that of all the various forms by which the true

<sup>\*</sup> Horne's Introduction to the study of the Bible.

religion was debased, amongst the most ancient was the worship of the sun and moon; and to this alone is there any allusion in the book of Job.

From these, and yet other arguments, the high antiquity of this incomparable book is completely proved. A late writer\* of great erudition, collecting them all—concludes the time of Job to have been eight hundred and eighteen years after the deluge, and one hundred and eighty-four before the birth of Abraham, which would carry it back some ages beyond the date in our common bibles. But it is a nicer point to determine by whom this interesting story was written. It may have been the work of Job himself, but the thirty second chapter affords a strong presumption that Elihu was the author. Moses having found it during his long exile in Midian, might deliver it to his rebellious people in the desert, as a corrective of their unthankful temper, and an encouragement to submission by the rewards that are there held out to quiet suffering.

CATHERINE. It would then appear that this is the oldest book in the world, even more ancient than the pentateuch. I should now be glad to have some account of the argument which is beyond my present comprehension. I hope it will not be always so, but that I may hereafter obtain a better knowledge, both of this

and every other part of sacred writ.

MOTHER. I am only able to give you a general view of a composition so magnificent: although it contains instruction the most obvious, it is yet veiled to the most illustrious scholars, by our imperfect knowledge of the eastern idioms, and by the transcendant nature of the subject. The God of nature is discovered in his works, we see—we feel—we admire and adore! Much is given to exercise the intellectual faculties of man, but much more is exalted beyond his best attainments. Of his justice and his mercy we see the effects in his moral government, but we are often lost in conjecture when we attempt to scan the reason of his dispensations. These high matters were the chief subject of debate between Job and his disputatious friends. Guided only by the light of nature and tradition, and destitute of the revelation with which we are favoured, although they often "spoke amiss," it is yet surprising that they were in general so correct.

Job was a man of great eminence, a prince perhaps, or a magistrate in the land of Uz. Endowed with wisdom, wealth, and virtue, he was reverenced by every class of society. His children had grown to maturity and misfortune had not violated his dwelling. Encompassed by all the blessings of domestic and social life, he seemed almost beyond her reach. But suddenly he is bereft of all! Neighbouring bands of roving Chaldcans overrun his fields—his flocks and herds are swept away, and the shepherds and ploughmen put to the sword! Scarcely had these disasters reached his cars, when the blow is finished by another

\* Horne.

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messenger. All his children assembled at a feast in their elder brother's nouse, are crushed to death in its fall, by a fierce whirlwind! Such a tide of accumulated evils, might well have buist the heart of a father, and a man! But in the midst of prosperity Job had prepared his heart for a reverse. Whilst his sons and daughters, had gone from house to house at some festive season, the pious patriarch had "risen early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings, according to the number of them all;" " It may be," said he, "that my sons have sinned in a moment of intemperance, and blasphemed their Creator," Thus he stood ready to submit to the divine will, in that beautiful ascription to his unquestioned sovereignty, which fell without a niurmur from his lips. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—Blessed be the name of the Lord." But this was not all—the saint was to be yet further proved. He is smitten with "sore boils, from the sole of his foot to his crown!" His wife, who seems not to have borne affliction with the same placid temper, was astonished that he should yet confide in Jehovah-but he silenced her: "What," said he, " shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not evil.?" "In all this," adds the historian, "Job sinned not with his lips." Happy would it be for you and me, who have the assured hope of rejoining our pious friends after death, could we give them up with the same obedient will.

FANNY. Was he altogether without that consoling hope?

MOTHER By some it has been supposed that he was. others, his belief in a future state of glory through the intercession of a Redeemer, is supposed to be clearly marked in some sentences, which he afterwards uttered. Be this as it may, his subdued disposition is intitled to the highest praise. happy state of mind, it is probable he would have remained had he been left to himself. But that serenity which the heavy-hand of God had never moved, was disturbed by man, less mercifuland less just. Such unparallelled calamity was soon spread far and wide throughout Arabia, and three men his particular friends, Bildad, Zophar, and Eliphaz, all men of rank in Idumea, came together to condule with him. They had heard of the loss of his immense property—the death of ail his children—and of his own agonizing disease-but when they approached him whom they had seen seated in the gate dispensing the law—the most honourable in all the land-" before whom the princes refrained talking, and the nobles held their peace-in whose presence the aged arose, and the young men shrunk away," when they now saw him stretched upon the earth, a loathsome spectacle from which his own domestics turned away-amazement, grief, and horror, struck them dumb-they sat down by him on the ground, and for days and nights no one broke the solemn silence of unutterable woe! In this interval of meditation, the kindly sympathy of pitying friendship gave way to the cooler dictates of erroneous reason. They were themselves virtuous and had flourished in uninterrupted joy-they were not overwhelmed by misery in every torturing shape like the wretched Job-piety in them had found a rich reward-whence then the uncommon weight of woe that had befallen him! Surely, they concluded, his religion was but a vain pretence, and the hypocrite is now exposed by the just judgment of a righteous Ruler. When therefore, the sufferer at length broke out into a passionate lamentation, even execrating the day he first beheld the light—they advised him to confess his secret sins, and thus conciliate an offended God! Conscious of the integrity of a well-spent life he firmly pleads his innocence. This they refused to admit, his unsulfied reputation notwithstanding. A dialogue then ensues, in which the comforters contend, that the wicked only, are punished, whilst the upright are protected and crowned with temporal blessings. "Remember," they say, "who ever perished being innocent, or where were the rightcous cut off? They that plough iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same." They even cruelly intimate, that his children had sinned, and were cut off for their transgressions. They magnify the divine attributes, they contend that God is just. "Happy is the man," says Eliphaz, " whom God correcteth, therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty." He accuses Job, whose wisdom and benevolence had heretofore supported others, of weakness in sinking under his own calamity. "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees; but now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest." So hard is it to judge of that which experience has not made us feel! But the sufferer answers—" To him that is afflicted, pity should be shown from his friends"—he desires only death—" even that it would please God to destroy him-to be hidden in the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. Where the prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor." He confesses his own unworthiness and the absolute power of Jehovah, but inasmuch as he is nothing in His hands, he expostulates with him on his excessive rigour—and complains that vice and virtue are not distinguished in his administration.

Zophar reproves him harshly for attempting to know the mind of the Omnipotent, and for vindicating himself: again accuses him of unknown crimes, and beseeches him to repent. Exasperated, at length, by the unfeeling acrimony of his accusers, while yet they lay no specific sin to his charge, Job ridicules their affected wisdom, as if he were ignorant who had been their teacher!—
"Miserable comforters," cried he, "are ye all!" He pathetically laments his altered state, and entreats their compassion. "Have pity upon me—have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me!" But in vain he asks their pity, and in vain he contrasts his fallen state with the days when the light of God shined on his tabernacle. "When the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me—when the ear heard me then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me it gave

witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him—the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy: the cause which I knew not I searched out." In vain he calls upon them to attest the active usefulness and integrity of his whole life, recounting, eloquently, his deeds of justice and of charity. In vain he contends, "that the wicked are often prosperous all their days;" that "they are reserved to the day of destruction;" and confidently invokes the wrath of his Omniscient Judge, if he had gloried in his wealth, or had perverted his power or his possessions to the purposes of pride or oppression—or if he had been betrayed into idolatry, when he "beheld the sun when it it shined, or the moon walking in brightness;" and ardently desires that the Almighty would appear, and permit him to plead his cause in His presence!

Argument and asseveration were alike lost on his hard-hearted accusers. Unmoved by the pathetic appeal of their suffering friend, and still persuaded that he had enjoyed an unmerited reputation, yet unable to name the turpitude they suspected, and disgusted that they could not drive him to a voluntary confession of his guilt, they are at length silent. Elihu, then, who seems to have joined the company while they were engaged in conversation, and who had not yet spoken, now arose; and, after apologizing for his interference, because he " was young and they were very old," he declares that he had listened attentively to the debate, and had discovered that "great men are not always wise, neither do the aged judge correctly," evidently reproving the pretended triends for the severity with which they had irritated the virtuous patriarch. He then turns to Job, and tells him that he had erred in justifying himself rather than God; that by affirming himself to be altogether perfect, he had arraigned the wisdom and the justice of the Sovereign; that virtue could not entitle a creature to exemption from calamity, because it could not profit the self-sufficient Creator; that the counsels of God are not to be developed by finite man; but his chastisements are to be received with humility; that the righteous and the prosperous are afflicted to remind them of their dependence on the Great Supreme. "If they obey and serve him," he adds, "they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure." He speaks in glowing terms of the magnificence of the Creator's works, and admonishes Job to reverence the Deity.

From the phraseology of Elihu, he would seem to be the author of the whole narrative. In the introduction to his speech, he says—" When I had waited," (for they spake not, but stood still, and answered no more,) " I said I will answer mypart, I will also show mine opinion," thus speaking in the first person, whereas the other speakers are always quoted in the third.

When Elihu had ceased speaking, then comes the most majestic part of the poem, a conclusion that cannot be surpassed in gran-

deur. "The Lord answered Job out of a whirlwind." This is mysterious language to us, nor do we pretend to know how the Invisible Spirit spoke to man. A voice, probably, was heard in the whirlwind, and words were pronounced becoming a Deity to utter. Job is reproved for presuming to scan the moral government of God, the meanest of whose works he cannot understand. He is called upon to contemplate the works of creation, and see if he is able to imitate the least of them. Where wast thou (it asked) when the foundations of the ponderous earth were laid: "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy—when the bars and the doors of the unfathomable deep were set." and the raging floods were restrained by the high command -" Hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He asks, if man can control the paths of light or darkness: can he direct the stars in their annual round, or set limits to their dominion? Thunders, and lightnings, and clouds, and rain, and hail, and ice, and snow, are all arrayed in grand succession, to show the astonished auditors their comparative impotence. Descending from the firmament the august speaker continues to display his transcendant attributes in a few specimens, though but very few indeed, of animated matter—the eagle who mounts on high at His command—the peacock who proudly spreads his glittering plumes, and the young raven " who cries to God for food"—the wild goat that leaps fearlessly from the craggy rock, and the lion who prowls the forest for his prey—the warlike horse, "whose neck is clothed with thunder," and the stupendous whale,\* " before whom the mighty are afraid:"—All, all, are the work of His hands .-- " who, then," He asks, " is able to stand before me?"

This appalling address produced the intended effect—Job is humbled, and confesses, "Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth." "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee—wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

As a testimony that his penitence was accepted, and that his sin had not been less offensive than that of his companions, he is now commanded to offer a sacrifice in their behalf, because "they had not spoken of the Lord the thing that was right," and is graciously assured that his prayers for them would be answered. Job is afterwards restored to health, and his friends and his frields and his frields and his friends and his frields and daughters again bless his dwelling—prosperity, even more affluent than he had enjoyed before his trial, is a gain bestowed upon him, and an hundred and forty years being added to his life, he lived to instruct four succeeding generations, by the wisdom and the piety which sad experience had superadded to his original endowments.

· Leviathan.

ART. IX.—Donna Aminta de Buxheda : a Spanish Story.

In my way through Spain to Corunns, I had occasion to visit the city of Ordunna in Biscay. In the principal room of the inn, I found several people gathered round an elderly woman, who was speaking with great emphasis. I was attracted to listen, and heard the following tale; but I have to regret that I did not arrive in time to hear its commencement.

"Indeed, Senor Juan," said my lady to the music-master, as she turned over a book of Italian songs, "I do not like those airs just now: let us play over the patrotic song that was sent me this morning from my cousin at Madrid.

"As it may please your Excellency," said Battista, taking away the book, " Colonel Walstein my dear," said Don Antonio Perez, opening the door, and introducing an officer in the French uniform. At this sudden intrusion, my lady stepped back, and put on one of those looks, which when a girl she had learned from me, as being proper on such occasions. "This gentleman," said he, " commands the detachment of the French army which does Ordunna the honour of a visit on its return to France." "Madam." said the Colonci, addressing himself to my Lady, and at the same time looking very archly on me, " with the assistance of that lady, I hope soon to have the good fortune to be less disagreeable to you." "I beg you to be seated, Sir," said my lady, with becoming dignity. Without more ceremony, Monsieur le Colonel drew his chair close to the Lady Aminta, and took her by the hand with an excessive freedom, requesting her to sit down also. was perfectly well bred, having had me about her from her infaney, so that she acquiesced without the least embarrassment. Don Antonio cast a look on me, made an attempt to say something very courteous to the stranger, and withdrew.

"Sir," said Donna Aminta to the Colonel, looking steadily at him, notwithstanding his glances and impertinences, "we are very happy in seeing you at Ordunna, as you are so far on your return to France. We understand that they have not been very civil to you at Madrid, and that the ladies of Saragoza have been still less amiable." He replied with much gaiety, and, after a short pause, added with a smile of self-approbation, that neither Madrid nor Saragoza could boast a Donna Aminta de Buxheda. My Lady remarked, that she did not think her family name was known any

where but in Grenada. "Nay," said he, "by the eyes of beauty, your name is known throughout the universe. I asked this route from Burgos, solely that I might have the worshipping of the feet of Donna Aminta de Buxheda." He made this common-place attack on female vanity with much spirit, and throwing himself on one knee a little before he had done speaking, took my Lady by the hand, and looked in her face with an air of devotion.

"Duenna Brigida," said my sweet Lady to me, "I think it is time we should go to mass; rise, sir, you must excuse my leaving you."—She then courtesied very low, and left the room. Monsieur le Colonel followed us to the door, and then putting a double pistole into my hand, said, "Pray for me, my good lady, &c." I did not like to receive a present from a strange cavalier, and more especially from one of France, as my confessor had assured me that all the present great people of that country are Atheists and Heretics, and that their emperor himself has drank lately of the blood of his Holiness the Pope. I, however, took the money, with the determination not to keep it myself; but as I did not know what else to do with it, I put it into my work-bag, and followed my Lady to her own room.

"I hate a Frenchman Brigida," said she, "and that Colonel more than any that I ever saw: and now get my Mantilla, that we may go to church; and my Basquina, for it is late."

On our way to mass, we passed through crowds of French soldiers, who had just entered the town from the Burgos road. Square was quite full of them, and every street and door .-At such a sight, I crossed myself and said an ave-maria, and I am sure my Lady did the same; for, Heaven help us, they looked at me for all the world like a troop of hungry wolves, which after having carried off the shepherd, are ready to fall upon the flock. We did not return home till it was quite noon, for my Lady chose to confess, to which resolution I had nothing to oppose. I believe, poor thing, she felt her hatred to the French so heave on her heart, that she found it necessary to lighten it by repentance. To love our enemies is certainly a part of a Christian's duty, with which, if we cannot comply, we ought to confess, and de penance for our disobedience. As we entered our own house, the Colonel met us at the door. He approached my Lady with more gravity than I had believed him to possess, and requested the hosour of handing her up stairs. She gave him her hand without

a word. Don Antonio was already in the dining-room, enjoying a cigar agreeably to his custom before dinner. My Lady and I went to change our dress, leaving the Colonel and him together. On our return, the gay officer rose, but Don Antonio kept his seat, and continued to smoke his cigar. "I have just been observing to your husband, Madam," said the Colonel, " how happy he must be in the possession of so much beauty and merit." "Monsieur Le Colonel," replied my Lady, "it would seem that flattery is still a part of French education, from your being such an adept. Pray tell me," added she, " is it Talleyrand or the Emperor who has the office of flattering our beloved sovereign now that he is in France. We know who did it before he left Spain. Monsieur, then," said she, with an emphasis not to be mistaken, " those who flatter often, do it that they may betray." "My dear," said Don Antonia. laying down his cigar, "don't insult his Excellency."-" On the contrary," said the Colonel, " I admire her wit and her spirit !"--Then turning to my Lady, he continued, "forgive me Donna Aminta, I ask your pardon." The servants at this moment came in with dinner, so that I was obliged to leave the room; although much against my inclination, as nothing is more proper than decorum. I retired to my Lady's bed-chamber, and ruminated the whole time of their dinner on Monsieur the French Colonel. I did not like Don Antonio's calling him His Excellency; and as to his coming to my Lady's house, I knew, he had inquired at the inn on the other side of the Square, for the person who kept the best table, and had the prettiest wife in Ordunna. "By the eyes of beauty, your name is known through the Universe!" What hypocrites those vagabonds, are thought I. "The villain, I am so happy my Lady told him how his Emperor cajoled our unsuspecting King. I wish the devil would fetch his eldest-born Napoleon, with Godoy round his neck, and all that like them, for the earth was never so beset with hell-hounds, as in these days I am sure this fellow's attentions and compliments, will make no impression on Donna Aminta: every drop of her blood is Spanish, and she has always been faithful to Don Antonio!" Thus I sat thinking, when she sent for me to attend her Siesta; she said little to me, but lav down apparently much absorbed in meditation.

When my Lady rose from her sofa, "It is almost time," said she "to dress; I expect the Aglaura family here to night from Vittoria to my Tertulla; I suppose our French guest will come; I have

desired him to invite as many of his officers as he thinks proper. Send in the Camerara. Rosina has a good taste, she shall arrange my hair." "You are too beautiful already, my dear Lady," said I, " for your own peace." " Listen," she replied, " to night I am to fight the French, so call in Rosina. You shall know more of my thoughts to-morrow." Rosina dressed my Lady's hair, which was naturally long and beautiful. No ornament was added to it, but one large pearl rosette above the forehead. Her robe of black muslin was elegantly fitted on by my own hands. I myself adjusted round her neck the rosary of virgin's tears, from which the crucifix hung devoutly on her bosom. As she rose from her toilette, the pearl upon her brow looked like the frozen tear, that, the Moors say, the angel of forgiveness changed into a brilliant for the crown of pity. "God bless you my child," said I, "Oh que belleza," said Rosina, clapping her hands together, "there is something divine in beauty; that inspires the old with admiration, and the young with rapture." "Well Brigida," said my lady "we will now go to the saloon, and Rosina, acquaint the Senor, that I attend him there."

On entering the saloon we met Don Antonio; he had just risen from his Siesta. "I salute you, Don Antonio," said my lady; "but what's the matter? you look displeased." "You are the cause," said he, "at least in your heart you are, but I will take care of you." "Are you not ashamed of yourself, Sir," she firmly replied, " to hold such language to your wife? Every thing is an object fit to rouse your low suspicions; have you not had sufficient proof of my fidelity?" "I have taken care you should have no opportunity to be unfaithful," was his answer. "However, said he, after a slight pause, and in a fawning tone, " there is no end of this, let us be friends; I may have said a little too much, let us forget the past, and love each other as we have ever done." "To be friends with you, Don Antonio, I have no objection," she replied; "the decorum of matrimony requires it, but to love you now is perfectly impossible, the fine thread which might have bound our affections has been so cruelly broken, that it cannot be united again. Observe, for my own sake, whether you are happy or otherwise depends on yourself." "How cool you are," said Don Antonio, "I can manage no argument with you." "Because I am always temperate," she replied. "You are too violent or too cold." "Give me a kiss," said the stupid, sottish, jea-14 Vol. xII.

lous Don. "If I do, said the Lady Aminta, " may I be false to you." As she spoke, she sat down to the piano, but she did not play: she put her elbow on the keys, and hung her cheek on her hand. He put on his capote, and walked down stairs. "What a brute!" murmured I as he went 'out. "Duenna," said my lady, warmly, "I beg you would forbear such exclamations." The French Colonel came in while she was in this attitude. He stood a moment gazing at her; she perceived him, and suddenly rising said, "I thought we were to have had the pleasure of seeing some of your officers." "You must excuse them to-night," he replied; "they are all employed in seeing the troops lodged in their quarters." I was about to retire. "Remain where you are, Duenna Brigida," said my lady, somewhat austerely. "Monsieur," said she abruptly to the Colonel, "I have only to request that you will act candidly towards me." I did not understand what my lady could mean by this address. But love has quicker perceptions than duty. "Be assured Madam," said the Colonel "act or speak as you will in my presence, I will neither denounce nor find fault with you." "What pledge will you give me for that?" "Any thing you may please." "Then," said my lady, "I will put you to the proof." She took his arm, and walked to the other end of the room. I could not hear distinctly what she said, but I gathered enough to know that it was some question she put about the French Marshal Ney. The Colonel started at it, and putting his hand to his forehead, said, "I dare not." "Well," she replied, "it is of no consequence," turning from him. "But," said he, "what use do you mean to make of the information?" "Whatever I please, except discover its author." He remained much agitated, and as if he wished me to leave the room. I withdrew into the little hall, and in about half a minute my lady came out to me, and said, "Brigida, you must never mention a word of what you have seen or heard this night to any living soul." "You may depend on me," I replied, "I have neither confidents, nor curiosity; but what was it he said to you just now?" "That must be my secret," said she smilingly, and walked away to the library, taking a light in her hand. As she desired me to follow her, I felt a strange desire to see if the Colonel had any thing to say, that would take the veil from the mysterious half minute. "Sir," said I, going into the saloon, "my lady will be here in a moment; she has only gone to see if the moon keeps her place

in the heavens as formerly; for we are beginning to think that you French will run away with every thing in Spain." "I wish to heaven, Duenna," said he, "that I could run away with her: here, come here, if you will assist me, you shall have a purse of three hundred double pistoles." I hesitated. "Will you?" rejoined he, with much earnestness and emotion: " here, take this," putting a handful of gold pieces into my hand, as some one was heard coming into the saloon, "take this, as an earnest of the future." Now I was in a great fright, because my lady might as well be caught with him alone as I: I therefore brushed away. along the balcony down the winding stairs, into the garden, for there was no other way of getting back to the little hall unseen. I had very imperfectly collected my senses on getting into the garden, when I was confounded by seeing my Lady and a man in close conversation, not far from me. I approached as near as I could, not from curiosity, but from duty, and hid myself behind the great mulberry-tree, near where they stood. "Now," said my Lady, "Diego, you understand me, and here are three hard dollars for you; set off immediately, and do not return till you see the General. You remember my uncle; you must have seen him at my father's, when you were a boy. Be sure you give this walnut into his own hands, and fifty others, which you must get by the way. You will wait his pleasure. I think you will meet him at Valmesada, or at farthest, at Bilboa." "There is something more than kernel in this walnut, please my Lady," said Diego. "There is, Diego, and take you care of it, as you value your own soul." Now I was, I will confess, for once curious, but I dared not stay any longer; so slipping along, to observe what might pass at the garden porch, I remained there, but could observe nothing more than that my Lady gave him two hard dollars more, and he departed.

Donna Carolina de Aglaura, with some ladies, were announced; my lady met them in the great hall, and accompanied them to the saloon, where the Colonel, Don Antonio, and a male relation, were already waiting. After the coffee and ices, there was a little conversation, somewhat general, but altogether uninteresting. Some attempts were made at liveliness, but in vain. The evening passed slowly, and irksomely, for it was obvious that every one was engrossed by some object foreign to the conversation. Don Antonio thought upon the colour of jealousy; the Colonel upon the

quiver of Cupid; Donna Aminta was anxious about the fate of her walnut; Don Pedro Perez was meditating about joining Romana's army, next day, at Leon; Donna Carolina was calculating whether her house was not tenanted by the French, as it was understood that they were retreating in the direction of Vittoria. I may have been mistaken in giving them those things to think of; but there is no doubt that they were thinking of any thing but what was talked of in the saloon.

There had been such a noise in the house all day, that when at last we retired, sleep had fled from my pillow. For from the hour I kissed my Lady's hand in bidding her good night, I did nothing but turn, and toss, and build castles in Andalusia. I rose at the dawn of day, and as soon as it was clear light, went into my Lady's apartment, to see that her morning things were ready to be put on. I was surprised to find her already out of bed, standing by the window that faces the East. The blush of the early sky was on her cheek, and as she smiled upon me, she might have stood for the image of sun-rise. "We shall have an agreeable walk this morning, Brigida," said she. "The day is fine I almost begin to hope, Heaven smiles upon Spain." " May it please it to bless my Lady," said I. "And this, my wretched country!" she sighed, putting her hands together, as she raised them to heaven. In an hour the house was afoot. Special care had been taken of the chocolate. I gave the Colonel a cup, in which the spoon would stand on end. Donna Carolina de Aglaura came in as we were getting ready. "A charming day, dear Aminta," said she, "we shall have a delightful walk to the head of the valley. I have desired the mules to be sent on before." "Don Antonio," said my Lady, "are you ready?" "No, I won't go," was his answer. "Cousin Pedro will attend you." We met the Colonel just after we had passed the Square, or rather he had seen us go by, and overtook us. "I have been fortunate," said he. glad you have joined us," said my Lady, "I think we shall have a pleasant walk." "Pray, Senor," said Donna Carolina, " do you know if your countrymen have retreated from Vittoria yet?" "Indeed, Madam," answered the Colonel, "I am not in the secret. I only know what my orders are." "And pray, Senor," said the Donna, "what may they be?" "Ah! I am afraid they are destined to remain a secret too," replied he, laughingly. Her inquiries, however, were resumed, and dexterously parried. At last

she suddenly said, "Apropos, Colonel, is it true that a French grenadier took a child, at Estella, by the feet, and dashed its brains out against the step of a door?" "I am grieved to be obliged to coafess." said he, "that it is true." "And does the wretch live?" said my Lady, with a flush of indignation in her cheek. "I have no reason to believe otherwise," he replied; "the conduct of the town had placed it out of the pale of military protection." "Where is thy arm. O God!" cried out my Lady, "and to what hour dost thou reserve thy vengeance?" "In that hour preserve us. Heaven!" said the Colonel. "Aye, you may well say that," said Donna Carolina, exultingly. I, more sedate in my abhorrence, uttered an ave-maria.

Don Pedro was now to take his leave and proceed on his journey. The Colonel took him by the arm, and they walked aside for a few minutes in deep conversation. During this time, Donna Carotina was persuading my Lady to go on to the summit of the bill to the left : and to make all certain, she ordered the servants and mules to move before us. The view from above was worth our trouble. The valley stretched itself in great richness at our feet, and the hills which completely shut it in, are known throughout all Biscay for trees and beauty. This scenery would doubtless have drawn some fine observations from my Lady, had not the Colonel been present; and probably from the Colonel too. but for Donna Carolina incessantly teazing him with questions. It took us an hour's climbing to reach the spot where we stood, and there we were perched like flies upon the edge of a china basin, looking down upon the landscape lying in shades and spots of blue and green, and gold and purple, below. Here Donna Caro. time mounted her mule, and left us for Vittoria. She had a long way before her; it was at least a ride of five hours. be fatigued," said the Colonel to my Lady, " will you take my arm as we return?" "That is not the custom in Spain," she replied, "we must be content to act in trifles as the world does." "Well. my Lady," said I, "if you will not profit by the Colonel's arm, I will; for I am ready to sink with fatigue." The Colonel's arm was not enough, I actually sunk down. I soon, however, recovered, but my Lady forced me to rest a little longer.

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "Duenna I am indebted to you for this happy occasion. I feel a pleasure in this moment, Donna Aminta," continued he, "that I cannot express, and perhaps, as it

is the most delightful I have ever experienced, so it may be the happiest of my whole existence. You have inspired me with a sentiment that has raised my soul above itself, that has made me feel that I can love you without desiring more. Perhaps it is in the same spirit that we think of heaven." "For that heaven's sake Monsieur Walstein," said my Lady, " do not talk thus, for that passion of which you speak, is not to be tempted in any shape; there is no safety from it but in flight, and therefore-let us go." "Stay but another moment," he replied, "and let us enjoy the blameless delight of looking on this lovely scene-lovely to me indeed -with you so nigh. How tranquil is the bosom of that valley opening beneath us like a mighty amphitheatre, whose walls reach up to heaven. What richness in the colours of those fields whose happy stream hastens to fill Aminta's bath. Sweet angel, when you descended to trouble the waters, I would wait there to be healed by them." My Lady interrupted him. "Monsieur Walstein, you must not say these things; you would flatter me into folly. Have you discovered that you are not disagreeable to me? and would you profit by my good opinion of you? But, believe me, the attempt is vain; for I would not think myself worthy to live if I did not deny myself even the dearest wish in life, if it were opposed to my duty to my God." "Nav." replied he, "but for whom do you cherish with so much sanctity all your friendship and all your love ?-he who now calls you wife is most unworthy of it." "Who is it that is faultless?" she replied. "I would not for the world offend you," said the Colonel: " that which I have ventured on your car is nothing new. I will not now bring in graver authorities, but I shall repeat a passage of Tasso, that I think may amuse you, and particularly as it is my own translation." Well," said she, " setting the question aside, I would like to hear your translation. I admire Tasso as a poet, but when I read poetry, I keep in remembrance that I am reading fiction; and perhaps that is the reason why they deal so much in pictures of passion. Come begin," said she. "To what passage do you allude? I cannot recollect the beginning;" said he, "but it was the description of Armida's bird, with its song among the trees of the enchanted garden" "I will try," said she, " and bring it to your recollection. Does it not begin thus?

" Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde."

"That is the beginning," observed he, " but as I find you are so

intimate with the original, I feel afraid of showing my presumption instead of my skill." "Nay, Colonel," said my Lady, "if you have no desire beyond that of pleasing me, I think I shall be pleased; and if I could be certain that you would be contented with my friendship, I should not withhold it from you; but, to be candid, you may rest assured that if you look to other objects, not even my friendship shall be given." "Then," said the Colonel, endeavouring to conceal his emotion, "then," said he, offering her his hand, " let me touch the strand on which all my hopes are shipwrecked." "Colonel," resumed my Lady, giving her hand, "I am serious in every word I have spoken; it is the best part of my character to be steady in every business of life. I reel that I am rather blameable in contracting so unripe a friendship, but we live in such times that life is too short for acting our parts by the old rules of caution and propriety." "I swear to you," said he. "Nay," she interrupted him, "do not swear, for oaths and faithlessness follow each other like substance and shadow." I now remarked to my Lady, that it was full time for our return, that we had come much farther than we had intended, and that Don Antonio would be waiting dinner for us. We then arose and made good haste down the hill. The walk home was pleasant, but very little conversation occurred, except that my Lady often pressed the Colonel to repeat his translation of Tasso, which he as often declined, promising that he would give it to her at some other time. On our arrival we found an officer with dispatches for the Colonel. Don Antonio was out, and it was not quite dinner time, so all was right. The Colonel retired into the balcony to open the packet, but soon returned, saying to the officer, "Very well, send the adjutant to me." The officer bowed and withdrew. The Colonel seemed pensive, and spoke not a word for some minutes; during which time my Lady looked at him as I neversaw her look at a man in my life. Bless me, thought I to myself, what can this mean? He raised his eyes from the ground, on which they had been fixed, and gazing on my Lady, said, "we have no time to lose;" upon which they exchanged a look or two, and immediatehysheroseup, saying, "Brigida, leave us alone for a few minutes." I remarked to her that there could be nothing which I might not know with safety; that my secrecy was only exceeded by my fidelity. She made no reply, but pointed to the door. "Oho!" said I myself, " is it come to this?" So I curtesied and left the room.

As soon as I got out, I brushed through the hall, went round by the Chinese saloon, and placed myself opposite to a crack in the false door, where I could see and hear every thing; not that I had any desire to know what they had in view, but I went there, because I think a third person proper on all occasions; for, as my grandmother used to say, "there never were two together yet but there was a third, and if it was not a human creature it was the Devil." So I went to make a third, and keep off Satan. I put my ear to the chink, after looking two or three times through it, to make sure that my eyes did not deceive me, for of all the senses the sight is the least to be depended on. I heard my Lady say, " for God's sake." " So!" said I, taking away my ear, and putting my eye in its stead; but I saw nothing that could throw any light upon the nature of the interview; nor could I make head or tail of what they said, for they spoke by fragments: however, I kept my post, to keep off Satan; and he was kept off, for not a word was uttered by either of them that the recording angel might not have heard without a frown. Seeing my Lady go out. I ran to her chamber, where I put on a sulky look, as she came into it. "Brigida," said she, " you shall know all my secrets in a day or two." I pretended to be made easy by this declaration, and kissed her hand. " Tell me," said she, " have you heard any thing of Diego." "No, Senora; that is exactly what I want to hear." "Inquire, Brigida." "My Lady, I believe you are the only person to inquire of." "Nay, nay," said she anxiously, "go and ask Sebastian if he has returned; I expect him hourly." On my going out, I took a peep at the Colonel, to see what he was about, and found him surrounded with papers. Diego had not returned, but Don Antonio had; and, contrary to custom in very "So the French are all going to leave Duenna." good humour. he said. "Good heavens!" said I. "Why you seem," returned he upon me, " to take it to heart, I suppose the Colonel has been generous." On this, I turned to fly at him, but my Lady came He was afraid I should tell her what he had insinuated; so holding out his hand, he said, " Duenna Brigida, do not let us quarrel." I turned up my lip at him in contempt, and left him and my Lady together. They walked towards the saloon, where the Colonel was, while I returned to my Lady's room. Now all that I thought on this shall be told another time; for if I were to tell you now what it was, it would look like prophecy, which I do not chuse to set down for, for you know it looks like witchcraft.

After dinner, my lady came to her Siesta. She was very thoughtful and sparing of her conversation. I attributed this to the departure of the French, or rather of the Colonel. "So my lady," said I, "they are going away." "Yes, Brigida, they are, thank Heaven, though I fear not for good." At this moment Rosina came in, and said that Diego had returned. "Bring him up," exclaimed my lady, springing from the bed. " Into your bed-room" I observed with wonder.- "Yes," said she, "here or any where." Rosina now came back with Diego, bringing a letter which my lady snatched from him, and putting her finger on her lips, " Remember, Diego," were her words. "I will, my dear lady," replied he, but stood still. I believe he was as eager as myself to know the contents of the letter; but my lady hurried out of the room. I followed her as close as I could to the saloon, where the Colonel had been sitting. I believe it was for him she was looking, but he had gone out soon after dinner. She paced the room with great anxiety for about half an hour, and then sat down to the piano; she played a few notes of the patriotic song, then got we stood motionless, lifted her hand above her head, and then began to walk up and down with a very quick pace. At this juncture the Colonel came in-my lady ran to him with the letter, which she had put in her bosom. The Colonel took the letter and read-" I thank you for your information, but it is quite incorrect; the enemy are retreating in every direction, and I shall follow up the advantage I have gained-52000! it is impossible," -may God preserve you many years,-from your affectionate Uncle." R.

"There is but one thing for it now," said the Colonel; "I have ordered all the troops from Ordunna, agreeably to my commands, but I have not given the route which was pointed out. I have I have sent them out of the way of the impending business, but I fear the trap is too well placed for us to break the spring of it, since your uncle will not believe that it is laid. There is now," continued he, "but one thing for it, and that is, that I go to him myself. My own company is so attached to me, I am convinced I can persuade them to join in the cause of the patriots. They are all Tyrolese, and as such, know how sacred a thing is liberty, and how great a villain the man is who wrested it from them, and is endeavouring to tear it from the Spaniards." "May God bless you!" said my lady, as she threw herself upon his neck in tears.

The Colonel took out his handkerchief to wipe them away, but could not see them for his own-thus, without a word they stood, and I believe in innocence, tasted the most refined pleasures of friendship. "I will go and prepare for my departure," said he, collecting himself, "and you must be so kind as to order Diego to accompany me, that I may send him on before occasionally; in the mean time," continued he, drawing a paper from his sleeve, " here is the little translation I promised to you; you can read it when you have nothing better to do." My lady took it from him with marked complaisance and put it in her bosom; the Colonel then observed there was no time to be lost, and that to arrive soon enough to prevent the snare, he proposed setting off at 10 o'clock that night, with seventy of his detachment, who had attached themselves to his person, so that he begged a letter might be ready at that time for the Spanish General her uncle. My lady took him by the hand, with more pleasure in her countenance than I ever saw before in that of any one, and walked down stairs with him, continuing all the way to hold his hand—a piece of imprudence I should not have thought her capable of. Said I to myself, as they passed my hiding hole, if you meet Don Antonio now, what a precious explosion we shall have. However they encountered no one, and she returned in high spirits. About 10 o'clock Don Antonio came home, and found my lady and myself in the saloon; she had been writing, but was now playing and singing. She had very handsomely told me all I knew before, but there was still a strangeness in the matter, the drift of which I could not understand.-"Well my dear," said Don Antonio, "it gives me great pleasure to see you join in the general sensation of the day, for I was afraid that the departure of our guest might not be altogether agreeable to you." "He told me," replied my lady, "that he would go at 10 to-night; I shall be glad when he is gone," continued she; "but I am not uneasy-for I am sure he will keep his word."-"It is just 10 now," said Don Antonio. "And there he is," returned she, seeing him enter the door. "Welcome, Colonel," said Don Antonio. "I have only come to take leave," he replied; "I am just going." "Nay, you shall not go before supper," said Don Antonio. "I cannot stay one moment," rejoined the Colonel. "You must stay supper," repeated Don Antonio, embracing him. "Excuse me, my dear friend," rejoined the Colonel, " I cannot delay." "Let him go," said my lady, " perhaps he can-

not stay." "How do you know any thing about it," replied her husband angrily. "There it is, Colonel! now that you are going away, you may see really who are your friends among us." " Then" rejoined my lady, " as you are so very kind, let us see you produce some of your liqueur de Barbade, and drink to the Colonel's good health before he goes." "Well, I will," said Don Antonio, and immediately went out of the saloon into the study, where he kept this precious stuff locked up. The instant he turned his back my lady drew a letter from her bosom, which she had written in the early part of the evening, and put it into the Colonel's hand.-They seemed to have forgotten that I was in the room, for he kissed the hand that gave it to him, saying, "We will meet again I trust under more propitious circumstances." " May it please God" she replied, " to crown our wishes!" They now looked at each other, as if they wished to say, or do something, which they did not dare; but they neither said, nor did any thing, but continued to hold each other's hands, looking I cannot tell how. "Farewell," said my lady, bursting from him; he struck his hand upon his forehead as she fled, and sunk upon the chair that stood near him. In a few minutes Don Antonio returned with a flask, but he solicited the Colonel in vain to taste of it, who turning round to me, as Don Antonio drank his health, said, "Farewell Duenna;" then taking a gold ring from his finger, which he gave to me, he embraced Don Antonio, and took his leave. "Where is Donna Aminta," said her husband to me, as soon as the Colonel had gone down stairs. "In her chamber," I replied; "where should she be?" " I should like to see her then," continued he, " for there is no knowing what schemes there may be against me." "Oh," said I, "if you suspect any thing, come along with me." I now walked as slowly as possible to my lady's room, so that he lost all patience before we arrived there; which was just what pleased me. We found my lady sitting in the dark, but the candle which I carried in my hand showed her to be much engaged in thought. When Don Antonio found she was there, he apologized by saying he only wished to know where she would desire to sup. " I am not very well," said she, "Duenna, I would like to go to bed." left us, and my lady proceeded to undress, and hurried herself to rest-but never could I imagine her reasons for it, unless it was to get rid of me; and God knows there was no occasion for that, as I was already in the secret: however, I kissed her hand and re-

tired to bed also. In the morning she called me to matins, which was the reverse of our custom. She looked as if she had slept little although she went to bed early. "It is late, Duenna," said she, "although it be dark; the day is gloomy." I arose immediately, and certainly we were in the church before any body. I felt the morning very cold, and was very glad when we returned home to our chocolate: I took mine with great pleasure, but my lady turned her cup round and round, and stirred it twenty times, and then after dipping the toast, she left it there, and set down the cup. "I do not care for it, Brigida," said she; "tell Senor Juan I wish to speak to him." I obeyed; and in about a quarter of an hour, Senor Juan made his appearance. "I kiss your Excellency's hand," said he, " pray command me." " Have the goodness, then," she replied, "to go through the town inquiring for all sorts of public news from Biscay." "I will do it willingly," said he, and withdrew. "Now, Brigida," said my lady, "we will go to our country garden, and there pass the day; I will take my guitar, and you your'spindle, that we may amuse ourselves if we can." " That is well put in," said I. The sun came out as we left the house, which made our walk extremely pleasant, for the morning bad been dark and lowering, with a cold east wind. It was 9 o'clock when we entered the garden, where we amused ourselves counting the bunches on a muscadine vine during the greater part of the forenoon. "This is endless work," said my lady; "I have no genius for counting truly, come." Now, I counted the bunches over and over again patiently, while my lady walked up and down the gravel before me. " How many do you think there are?" said I. "Perhaps 666," said my lady. "No, indeed," replied I, "the good vine is not the beast in the Apocalypse." "I wish it were," exclaimed she, " we should soon root him out, even if he had fourteen crowns and twenty horns, and every crown and every horn was marked Napoleon." "Heaven save us, my lady!" said I, crossing myself. "I always have the horrors when one speaks of the devil." " Come, come, Duenna," suid she "let us talk no more of him. Come away and help me to gather some laurel and a few roses, that to-morrow I may have a garland ready for \_\_\_\_." "For whom, my lady?" said I at once. "For a friend of ours, for a friend of our country." "The French Colonel, my life on it!" exclaimed I " Not a word, Brigida," said she. " But in one thing you have been mistaken. He is not a Frenchman, but a Tyrolese,

forced into Napoleon's service, and hating its crimes." "Oh, I am so glad!" said I, " now I understand the mystery of your loves." "No, Brigida," she replied, "do not mislead yourself. If I were inclined to love him I dare not, my heart will never admit an unbecoming sentiment." "But you looked at him as if you could love him," said I. "Perhaps I did, Brigida; but you make no distinction between the action and the person. It is abundantly easy to abhor an action, and yet to love the person guilty of it. I own it to be the case with Don Antonio. Now if I can separate Don Antonio and his conduct, why not Monsieur Walstein and his?"-"You are perhaps right, my child," observed I: "but remember what you yourself said to the Colonel about the danger of tempting love in any shape. "Depend upon it, Duenna," she replied, "it is a mistake to say that love overcomes all things, or that he is the tyrant of our liberty. To attribute all to fate and necessity, is but the weak stratagem of lovers to excuse their own faults." "I cannot argue with you, my dear," said I; "but pray keep in mind the fable of the moth and the taper." She made no reply. but smiled; then taking a paper from her bosom, she said, " Neither you nor Armida's bird shall have any influence over my sentiments." " Pray, my lady, what says Armida's bird to the question?" She read it as translated by the Colonel. "Well," said she, "it is very pretty," as she finished it, and folded up the paper.

"And now let us gather the roses and laurels; but I will mix no myrtle with my garland I assure you. Would to heaven that I could in reality entwine it with the olive!" I do not know how I could have made the mistake, but so it was, that I plucked cypress instead of laurel. She took it from me, then looking wistfully on me, dropped it on the ground, and burst into tears. "Blessed saints!" said I "my lady, what is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing," said she, recovering herself; "a sudden thought occurred that had almost overpowered me, but it was too like a foolish superstition. I will think no more of it. But we must gather some of this laurel," continued she, going to a shrub, and without looking at it pulling the leaves. I was surprised. "What would you do with that, my lady? it is aconite." "You know nothing about these things, I see," said she, rather displeased. "Come along, we will go home."

We arrived just time enough for dinner. But my lady sat at ta-

ble, like the statue of thought feeding upon itself. Once or twice she attempted to eat something, but seemed to forget that she had put it to her lips. Don Antonio took his cigar, and my lady and I retired to her room. "I shall not lie down," said she, on entering it, " for I cannot rest. But Brigida, bring me my father's and mother's hair from the wardrobe, that I may employ myself in plaiting it." "Dear my lady," observed I what puts such a fancy into your head, as to think of plaiting dead people's hair? na can do it at any time, and there is no chance of making her melancholy" "I am rather unhappy, Duenna, though I do not know why; and I think looking at my father's and mother's hair may comfort me." "If so, my lady, it shall be done;" and so saying, I brought it out. "Now, Brigida, send for Rosina, to settle my own hair, while I employ myself with this." I called Rosina, who set about her work, but after she had taken out the braids, and let the hair fall; she was desired to leave it, and help to arrange the long tresses of the dead. By my assistance they were soon set in order, and looked, what they were, the true and plain procfs of Iberian blood. My lady fastened them together, and hung them thus round her own neck. She stood up to admire their length; and indeed it was admirable, for they hung down to her feet, like a sable tippet, such as you may have seen worn by some beautiful maiden of England or Russia. As she stood, her figure engaged me much, but her countenance still more; I would have given the world to know what thoughts passed in her mind, as she gazed upon the dark tresses of her parents, but whatever they were, her soul seemed entirely occupied, it was perhaps filled with a presentiment of what was so soon to come.

The door of the chamber opened. I thought it was accident, and went to shut it. To my astonishment I saw Diego, pale and covered with dust; he looked like a ghost escaped from a charnel house. "What ails you," cried I. He spoke not a word, but opened his meuth as if exhausted. "Who is it?" said my lady. "Diego," said I, " and the picture of death, Senora." She flew to the door, and catching him by the arm, looked him eagerly in the face, and shook her head. "It is all over then?" He made no answer, but with a trembling hand drew a paper from his breast; she looked at it for a moment, and then dropt it from her hand, exclaiming, "O my God!" She sunk upon the floor. While Rosina ran for water, I knowing it was no time for ceremony, picked up the paper; it was thus:—

"My dear child, farewell. Before this reaches you, I shall be so more. My wounds are mortal, but that concerns me little.—Your friend is wounded and taken. He was alas, too late. Your information was true. But it is now finished. The day is lost, and with it, perhaps the freedom of our country. Vive Fernando. Farewell, Farewell, my child.

Vittoria, Nov. 7, 1808.

BUXEDA.

My lady raised herself on one hand, and with the other seemed to brush away something that floated in the air before her eyes,-Rosina and I helped her to the bed-side. But she would not lie down, continuing to look wildly round until her eyes fell on Diego: when seeming to collect herself, she said, "Where is the letter I saw just now, Diego?" Diego stood like a statue, and knew nothing; but put it into her hand. She read it over and over again; every now and then putting her hand to and from her eyes, as if to sweep away something that interrupted the sight. At last, "Oh Diego!" she exclaimed wildly, "tell me when he died," "No one is dead, my lady," said he scarcely intelligibly; " but," and he paused and grew paler still; "but,-they are bringing the Colonel -tied with ropes to Ordunna, where, they say, he is to be shot this night." "Merciful God!" she uttered in a low tone, fixing her eyes above; "and my uncle?" "I saw him last, my lady, when he gave me this letter. He was then lying on the large table in the Posada at Vittoria. He also gave me his purse: there it is," continued Diego, throwing it on the floor, "and he said to me, God bless you Diego, you are the son of an honest man."

The Saints deliver me, I did not know what to make of all this, but I plainly saw there was sorrow enough in it. Poor Rosina hung upon the lady Aminta's arm, and wept aloud. Diego did not move, but my lady looking strangely on him, took him by the neck, and kissed his forehead. Heaven deliver me, but I wondered at her; but when she turned round to me, and told me that I had married Godoi, and was a traitor, I trembled; for I saw that her wits were gone. Rosina tried to soothe her: "Do not you know your own Duenna, my dear lady?" said she. But so strange were my lady's looks, that Rosina trembled too. I took her hand, and went upon my knees. She raised me up, with a softened countenance, saying, "Come, let us go look for him." She was leading me to the door, when I entreated her to stop a little; she seemed persuaded, and turned towards the toilette, wreathing the

hair that still hung from her neck, round and round her arms. Catching up some of the flowers and shrubs that we had brought in with us, "Here," turned she to Rosina, giving her a rose, "put that in your bosom, and wrap patience round the thorn. We will go now, my mother," she repeated, touching my face with some sprigs of the laurel which she had held in her hand; then suddenly starting, she threw them down, exclaiming, "No! I will have none of you. My mother told me in a dream last night, that you were aconite." "God save you, my lady," interrupted I; "it is night—pray, and go to bed."—"I am not dead yet," said she, "why bury me? I am going to a wedding. Will you go too? If not, stay here, and I will send for you."—" Providence keep us all in our senses," thought I; then looking at her, oppressed by such a thought, I was overcome, and fell into violent hysterics.

What happened for some time, I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself in bed, and alone. There seemed to be a dreadful noise in the streets. I endcavoured to collect myself, and ran from room to room to find my unfortunate lady. A great light in the street, and the sound of a vast tumult drew me to the balcony. I saw the Colonel, lying in a cart, almost lifeless, and bloody, with his hands tied behind him. He was in the midst of soldiers, horse and foot. I thought that the Lady Aminta might have seen the same sight, and that it had driven her to despair. I looked among the crowd for her, but to no purpose. There was not a soul in the house. So finding myself unable to remain a moment longer in suspense, I ran out of doors, and made my way immediately towards the square. Seeing that I could not get through the crowd when I reached it, I went round to the Posada, where I might overlook it from the balcony. The door was not to be passed for the press of people. They were carrying in the Colonel's dead body. I now knew the meaning of the musketry I had heard as I was getting towards the square. I forced my way up after the body, into the great room. The moment they set it down, I discovered my lady coming towards it. She did not start at the sight, but sat down by its side without emotion; then lifting its eyelids with her fingers; "Do not you know me?" she sighed. "You used not to look at me thus!" Then pausing and casting her eyes up and down the body, "Ah!" said she, shaking her head, "I see it has rained blood in Spain

this day. On this she arose suddenly, and taking him by the hand, "Come with me, Walstein; I have laurels for you. Buxeda sent them by Diego." Then kneeling, she took her uncle's letter, and tearing it into little strips, stuck it in his hair, with a few green sprigs which she had kept in her hand. "And here are roses for you," as she pulled off the leaves of a rose, and threw them on his check. "But they will fade too; I will go and bring you lilies. Stop then," wept she, "stop, and do not move until I come again."

"Alas! poor lady," continued the Duenna, "oppressed by the fate of her friend, her relation, and her country, her sole delight is now to wander about the roads and gardens, singing broken songs, and gathering shrubs and flowers. I attend close to her in all her walks, and have succeeded this morning in persuading her to come in and rest herself. For my part, I think it was Heaven's mercy that deprived her of her wits. There she lies," said the Duenna, pointing to an inner room, "there she lies, poor thing, fast asleep, and may her sleep be refreshing; for she was the sweetest lady that ever eyes looked at upon Spanish ground."

ART. X.—No Fiction; or the Test of Friendsh p: a Narrative founded on recent and interesting facts. Baltimore: 2 vols. price § 2.

Our distant readers expect from us some account of the multitude of new books which daily meet their eyes in the pages of our city papers; and we endeavour to gratify them, when we find any thing really worth their notice. This curiosity is most readily and most generally excited by the title of a new novel—the delight of all readers—both young and old, grave and gay.

The singular title at the head of our page would seem to imply a story—it is therefore asked on all hands—Is it a Novel? If a Novel mean a fiction, the author says it is "No fiction." If a Novel means a new story—then it is a Novel, for the book contains a story, with a beginning, middle, and end, and powerfully sustained throughout. If this intimation should induce our readers to take it up, the result will probably be, that the serious wiff read it, every page with delight and edification, whilst another class, will run their eye from page to page to pick out the story, and will declare at last that the whole is overstrained! To apologize for this anticipation, we must now tell them that the staple of you. XII.

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the book, is deep, genuine, religious reflection. We are not ourselves, very fond of this mode of conveying religious instruction. Let us sit down to theology under its own proper name—and let us have a Novel for a lighter hour, always premising however, that piety should be the governing principle of every Novel to which we would give our sanction. Perhaps no writer of Novels has deserved more respect than Mrs West for this characteristic of her works. All her best characters are religious.

" No Fiction" bears the stamp of truth, at least so far as the incidents are concerned—they are exceedingly interesting, but neither romantic nor surprising; all flow easily, and naturally from the circumstances. The actors are few, and they act like human nature-but some of them we fear, are made to speak and feel as human nature seldom does. Douglass and Lefevre were friends. Both were young, and alike possessed of a taste for literature, for the grand and beautiful in nature—and an ardent desire to improve their minds, and increase their religious knowledge. Douglass was a settled christian. Lefevre of more susceptible temperament, but with the most honourable and upright intentions, often mistook passion for reason and fell into her snares. His falls, his affections, his recoveries, and the noble and unconquerable attachment of his friend, form the entertainment prepared in this " Narrative.

Lefevre's account of his first leaving home, to go into business in London, will be read with syn pathy by every mother.

"Of my residence and relations I need say nothing; and the events of my boyish life would scarcely have any thing to distinguish them from those of most boys at the same period of existence. Perhaps the first occurrence that is worth mentioning, is my departure from the maternal roof. I retain, and shall ever retain, a lively impression, of the feelings of that day. I seem to hear the stage-coach rattling up the paved street. I seem to feel my mothers's kisses—first impressed in the parlour—then renewed in the passage—and finally repeated on the steps at the door. I fancy I see her standing on the spot where we last embraced; the tears running down her cheek, as she said, 'My dear Charles, beware of the snares of London!—and then, as we separated, clasping her hands and looking towards the heavens, regardless of spectators, earnestly exclaim, 'God Almighty keep my child!'" Vol. 1. page 38.

Having been soberly educated, the habits of his young acquaintances in the Metropolis were somewhat shocking to his feelings.

"Perhaps one of the worst effects of this intercourse was that it begat light thoughts of religion and of the sabbath. I

well remember the feelings of one sabbath, which I had devoted to recreation and amusement; and which, as my companions insisted, were so needful after the confinement and labour of the week. I returned, in the evening, to my dwelling, more fatigued than by the duties of any common day, and dissatisfied with pleasures which my heart told me were mixed with sin. I retired to my chamber. Former days came to my mind The words of my mother— Beware of the snures of London! sunk in my heart. I sighed—I thought I would beware in future—I kneeled down and prayed to God to be my keeper.

"Must I tell you, my friend, how soon these impressions were removed, and my vows broken!—that they were often renewed, and as often violated, with more carelessness of the consequences each time!—so that I know not what I might have been at this

moment, but for a season of affliction."

His early principles however, are sustained by a timely acquaintance with Douglass, assisted by two excellent people with whom he lodged, who are thus finely described.

"Mr. Russell was unusually tall, portly, and of fine presence; with such an appearance of strength and dignity as to excite unmixed awe in the mind, had it not been united with a remarkable expression of meekness and benevolence in his countenance. His dispositions were habitually calm, contemplative, and devotional. He had become almost "the man of one book;" that book was the Bible; and on this he seemed rather to feed than to speculate. Religion with him was not so much an object of pursuit, as the element in which he constantly dwelt. Its influence appeared to raise him above this life; and you would have thought him unconnected with earth, had it not been for the affection he discovered as a husband, a father, and a friend. He passed through the world as a pilgrim, ignorant of its cunning, and unruffled by its uproar; and, if, in his passage, some events had power to agitate the surface of his passions, like the deep sunk well he seemed to contain beneath, those fresh springs of happiness which were inaccessible to all external accidents.

On the whole, there was something highly apostolic about him. Frequently, after Douglas and Lefevre have witnessed his serene and heavenly piety, rendered impressive by a majestic figure, crowned with locks bleached to the whiteness of snow by the hand of time, have they repeated these beautiful lines of Goldsmith:

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm: Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Mrs. Russell, on the other hand, appeared the contrast of her husband. Her person was short, but by no means unpleasant. Active, generous, susceptible and communicative, she readily see

cured that confidence which resoils from all the doublings of cold hearted selfishness. She was devoted to her husband, and overflowed with fondness to her offspring. In piety she was not at all behind Mr. Russell; but, while it was the same in principle, and equal in strength, it differed amazingly in many of its features. It was the same in the spring, but it received the colouring of the several channels through which it flowed. If the piety of Mr. Russell seemed to delight in still communion, that of Mrs. Russel seemed to exult in holy and active obedience. If the fire of his devout affections seemed to rise like a sacrificial flame. immediately to heaven, her's seemed to linger on the earth to enlighten and animate those around her. If religion in him appeared to raise the mind superior to the events of this life; in her, while it was, " as an anchor sure and steadfast," it left it still susceptible of their influence. Temporal sorrow could reduce her to momentary despondency; temporal disappointment could lash her into vexation; and temporal happiness could exalt her to the ectasies of joy.

With all this contrariety there were not wanting the strongest ties of union. Even the particulars in which these worthy persons differed, as they daily convinced them they were necessary to each other's existence, had a tendency to strengthen their attachments. In the most entire concord, they had seen forty summer suns pass away; and time had so far smoothed, and proportioned, and united their distinct characteristics, as to make them almost one person.\* And, if to reduce their opposite characters wholly to one existence, was not within the power of time, it was within the province of Nature. Providence had given them one son, who seemed to be formed from a simple mixture of their two

natures." Vol. 1. page 49.

In the society of these worthy persons he continues about twe years improving in virtue. The two friends, read and walked, and performed acts of benevolence, together, and devoted to each other the most of those hours that were unoccupied by their respective pursuits in business, delighted with one another, and happy in themselves. At this period Douglas is called to a distant part of the kingdom, and Lefevre by degrees becomes the associate of the young men in the public office in which he was engaged. These were spirited youths, liberal in their expenses, liberal in their morals, and very liberal in their religious sentiments. They admired his talents, and skill in business—they respected his virtue—but they ridiculed his puritanism. Douglas his Mentor, was now gone, and Lefevre is drawn into their parties. They sup and drink together, and soon, he is not easy under

This is a fine portrait of earthly felicity, and clearly evinces its indispenable ingredients to be—piety, virtue, gratitude, resignation, and contentment.

this change of his regular economical habits, but he hopes he is not very wrong. His income will not new meet his expenses, but they have a prospect of an encrease of their salaries—and this will discharge his debts. The encrease is obtained, but still he is in debt;

"This was a great disappointment to Lesevre. Something he must do to extricate himself, and that immediately. The friendship of Douglas seemed to invite him to explain his difficulties to him; but his pride resisted the suggestion: he feared it would lower Douglas's respect for him; and he knew that he would not fail to express surprise and concern on the occasion.

It was about this period that Lefevre renewed his connexion with Wallis, on the business of the office. His attachment to Wallis was not attended with that esteem and respect which marked his friendship for Douglas; he, therefore, found it comparatively easy to intimate his straitened situation to him. Wallis was just then seeking to weaken the influence of Douglas, and to tie Lefevre to himself; and he fairly rejoiced at so favourable an opportunity. He understood the wishes of Lefevre before they were half expressed, and insisted on his accepting twice the sum he had named, with the air of a man who was receiving rather than conerring a favor.

This conduct powerfully affected the open and generous mind of Lefevre. It did, indeed, to his eye, hide a multitude of sins; and so bound him to Wallis, that even when conscience, as we have seen, reproached him with continuing the intimacy, the weight of obligation withheld him from breaking it. So true it

is that a state of debt and dependence are inseparable.

Meanwhile Wallis's assistance, though it afforded Lefevre temporary relief, did not really benefit him. It encouraged him rather to rest his hopes on expedients and favourable accidents, than on a determination of living within his certain income. "Wallis," he allowed himself to think, "would still do more for him if he required it; he might soon obtain a rise in the office, and that would set all right; and if these failed, he had no doubt that his mother and Douglas would do their utmost for him, on an emergency." With such vague and unjust reliances, it may easily be expected that, on slight temptation, Lefevre would involve himself in even greater expenses than those which he had already found too large for his income. This was really the case. His reunion with Wallis; his liberality to the distressed persons in the office; his coffee-house suppers; his encreased taste for company; his abhorrence of every thing mean and shabby; and particularly his baving made himself responsible for some debts of his deceased brother; had joined to throw him into a state of embarrassment more serious than at any former period.

Lefevre, though not fond of obligation to any one, felt not the evilof his obligations to Wallis, till the moment in which he resolved

to break with him. He then discovered that they had robbed him of a portion of his independence; and that, should he do what he though this duty. Wallis might charge him with ingratitude and baseness. The reflection was bitter to him; but he confirmed his intentions by prayer, and laid himself on his pillow that evening, resolving to recover himself from his engagements to Wallis, and drop a friendship which was prejudicial to his best interests.

The ensuing morning, as Lefevre was thinking how he might best carry his purposes, he was served with a copy of a writ! It was the first he had received. It alarmed him. It came from a tradesman least expected to act so, as he had done much to serve and recommend him. His pride and kindness were wounded. He sat still and silent a few moments; he rose and paced the room, repeating the words, "base, insolent, worthless fellow!" and then he returned to his chair, sensible of the folly of railing, and of the necessity of doing something for his personal liberty without delay. "And what," said he, "can I do! The sum is small—not ten pounds—but what does that signify?—small as it is, I cannot pay it. O, I never knew the misery of debt till now!
—What shall I do?—Douglas?—No—I will not apply to Douglas-he will despise me. I will not be despised; and yet do I not despise myself?-Wallis?-shall I go to him?-that will only increase the obligations I purpose to abolish! Well, I cannot help it, I must apply somewhere—and I know he will be kind -Hard is my fate." How apt are we to impeach Divine Providence, when we have nothing to complain of but our own imprudence!

Lesceve hastened to the dwelling of his friend, and explained his situation to him. Wallis received him just as he could have wished—"Ungrateful impudent sellow!" exclaimed he—"plague on him! Put your mind at rest—leave it all with me—I'll show him a trick or two for this, I warrant you. Leave it to me—you shall hear no more about it—I'll see him—and he shall either take my word for the payment, or, if that won't do, I'll settle the account at once—if he dare to take it."

Lefevre's arxieties subsided, and left him wholly the subject of admiration and gratitude. He seized the hand of his friend,— "Thank you! thank you!" said his lips;—"Generous Wallis!" said his heart, "why did I think of breaking with you!—I will never——." His convictions struggled with his overwrought feelings—he could not expressly resolve on inviolable friendship." Vol. 1, page 229.

We have been tempted to make this impressive extract for the sake of those young men who do not yet know that borrowing of money for unnecessary expenses will inevitably rob them of their peace. Gratitude had now bound the generous Lefevre to his unprincipled companion, he consents to spend a week in the coun-

try with him, but without letting the Russell's know where he was going. "So surely does a practice which our conscience condemns, lead the most ingenious minds to concealment. The anticipated week was a week of pleasure. The mornings were given to sporting, and the evenings to convivial pleasure." "Lefevre had brought himself to call this period a week of innocent recreation, but with all his speciousness he could not induce his heart to justify the appellation." He felt there was too much eating, too much drinking, too much jesting, too much folly, in the absence of all elevated and religious conversation, for his conscience wholly to approve. 'And yet' said he fretfully, 'why do I not approve? The rest are happy, why should I be miserable?' In that moment of passion, such is the wickedness of the human heart, he had almost branded religion and his religious connexions as the disturbers of his peace!"

The blossoms of hope and resolution had however withered, and vice had gained the ascendance: still he was unhappy. The concert, the ball-room, the card-table, the tavern club, the theatre, the masquerade, all witnessed his attendance—but all left him unkappy. Attendance on the sick-bed of his friend Douglas, for whom he still felt the warmest affection and esteem, arrested for a moment his career—but the dread of singularity, that bane of young men, and the fear of being branded with the odious stigma of meanness, if he should contract his expenses, tormented him. Debt had destroyed his manly spirit, and dissipation must drown reflection! Still he was wretched—he condemned himself—cursed his being, and flew to the stupifying draught! The affectionate admonitions of the Russels disgust him, and the tender letters of his mother, while they wound his heart, lead him only to disengenuous disguises of the truth. He changes his lodgings to free himself from the restraints of inconvenient friendship, but is again aroused by several letters from Mr. Douglas, who entreats him to consider, and informs him that he is about to complete his happiness by an union with a lady of similar character with his own. Poor Lefevre, now laments his past folly-begins a reformation, and visits Miss D. with a view to confirm his good resolves by by matrimonial comfort—he addresses her and is accepted. All now went on very well, and he is wholly unprepared for a reverse -but Miss D. is informed by a rival of his excesses and he is dismissed, by a note from her, delivered by her grandmother, at the

moment when he expected the day of his nuptials would have been named! His entreaties procure an interview, which, as it is the only love-scene in the book, we must indulge our young readers with at full length, and advise all young ladies to imitate the wisdom of Miss D.

" Hope and fear struggled in the bosom of Lefevre, at the sight of her, so violently, that he could not address her.

"I had hoped you would have spared us this painful interview,"

said Miss D-, " but as you request it, I come."

"O" said Lefevre, afflicted by her changed manner, " speak

not so coldly.-Receive my explanation-let me hope -"

"You have no reason to think me cold on such an occasion. Alas! I am not ashamed to acknowledge, this affair has cost me more than you—more than my greatest enemy, would have wished me to suffer."

The forbidden tear stole from her eye. Lefevre was meked at her emotion. He seized her hand, and exclaimed—" My dear

Miss D--! Let me-"

She withdrew her hand, and interrupting him, said, "Mr Lefevre, this is not wise. Do not misconstrue my involuntary feelings. I do feel—but my feelings cannot change my opinion—should I even sink under them, my resolution will remain the same. To destroy the power of suspense on your mind, let me deliberately assure you——"?

"O, say it not!" interrupted Lefevre—"I am lost if you say it! Say you will use your influence to fix me in virtue—to raise me

to happiness!"

"I cannot—indeed I cannot!" she replied, with an agitated voice. "My heart knows I wish you happy—wish you every thing that is good—but I must not sacrifice myself."

"No!"—said he—" you need not. I should be all you wish—all I wish to be. O, you know not what power you have over me!"

"I cannot trust that power! All who have trusted it, have repented of it. In the past you have submitted to one temptation after another, and what security is there for the future? And, could that security be given, it would not be sufficient for me. No—forgive me in saying it, duty imposes it on me—I could never give my hand to a person, allowing him to be reformed, who has, in former life, been familiarized with vice. This will convince you, that I never can be yours. No—And in withdrawing my hand from you, I do it with a resolution of never giving it to any other! Yes—my vain dream of bliss is followed by real sorrows! and I enly blame my own indiscretion for it!"

The tears flowed freely as she ceased. Lefevre stood motionless. The struggle was deep in his soul. Hope expired—despair triumphed—the conflict of the passions produced a calm, more dreadful than their violence. At length, raising his eyes, and forgetful for the moment of those about him, he exclaimed, with a tone see

deep as his feeling, "O God! it is thine hand—and I deserve it!"

Then catching her hand he pressed and repressed it to his burning lips, and dropping it, said, "There! now it's all over! now I'm a lost man! The outcast of Providence!—I have no friend!—no—neither in heaven nor on earth!—O, weep not for me—I deserve it not! Best of women! I ought not to be yours—I am not worthy of you! Forget me—Tell me I have not power to make you unhappy—that alone can give me some comfort!"

He paused—but was answered only by sobs and tears. He was passing to the door, but checking himself, he turned back, and said,—"At least, Miss D——, do me the justice to believe, that, in my conduct before you, i was not acting a part. No—whatever I have been—whatever I may be—I was not a hypocrite. I acted uprightly—and really meant to be what I professed—Farewell—for ever

farewell!"

So saying, he dashed the stale tears from his eyelids—and hurried from the room and the house.

" Mr. Lefevre!" cried the agitated grandmother, " leave us not thus."

"O, stay! stay!"—exclaimed Miss D—, roused by the voice of her relative, to a sense of his departure, and losing all restraint on her feelings.

Lefevre did not obey—did not hear. He had fled to the stable—thrown himself on his saddle, and, in an instant, the shoes of the horse were ringing on the pebbled court yard. The chords of her heart answered to every sound. She hastened to a window that commanded a corner of the road. She saw Lefevre turn the angle, and disappear—she felt it was for ever!—She clasped her hands in anguish—a sense of suffocation rose to her throat—she hurried to her closet to weep and sigh in secret!

Lefevre sighed not—wept not—spoke not—thought not. The vultures of remorse and despair were busy at his heart; and he surrendered it as a victim, without an effort or a wish for its preservation. He was alive only to a sense of wretchedness; and he hurried over the road, which, an hour ago, had been so pleasing to him, as if he felt that change of place might bring relief. Wretchedness, however, like happiness, is not the inhabitant of places but of persons; and Lefevre found himself at home, without any mitigation of his pains. He locked his door, and threw himself on some chairs that were near it, overcome with that stupor which follows bodily exhaustion, and acute mental sufferings. Thus he lay for some hours. Vol. 2. page 49.

Reason and hope, no longer casting their occasional glimmerings on the victim of forbidden passions, Lefevre returns to intemperance. Intemperance disorders his business—and his employers ask a statement of his accounts.

To be suspected after ten years of faithful services fill up the Vol. x11.

measure of his sufferings! Indignant and self-condemned, their rium and despair come next—despair of all peace in this world, or in that to come! Despair, settles down into melancholy—he escapes from his weeping friends into the country, and is tempted by the sight of a river to drown himself!

"The side to the water rose perpendicularly about four foot above the surface, and descended several feet below it. To this elevation Lefevre ascended. He walked to and fro, agitated with those throes of passion, which, by the torment they gave, biassed his mind to the sinister resolution. Weary of action and weary of life, he sat himself on the stones at the very verge of the river. This was the moment of trial! The night had come on. Obscurity had fallen on every thing but the waters; on them the moon beams played with most fascinating sweetness. Lefevre's frame was heated with fever and exercise; no breeze was stirring to invigorate it; the river alone looked cool and refreshing, and seemed inviting him to its very bosom.—He listened—not a sound was to be heard. He looked round—not a living creature was to be seen. His purpose strengthened—he started on his feet. His spirit shuddered with horror—not at the leap to the waters—but at the idea of rushing into the presence of the great God he had offended! He walked about in agitation—sat down again. He postponed a purpose which he had not power either to break or fulfil—he would do it when the tide came to a certain height. His aching eye hung over the bank, watching the awful progress of the rippling waters. Now they ran over the stone, which was to fill up the measure of his time—but they sank again! The blood fell back to his heart, and the sweat drops sprang on his forehead! Now again the little waves ripple over the mark—and—subside no more! He rises from his seat for the last time! He starts to see a person in the path which ran along the bottom of the bank. He paused to get the stranger out of sight. This was not so readily done. He waited—and waited; and, at last concluding the intruder meant to watch him, he descended to the pathway, and left the place, full of indignation." Vol. 2. page 102.

Thus happily discovered, he is restored to his distracted mother, but the solicitude of his friends moves him only to the determination of hiding his disgraced head. He finds an opportunity to abscond again, and enlists in a regiment ordered to Canada. The last glimpse of his native land effected what every other effort had failed to do—it is thus beautiful described.

"The ship now stood out to sea, and every object was distanced to his sight. He painfully felt each inch of the way the vessel made. Soon the light of day became fainter, and the distance more considerable; till England only appeared as a promoutory on which nothing could be distinguished, except the deep fogs that surrounded its foot, and the dim, heavy glory that pressed its summit. Ima-

ginstion still ran operits favourite spots, and his affections, so longinactive, obstinately clung to his friends, now the hand of time threatened to separate him from them forever. His distressed thoughts flew from thing to thing, and from one beloved person to another, busy but restless; as though the opportunity of dwelling on them would be lost to him, immediately the receding point of land should sink in the dark horizon. The vessel heaved—and his eye was thrown from the dear spot on which it hung! He shifted his position—and strained every nerve of sight to recover it. Now he saw it !-no, it was a mist! Now !-no, it was a wave! Still his eye pierced to the line that bounded the sky and water; but, no,-nothing could be found !- Indescribable anguish swelled within him. A thousand tender ties seemed snapped at once. All the smothered sentiments of friendship, of filial affection, of local endearment, invigorated by the love of country, a passion so often found to survive other attachments, rose in his soul. The depths of sorrow were broken up-tears gushed from his eyes he sank down on the deck, and long and bitterly did he weep!" Vol. 2. page 156.

Salutary were the tears of Lofevre—They relieved the gloomy torpor of his soul.

"The light of heaven seemed beaming through the separating clouds of melancholy, and his whole conduct appeared to him in a totally new point of view. He was confounded at his own folly and presumption, in tearing himself from the bosom of his friends, and his native country. The name of his mother quivered on his lips, while he thought, for the first time seriously, of the agonies she must have suffered through his rashness. Softenend by filial love, his mind turned to religious objects." Vol. 2. page 158.

"Painful was it to think of the pious entreaties he had slighted—of the privileges he had cast away—of the talents he had squandered—of the immortal hopes he had pawned to a base and deceitful world!"—" His heart filled." "O God!" he cried, with emotions made up of sorrow humility and love; and the tears of regret were changed into those of generous penitence!

Arrived in Canada, the penitent becomes once more excellent, active, and useful. He writes to his friends and after a considerable time they procure his discharge. The "fatted calf" is killed to receive the "prodigal son," and joy again illumines the virtuous group. It is hard to part with our hero without marrying him to the worthy Miss D. as any common writer would have done—but this is "No Fiction"—Miss D. had perhaps repented of her resolution—and given her hand to another—but for the honour of "incurable love" this fact must be concealed. We have given large

extracts to show the powers of our author, in making an unpopular subject delightful.

Throughout there is much beautiful description, much pathos—sound sense—and sound piety.

We are tempted to give one more passage which is so in nature— "so truly womanly" that we should think no man could have conceived it. The time, is the day of Lefevre's return to his first lodging and the kind Mrs. Russel's introducing him to his former rooms.

" The minute thus stolen from ceremony, was given to the exercise of a lively and delicate affection. It gave Mrs. Russel opportunity to assure herself that all was arranged as she would have it. Her truly womanly eye offended instantly by the want of order and proportion, ran over the room. Every thing was in its place—the whole looked well. Yet, there was an unaccountable itching in her fingers, to give a touch to all things. She stroked the plaits of the curtains—regulated the drop of the blinds to the light and to each other—ran her hand along the surface of the book-shelves—shifted the desk and chair about half an inch -hastened into the anti-chamber, passing her fingers over the counterpane as she went-and opened, finally, the linen-drawer, to see that nothing there was rumpled. All this was done in a shorter time than is required to tell it; and being done, Mrs. Russel took her stand in the middle of the room, waiting to mark with, glistening eyes, the first impression on Lefevre." Vol. 2. page 273.

This is a very serious book, intended for instruction, not amusement, yet it is so beautifully written—so truly interesting, that we cannot believe those who begin, will leave it unfinished. If the people of England have read five editions, will the people of America stop at two? Are we less disposed to encourage literature—or are we less disposed to serious meditation? We are not inclined to concede either, to our trans-atlantic brethren; but we cught in justice to acknowledge, that the rapid circulation of such a book, is presumptive evidence in favour of their moral character, and reminds us of "the masculine morality—the sober and rational piety which are found in all classes" ascribed to this nation by Mr. Walsh, in one of the most eloquent passages that ever fell from his pen.

From the specimens we have given, our readers must be satisfied with the language of "No Fiction:" but we beg leave to enter our protest against an innovation, which this writer has adopted, and which we have very lately observed to be creeping in amongst ourselves—"Lefevre made a motion to leave."

This phraseology occurs several times. To leave what? To leave whom? We are no friends to innovation in our language—especially if its effect should be to leave the speaker's meaning uncertain.

H.

### ART. XI .- The Bogle of Anneslie.

#### From the Etonian.

"'An' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?" said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart, as they sat in the door of her father's cottage one fine Autumn evening:—"Do you hear that, mither, Andrew 'll no believe i' the Bogle!"

"Gude be wi' us, Effie!" exclaimed Andrew,—a slender and delicate youth of about two-and-twenty,—" a bonny time I wad hae o't, gin I were to heed every auld wife's clatter."

'The words "auld wife" had a manifest effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence. Her mother immediately opened a battery upon the young man's prejudices, narrating that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock o' night, a certain apparition was wont to appear, in the form of a maiden above the usual size, with a wide three cornered hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned, but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll rue that, dearly will he rue't!" said Effie, as he departed.

'Many days, however, passed away, and Effie was evidently much disappointed to find that the scepticism of her lover gathered strength. Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes and jests, the true believers, and to call upon them for the reasons of their faith. Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled. Andrew was passing over the moor, while the clock struck ten; for it was his usual practice to walk at that hour, in order to mock the fears of his future bride. He was just winding round the thicket which opened to him a view of the cottage where Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step behind him, and, in an instant, his feet were tripped up, and he was laid prostrate on the turf. Upon looking up he beheld a tall muscular man standing over him, who, in no courteous manner, desired to see the contents of his pocket. "Deil be on ye!" exclaimed the young forester, "I hae but ae coini' the warld." "That coin maun I hae," said his assailant.

"Faith! I'se show ye play for't, then," said Andrew, and sprung upon his feet.

'Andrew was esteemed the best cudgel-player for twenty miles round, so that in brief space, he cooled the ardour of his antagonist, and dealt such visitations upon his scull as might have made a much firmer head-ache for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and, pausing in his assault, raised his hand to his forehead, and buried it among his dark locks. It returned covered with blood. "Thou hast cracked my crown," he said, "but yet ye sha' na gang scatheless;" and, flinging down his cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and grasping his body before he was aware of the attack, whirled him to the earth with an appalling impetus. "The Lord hae mercy on me!" said Andrew," I'm a dead man."

'He was not far from it, for his rude foe was proparing to put the finishing stroke to his victory. Suddenly something stirred in the bushes, and the conqueror, turning away from his victim, eried out, "the bogle! the bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew ventured to look up. He saw the figure which had been described to him approaching; it came nearer and nearer; its face was very pale, and its step was not heard on the grass. At last it stood by his side, and looked down upon him. Andrew buried his face in his cloak: presently the apparition spoke--indistinctly indeed, for its teeth seemed to chatter with cold:-"This is a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir!" and immediately it glided away.-Andrew lay a few minutes in a trance; and then arising from his cold bed, ran hastily towards the cottage of his mistress. His hair stood on end, and the vapours of the night sunk chill upon his brow as he lifted up the latch, and flung himself on an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman, "Why, ye are mair than eneugh to frighten a body out o' her wits? To come in wi' sie a jaunt and a jerk, bareheaded, and the red blood scattered a' o'er your new leather jerkin! Shame on you, Andwew! in what mishanter hast thou broken that fule's head o' thine!"

"Peace mither," said the young man, taking breath. "I have seen the bogle."

The old lady had a long line of repreaches, drawn up in order of march between her lips; but the mention of the bogle was the signal for disbanding them. A thousand questions poured in, in

rapid succession.—" How old was she? How was she dressed! Who was she like? What did she say?

- "She was a tall thin women, about seven feet high!"
- "Oh Andrew!" cried Effic.
- " As ugly as sin!"
- "Other people tell a different story," said F.ffie.
- "True on my Bible oath! and then her beard"-
- "A beard! Andrew," shricked Effie, "a woman with a beard? For shame, Andrew!"
- "Nay, I will swear it !-She had seen full saxty winters afore she died to trouble us!"
- "I'll wager my best new goun," said the maiden, " that saxteen would be nearer the mark."
- But wha was she like, Andrew!" said the old woman. "Was she like auld Janet that was drowned in the pond hard by? or that suld witch that your master hanged for stealing his pet lamb? or was she like—"
- "Are you sure she was na like me, Andrew!" said Effie, looking archly in his face.
- "You—Pahaw! Faith, guid mither, she was like to naebody that I ken, unless it be auld Elspeth, the cobler's wife, that was spirited awa' by the Abbot, for breaking Father Jerome's head wi' a tin frying pan?"
  - "And how was she drest, Andrew?"
- "In that horrible three cornered hat, which may I be blinded if ever I seek to look upon again! an' in a lang blue apron."
- "Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twirling her own green apron round her thumb.
- "How you like to teaze one!" said the lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his mistress's pleasantry; for he laboured under great depression of spirits, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.
- "But ye hae no taid us what she said, lad!" said the old woman, assuming an air of deeper mystery as each question was put and answered in its turn.
- "Lord! what signifies it whether she said this or that! Haud your tongue! and get me some comfort; for, to speak truth, I'm vera canld."

Well mayes thou be sae," said Effie; "for indeed," she continued, in a feigned voice, "it was a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Annealie Muir."

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass over his mind. He looked up at the damsel, and perceived, for the first time, that her large blue eye was laughing at him from under the shade of a huge three-cornered Hat. The next moment he hung over her in an ecstacy of gratitude, and smothered with his kisses the ridicule which she forced upon him as the penalty of his preservation.

- " Seven feet high, Andrew!"-
- " My dear Effie!"-
- " As ugly as sin!"
- "My darling lassie?"-
- " And a beard!"-
- "Na! na! now you carry the jest o'er far!"
- "And saxty winters!"
- "Saxteen springs; Effie! dear, delightful, smiling, springs!"
- "And Elspeth the cobler's wife! oh! Andrew, Andrew! I never can forgive you for the cobler's wife!—and what say you now, Andrew! is there nae bogle on the muir?"
- "My dear Effie! for your sake I'll believe in a' the bogles in Christendie!"
- "That is," said Effie, at the conclusion of a long and vehement fit of risibility, "that is, in a' that wear three-cornered Hats."

### ART. XII -From Baron Humboldt's personal Narrative .-- Vol. 4.

[We have selected from Baron Humboldt's personal narrative, which has not been republished in this country, the following account of his journey down the Rio Apure to its junction with the Oroonoko. We have marked some other passages, which we shall give in a future number.—Ed. P. F.]

Having passed the Diatante, we entered a land inhabited only by tigers, crocodiles, and chiguires, a large species of the genus caria of Linnæus. We saw flocks of birds, crowded so close together, as to appear against the sky like a dark cloud, that every instant changed its form. The river widens by degrees. One of its banks is generally barren and sandy from the effect of inundations: the other is higher and covered with lofty trees. Sometimes the river is bordered by forest, on each side, and forms a straight canal, a hundred and fifty toises broad. The manner in which the trees are disposed, is very remarkable. We first find bushes of sauso forming a kind of hedge four feet high, and appearing as if they had been clipped by the hand of man. A copse

of cedars, brazillettoes, and lignum vitæ, rises behind this hedge. Palm trees are rare; we saw only a few scattered trunks of the thorny piritu and corozo. The large quadrupeds of those regions, the tigers, tapirs, and pecaris, have made openings in the hedge of sausos which we have just described. Through these the wild animals pass, when they come to drink at the river. As they fear but litthe the approach of a boat, we had the pleasure of viewing them, pace slowly along the shore, till they disappeared, in the forest, which they entered by one of the narrow passes left here and there between the bushes. I confess that these scenes. which were often repeated, had ever for me a peculiar attraction. The pleasure they excite is not owing solely to the interest, which the naturalist takes in the objects of his study; it is connected with a feeling common to all men, who have been brought up in the habits of civilization. You find yourself in a new world, in the midst of untamed and savage nature. Now it is the jaguar, the beautiful panther of America, that appears upon the shore, and now the hocco\* with its black plumage and its tusted head, that moves slowly along the sausos. Animals of the most different classes succeed each other. " Esse como en el Paraiso." said our pilot, an old Indian of the missions. Every thing indeed here recalls to mind that state of the primitive world, the innocence and felicity of which, ancient and venerable traditions have transmitted to all nations: but, in carefully observing the manners of animals between themselves, we see that they mutually avoid and fear each other. The golden age has ceased; and in this Paradise of the American forests, as well as every where else, sad and long experience has taught all beings, that benignity is seldom found in alliance with strength.

When the shore is of considerable breadth, the hedge of sauso remains at a distance from the river. In this intermediate ground we see crocodiles, sometimes to the number of eight or ten stretched on the sand motionless, the jaws opened at right angles, they repose by each other without displaying any of those marks of affection, observed in other animals that live in society. The troop separates as soon as they quit the shore. It is, however, probably composed of one male only, and many females; for, as Mr. Descourtils, who has so much studied the crocodiles of St.

<sup>•</sup> Crax alector, the peacock pheasant; c. pauxi, the cashew bird.

<sup>†&</sup>quot;It is just as it was in Paradise."
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Domingo, observed before me, the males are rare, because they kill one another in fighting during the season of their loves. These monstrous reptiles are so numerous, that throughout the whole course of the river we had almost at every instant five or six in view. Yet at this period the swelling of the Rio Apure was scarely perceived; and consequently hundreds of crocodiles were still buried in the mud of the savannahs. About four in the afternoon we stopped to measure a dead crocodile, that the waters had thrown on the shore. It was only sixteen feet eight inches long; some days after Mr. Bonpland found another, a male, twenty two feet three inches long. In every zone, in America as in Egypt, this animal attains the same size. The species so abundant in the Apure, the Oroonoko, and the Rio de la Magdalena, is not a cayman, or alligator, but a real crocodile, with feet dentated at the external edges, analagous to that of the Nile. When it is recollected, that the male enters the age of puberty only at ten years, and that its length is then eight feet, we may presume, that the crocodile, measured by Mr. Bonpland was at least twenty-eight years old. The Indians told us, that at San Fernando scarcely a year passes, without two or three grown up persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being drowned by these carniverous lizards. They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her loose, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, happily reached the shore, swimming with the hand she had still left. In those desert countries, where man is ever wresting with nature, discourse daily turns on the means, that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a boa or traga venado, or a crocodile; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that await him. I knew, said the young girl of Uritucu coolly, "that the cayman lets go his hold, if you push your fingers into his eyes." Long after my return to Europe I learned, that in the interior of Africa the negroes know and practise the same means. Who does not recollect with a lively interest Isaaco, the guide of the unfortunate Mungo Park, seized twice, near Boulinkombou, by a crocodile, and twice escaping from the jaws of the monster, having succeeded in placing his fingers under water in both his eyes? The African Isaaco,

and the young American, owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas.

The movements of the crocodile of the Apure are abrupt and moid when it attacks any object; but it moves with the slowness of a salamander, when it is not excited by rage or hunger. The animal in sunning makes a rustling noise, that seems to proceed from the rubbing of the scales of its skin against one another. In this movement it bends its back, and appears higher on its legs than when at rest. We often heard this noise of the scales very near us on the shore; but it is not true, as the Indians pretend, that, like the pangolins, the old crocodiles " can erect their scales, and every part of their armour." The motion of these animals is no doubt generally in a straight line, or rather like that of an arrow which changes its direction at certain distances. However, notwithstanding the little apparatus of false ribs, that connects the xertchrze of the neck, and seems to impede the lateral movement, crocodiles can turn easily, when they please. I often saw young ones biting their tails; and other observers have seen the same scien in crocodiles at their full growth. If their movements almost always appear to be straight forward, it is because, like our small lizards, they execute them by starts. Crocodiles are excelleat swimmers; they go with facility against the most rapid currest. It appeared to me, however, that in descending the river they had some difficulty in turning quickly about. A large dog that had accompanied us in our journey from Caraccas to the Rio Negro, was one day pursued in swimming by an enormous crocodile, which had nearly reached him, when the dog escaped its enemy by turning round suddenly and swimming against the current. The crocodile performed the same movement, but much more slowly than the dog, which happily gained the shore.

The crocodiles of the Apure find abundant nourishment in the chiguires, (the thick nosed tapir of the naturalists,) which live 50 or 60 together in troops on the banks of the river. These unfortunate animals, as large as our pigs, have no weapons of defence; they swim somewhat better than they run: yet they become the prey of the crocodiles in the water, as of the tigers on land-It is difficult to conceive, how, persecuted by two powerful enemies, they can become so numerous; but they breed with the same rapidity as the cobayas, or little guinea-pigs, which come to us from Brazil.

We stopped below the mouth of the Cano de la Tigrera, in a sinuosity called La Vuelta del Joval, to measure the velocity of the water at its surface. It was not more than 3.2 feet in a second; which gives 2.56 feet for the mean velocity. The barometrical heights, attending to the effects of the little horary variations, indicated scarcely a slope of seventeen inches in a mile of nine hundred and fifty toises. The velocity is the simultaneous effect of the slope of the ground, and the accumulation of the waters by the swelling of the upper parts of the river We were again surrounded by chiguires, which swim like dogs, raising the head and neck above the water. We saw with surprise a large crocodile on the opposite shore, motionless, and sleeping in the midst of these nibbling animals. It awoke at the approach of our canoe, and went into the water slowly, without affrighting the chiguires. Our Indians accounted for this indifference by the stupidity of the animal; but it is more probable, that the chiguires know by long experience, that the crocodile of the Apure and the Orosnoko does not attack upon land, unless he finds the object he would seize immediately in his way, at the instant when he throws himself into the water.

. Near the Joval nature assumes an awful and savage aspect.-We there saw the largest tiger we had ever met with. tives themselves were astonished at its prodigious length, which surpassed that of all the tigers of India I had seen in the collections of Europe. The animal lay stretched beneath the shade of a large zamang.\* It had just killed a chiguire, but had not yet touched its prey, on which it kept one of its paws. The zamuroes, a species of vulture which we have compared above to the percnopterus of Lower Egypt, were assembled in flocks to devour the remains of the jaguar's repast. They afforded the most curious spectacle, by a singular mixture of boldness and timidity. They advanced within the distance of two feet from the jaguar, but at the least movement the beast made, they drew back. In order to observe more nearly the manners of these animals, we went into the little boat, that accompanied our cause. Tigers very rarely attack boats by swimming to them; and never but when their ferocity is heightened by a long privation of food. The noise of our oars led the animal to rise slowly and hide itself behind the sauso bushes

\* A species of mimosa.

that bordered the shore. The vultures tried to profit by this moment of absence to devour the chiguire: but the tiger, notwith-standing the proximity of our boat, leaped into the midst of them; and in a fit of rage, expressed by his gait and the movement of his tail, carried off his prey to the forest. The Indians regretted, that they were not provided with their lances, in order to go on shore, and attack the tiger. They are accustomed to this weapon, and were right in not trusting to our musquets, which, in an air so excessively humid, often miss fire.

Continuing to descend the river, we met with the great herd of chiguires, which the tiger had put to flight, and from which he had selected his prey. These animals saw us land with great tranquility; some of them were seated, and gazed upon us, moving the upper lip like rabbits. They seemed not to be afraid of men, but the sight of our great dog put them to flight. Their hind legs being longer than their fore legs, their pace is a slight gallop, but with so little swiftness, that we succeeded in catching two of them. The chiguire, which swims with the greatest agility, utters a short moan in running, as if its respiration were impeded. It is the largest of the family of gnawing animals. It defends itself only at the last extremity, when it is surrounded and wounded. Having great strength in its grinding teeth, particularly the hinder ones, which are pretty long, it can tear the paw of a tiger. or the leg of a horse, with its bite. Its flesh has a smell of musk somewhat disagreeable; yet hams are made of it in this country, which almost justifies the name of water hog given to the chiguire by some of the older naturalists. The missionary monks do not hesitate to eat these hams during lent. According to their Zoological classifications, they place the armadillo, the thick nosed tapir, and the manatee near the tortoises; the first, because it is covered with a hard armour, like a sort of shell, and the others because they are amphibious. The chiguires are found in such numbers on the banks of the river Santo Domingo, Apure and Arauca, in the marshes and the inundated savannahs, of the Llanos, that the pasturages suffer from them. They browze the grass which fattens the horses best, and which bears the name of chiguirero, "chiguire grass." They feed also upon fish; and we saw with surprize, that, affrighted by the approach of a boat, the animal in diving remains eight or ten minutes under water.

We passed the night as usual, in the open air, though in a

plantation, the proprietor of which employed himself in hunting tigers. He was almost naked, and of a dark brewn complexion like a Zambo. This did not prevent his thinking himself of the He called his wife and his daughter, who were cast of Whites. as naked as himself, Donna Isabella, and Donna Manuela. Without having ever quitted the banks of the Apure, he took a lively interest " in the news of Madrid, in those wars which never ended and in every thing down yonder; tedas las cosas de alla." He knew, that the king was soon to come and visit " the grandees of the country of Caraccas," but, added he with some pleasantry, " as the people of the court can eat only wheaten bread, they will never pass beyond the town of Victoria, and we shall not see them here." I had brought with me a chiguire, which I had intended to have roasted; but our host assured us, that such " Indian game" was not food fit for noe otroe cadalleroe blancos, a white gentlemen like him and me." Accordingly he offered us some venison, which he had killed the day before with an arrow, for he had neither powder nor fire arms.

We supposed that a small wood of plantain trees concealed from us the hut of the farm: but this man, so proud of his nobility and the colour of his skin, had not taken the trouble of constructing an ajouna of palm leaves. He invited us to have our hammocks hung near his own, between two trees; and he assured us with an air of complacency, that, if we came up the river in the rainy season, we should find him beneath a roof, (baxo techo.) We soon had reason to complain of a philosophy, which, indulgent to indolence, renders a man indifferent to the conveniences of life. A furious wind arose after midnight, lightnings ploughed the horizon, the thunder rolled, and we were wet to the skin. During this storm a whimsical incident served to amuse us for a moment. Donna Isabella's cat had perched upon the tamarind-tree, at the foot of which we lay. It fell into the hammock of one of our companions, who, wounded by the claws of the cat, and awakened from a profound sleep, thought he was attacked by some wild beast of the forest. We ran to him on hearing his cries, and had some trouble to convince him of his error. While it rained in torrents on our hammocks, and the instruments we had landed, don Ignacio congratulated us on our good fortune in not sleeping on the strand, but finding ourselves in his domain, among whites and persons of rank; entre gente blanca y de trato.

Wet as we were, we could not easily persuade ourselves of the advantages of our situation, and listened with some impatience to the long narrative our host gave us of his pretended expedition to Rio Meta, of the valour he had displayed in a bloody combat with the Guahibe Indians, and "the services that he had rendered God and his King, in carrying away children (los Indiacitos) from their parents, to distribute them in the missions." How singular a spectacle, to find in that vast solitude a man, who believes himself of European race, and knows no other shelter than the shade of a tree, with all the vain pretensions, all the hereditary prejudices, all the errors, of long civilization!

April the 1st. At sun rise we quitted signior don Ignacio, and Signora donna Isabella his wife. The weather was cooler, for the thermometer, which generally kept up in the day to 30 or 350 had sunk to 24°. The temperature of the river was little changed, it continued constantly at 26° or 27°. The current carried with it an enormous quantity of trunks of trees. We might imagine, that on ground entirely smooth, and where the eye cannot distinguish the least hill, the river would have formed by the force of its current a channel in a straight line. A glance at the map, which I traced by the compass, will prove the contrary. The two banks. worn by the waters, do not furnish an equal resistance; and almost imperceptible inequalities of the level suffice to produce great sinuosities, yet below the Joval, where the bed of the river enlarges a little, it forms a channel that appears perfectly straight, and is shaded on each side by very tall trees. This part of the river is called Cano Ricco. I found it to be one hundred and thirty six toises broad. We passed a low island, inhabited by thousands of flamingoes rose-coloured spoonbills herons, and moorhens. which displayed a mixture of the most various colours. These birds were so close together, that they seemed to be unable to stir. The island they inhabit is called Isla de Aves. Lower down we passed the point, where the Rio Arichuna, an arm of the Apure, branches off to the Cabulare, carrying off a considerable body of its waters. We stopped on the right bank, at a little Indian mission, inhabited by the tribe of the Guamoes. There were yet only sixteen or eighteen huts constructed with the leaves of the palm tree; yet, in the statistical tables presented annually by the missionaries to the court, this assemblage of huts is marked with the name of the village de Santa Barbara de Arichuna.

The Guamoes are a race of Indians very difficult to fix on a settled spot. They have great similarity of manners with the Achaguas, the Guajiboes, and the Otomacoes, partaking their disregard of cleanliness, their spirit of vengeance, and their taste for wandering; but their language differs essentially. The greater part of these four tribes live by fishing and hunting, in plains often inundated, and situated between the Apure, the Meta, and the Guaviare. The nature of these regions seems to invite the nations to a wandering life. On entering the mountains of the Cataracts of the Oroonoko we shall soon find among the Piraoas, the Macoes, and the Maguiritares, milder manners, the love of agriculture, and great cleanliness in the interior of their huts. On the backs of mountains, in the midst of impenetrable forests, man is compelled to fix himself, and cultivate a small spot of land.—This cultivation requires little care; while in a country where there are no other roads than rivers, the life of the hunter is laborious and difficult. The Guamoes of the mission of Santa Barbara could not furnish us with the provision we wanted. They cultivate only a little cassava. They appeared hospitable; and, when we entered their huts, offered us dried fish and water (in their tongue cub.) This water was cooled in porous vessels.

Beyond the Vuelta del Cochino roto, in a spot where the river has scooped itself a new bed, we passed the night on a bare and very extensive strand. The forest being impenetrable, we had the greatest difficulty to find dry wood to light fires, near which the Indians believe themselves in safety from the nocturnal stracks of the tiger. Our own experience seems to depose in favour of this opinion; but M. d'Azzara asserts, that in his time a tiger in Paraguay carried off a man who was seated near a fire lighted in the savannah.

The night was calm and serene, and there was a beautiful moonlight. The crocodiles were stretched along the shore. They placed themselves in such a manner as to be able to see the fire. We thought we observed, that its splendour attracted them, as it attracts fishes, crayfish, and other inhabitants of the water. The Indians showed us the traces of three tigers in the sand, two of which were very young. A female had no doubt conducted her little ones to drink at the river. Finding no tree on the strand, we

<sup>\*</sup> Their Indian name is Guaiva pronounced Guahivs.

stuck our oars in the ground, and to these we fastened our hammocks. Every thing passed tranquilly till eleven at night; and then a noise so terrific arose in the neighbouring forest, that it was almost impossible to close our eyes. Amid the cries of so many wild beasts howling at once, the Indians discriminated such only as were heard separately. These were the little soft cries of the sapajous, the moans of the alouates, the howlings of the tiger, the couguar, or American lion without mane, the pecari. and the sloth, and the voices of curassoa, the parraka, and some other gallinaceous birds. When the jaguars approached the skirt of the forest, our dog, which till then had never ceased barking, began whowland seek for shelter beneath our hammocks. Sometimes, after a long silence, the cry of the tiger came from the tops of the trees; and in this case it was followed by the sharp and long whistling of the monkeys, which appeared to flee from the danger that threatened them

I notice every circumstance of these nocturnal scenes, because, being recently embarked on the Rio Apure, we were not yet accustomed to them. We heard the same noises repeated, during the course of whole months, whenever the forest approached the bed of the rivers. The security displayed by the Indians inspires travellers with confidence. You persuade yourself with them, that the tigers are afraid of fire, and do not attack a man lying in his hammock. These attacks are in fact extremely rare; and, during a long abode in South America, I remember only one example of a Llanero, who was found torn in his hammock opposite the island of Achaguas.

When the natives are interrogated on the causes of this tremendous noise made by the beasts of the forest, at certain hours of the night, they reply gaily, "they are keeping the feast of the fell moon!"

I believe this agitation is most frequently the effect of some contest, that has arisen in the depths of the forest. The jaguars, for instance, pursue the pecaris and the tapirs, which, having no defence but in their numbers, flee in close troops, and break down the bushes they find in their way. Affrighted at this struggle, the timid and mistrustful monkies answer from the tops of the trees, the cries of the large animals. They awaken the birds that live in society, and by degrees the whole assembly is in movement.—We shall soon find, that it is not always in a fine moonlight, but

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more particularly at the time of a storm and violent showers, that this tumult takes place among the wild beasts. "May heaven grant them a quiet night and repose, and us also!" said the monk who accompanied us to the Rio Negro, when, sinking with fatigue, he assisted in arranging our accomodations for the night. It was indeed a strange situation, to find no silence in the solitude of woods. In the inns of Spain we dread the sharp sounds of guitars from the next apartment; in those of the Oroonoko, which are an open beach, or the shelter of a solitary tree, we are afraid of being disturbed in our sleep by voices issuing from the forest.

April 2d. We set sail before sunrise. The morning was beautiful and cool, according to the feelings of those, who are accustomed to the heats of these climates The thermometer rose to 28° only in the air; but the dry and white sand of the beach, notwithstanding its radiation toward a sky without a cloud, retained a temperature of 36°. The porpoises (tonina,) ploughed the river in long files. The shore was covered with fishing birds.-Some of these embarked on the floating wood, that passed down the river, and surprized the fish that preferred the middle of the stream. Our canoe touched several times during the morning. These shocks, when violent, are capable of splitting a light bark. We struck on the points of several large trees, which remain for years in an oblique position, sunk in the mud. These trees descend from Sarare, at the period of great inundations. These so fill the bed of the river, that canoes in going up find it difficult sometimes to make their way over the shoals, or wherever there are eddies. We reached a spot near the island of Carizales, where we saw trunks of the locust tree of an enormous size above the surface of the water. They were covered with a species of plotus nearly approaching the anhinga, or white-bellied darter. These birds perch in files, like pheasants and parrakas. They remain for hours entirely motionless, with the beak raised toward the sky, which gives them a singular air of stupidity.

Below the island of Carizales we observed a diminution of the waters of the river, at which we were so much the more surprised, as, after the bifurcation at la Boca de Arichuna, there is no branch, no natural drain, that takes away water from the Apure. The loss is solely the effect of evaporation, and of filtration on a sandy and wet shore. We may form an idea of the magnitude of these effects, when we recollect, that we found the heat of the dry sands,

at different hours of the day, from 360 to 320 and that of sands covered with three or four inches of water 32°. The heds of rivers are heated as far as the depth to which the solar rays can penetrate without having undergone too great an extinction in their passage through the super incumbent strata of water. Besides. the effect of filtration extends far beyond the bed of the river; it may be said to be lateral. The shore, which appears dry to us, imbibes water as far as the level of the surface of the river. We saw water gush out at the distance of 50 tolses from the shore, every time that the indians stuck their oars into the ground; now these sands. wet underneath, but dry above, and exposed to the solar rays, act like a sponge. They are losing the infiltrated water every instant by evaporation. The vapour, that is emitted traverses the upper stratum of sand strongly heated, and becomes sensible to the eye when the air cools toward the evening. As the beach dries. it draws from the rivers new portions of water; and it may be considered, that this continual alternation of vaporization and lateral imbibition must cause an immense loss, difficult to submit to exact calculation. The increase of these losses would be in proportion to the length of the course of the rivers, if from their source to their month they were equally surrounded by a flat shore; but these shores being formed by depositions from the water, and the water having less velocity in proportion as it is more remote from its source, deposing necessarily more in the lower than in the upper part of its course, many rivers of hot climates undergo a diminution in the quantity of their water, as they approach their mouth. Mr. Barrow has observed these curious effects of sands in the southern part of Africa, on the banks of Orange river. They are even become the subject of a very important discussion, in the various hypotheses that have been formed on the course of the Niger.

Near the Vuelta de Basilio, where we landed to collect plants, we saw on the top of a tree, two beautiful little monkies, black as jet, of the size of the sai, with prehensile tails. Their physiognomy and their movements sufficiently showed, that they were neither the quato [simia beelzebub, L.], nor the chamek, nor any of the ateles. Our Indians themselves had never seen any that resembled them. These forests abound in sapajous unknown to the naturalists of Europe; and as monkeys, especially those that live in troops, and for this reason are more enterprising, make

long emigrations, at certain periods, it happens, that at the beginning of the rainy season the natives discover round their buts different kinds, which they had never before observed. On this same bank, our guides showed us a nest of young iguanas, that were only four inches long. It was difficult to distinguish them from a common lizard. There was nothing yet formed but the dewlap below the threat. The dorsal spines, the large erect scales, all those appendages, that render the iguana so monstrous, when it attains the length of three or four feet, were scarcely traced,

The flesh of this animal of the squrien family appeared to us to have an agreeable taste in every country, where the climate is very dry; we even found it so at periods when we where not in want of other food. It is extremely white, and next to the flesh of the armadillo, here called cachicamo, one of the best estables to be found in the huts of the natives.

It tained towards the evening. Before the rain fell, smallows, exactly resembling our own, skimmed over the surface of the weter. We saw also a flock of paroquets pursued by little goshawks without creats. The piercing cries of these paroquets contrasted singularly with the whistling of the binds of prey. We passed the night in the open air, upon the beach, near the island of Carizales. There were several Indian huts in the neighbourhood, surrounded with plantations. Our pilots assured us before hand, that we should not hear the cries of the jaguar, which, when set extremely pressed by hunger, withdraws from places where he does not rule alone. "Men put him out of hamour," los hambres la enfadan, say the people in the missions, a pleasant, and simple expression, that marks a well observed fact.

April 3d. Since our departure from San Fernando we have not spet a single boat on this fine river. Every thing denotes the most profound solitude. In the morning our Indians caught with a hook the fish known in the country by the name of caribe, or caribbe, because no other fish has such a thirst for bleod. It attacks bathers and swimmers, from whom it often agries away considerable pieces of flesh. When a person is only slightly wounded, it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving a several wound. The Indians dread extremely these caribes is and several of them shewed us the scars of deep wounds, in the oalf of the leg and in the thigh, made by these little animals, which the Maypures call umest. They live at the bottom of rivers; but

if a few drops of blood, be shed on the water, they arrive by thousands at the surface. When we reflect on the number of these fish, the most veracious and cruel of which are only four or five inches long; on the triangular form of their sharp and cutting testh, and on the amplitude of their retractile mouth, we need not be surprised at the fear which the caribe excites in the inhabitants of the banks of the Apure and the Oroenoko. In places where the river was very limpid, and where not a fish appeared, we threw into the water little mornels of flesh covered with blood. is a few minutes a cloud of caribes came to dispute the prev. The bolly of this fish has a cutting edge, indented like a saw; a character that may be traced in several kinds, the serra-salmes, the myletes, and the pristiguatres. The presence of a second adipous dorsal fin; and the form of the teeth, covered by lips distent from each other, and largest in the lower jaw; place the coside among the actru-salmes. Its mouth is much wider than that of the myletes of Mr. Curier. It's body toward the back is ashcoloured, with a tint of green; but the belly, the gill covers, and the pectoral, anal, and ventral fins, are of a fine orange. Three species (or varieties) are known in the Oroonoko, and are distinguished by their size. The mean, or intermediate, appears to be identical with the mean species of the piraya, or piranha of Manograv. (Salmo rhombeus, Lin.) I described and drew it on the spot. The earibito has a very agreeable taste. As no one dares to bethe where it is found, it may be considered as one of the greatest scourges of these climates, in which the sting of the moschettoes, and the irritation of the skin, render the use of baths so ne-COSSMEY.

We stopped at noon in a desert spot called Algodonal. I left my companions, while they drew the boat to land, and were compied in preparing our dinner. I went along the beach to observe nearer a group of crecodiles sleeping in the sun, and placed in such a manner, as to have their tails, furnished with broad plates, resting on one another. Some little herons, white as snow, walked along their backs, and even upon their heads, as if they were passing over trunks of trees. The crocodiles were of a greenish grey, half covered with dried mud; from their colour and immobility they might have been taken for statues of bronze. This excursion had nearly proved fatal to me. I had kept my eyes constantly turned toward the river; but, on picking up some spangles

of mice agglomerated together in the sand, I discovered the recent footsteps of a tiger, easily distinguishable from their form and size. The animal had gone toward the forest; and turning my eyes on that side, I found myself within eighty steps of a guar, lying under the thick foliage of a ceiba. No tiger had ever appeared to me so large.

There are accidents in life, against which we might seek in vain to fortify our reason. I was extremely frightened, and yet sufficiently master of myself, and of my motions, to enable me to follow the advice which the Indians had often given us, how to act in such cases. I continued to walk on, without running; avoided moving my arms; and thought I observed that the jaguar's attention was fixed on a herd of canubarus, which were crossing the river.—I then becam to return, making a large circuit toward the edge of the water. As the distance increased, I thought I might accelerate my pace. How often was I tempted to look back in order to assure myself that I was not pursued! Happily I vielded very tardily to this desire. The faguar had remained motionless. These enormous cats with spotted robes, are so well fed in countries abounding in canubaras, hecaris, and deer, that they rarely attack men. I arrived at the boat out of breath, and related my adventure to the Indians. They appeared very little moved by it; vet, after having loaded our firelocks, they accompained us to the ceiba, beneath which the jaguar had lain. He was there no longer, and it would have been impredent to have pursued him into the forest where we must have dispersed, or marched in file, amid intertwining lianas.

In the evening we passed the mouth of the Cano del Manuth, thus named on account of the immense quantity of manatees caught there every year. This herbivorous animal of the cetaceous family, called by the Indians aheia and avia, attains here generally ten or twelve feet in length. It weighs from five hundred to eight hundred pounds. We saw the water covered with it's excrements, which are very fetid, but perfectly resembling those of an ox. It abounds in the Oroonoko, below the cataracts, in the Rio Meta, and in the Apure, between the two islands of Carrizales and Conserva. We found no vestiges of nails on the external surface or the edge of the fins, which are quite smooth; but little rudinents of nails appear at the third phalanx, when the skin of the fins is taken off. We dissected one of these animals, which was

nine feet long, at Carichana, a mission of the Oroonoko. apper lip was four inches longer than the lower. It is covered with a very fine skin, and serves as a proboscis or probe to distinguish surrounding objects. The inside of the mouth, which has a sensible warmth in an animal newly killed, presents a very singular conformation. The tongue is almost motionless; but before the tongue there is a fleshy excrescence in each jaw, and a concavity, lined with a very hard skin, into which the excrescence fits. The manatee eats such quantities of grass, that we have found it's stomach, which is divided into several cavities, and it's intestines, which are a hundred and eight feet long, alike filled with it. On opening the animal at the back, we were struck with the magnitude, form, and situation of it's lungs. They have very large cells, and resemble immense swimming bladders. They are three feet long. Filled with air, they have a bulk of more than a thousand cubic inches. I was surprised to see, that, possessing such considerable receptacles for air, the manatee comes so often to the surface of the water to breathe. It's flesh, which, from what prejudice I know not, is considered unwholesome and catenturiose, is very savoury. It appeared to me to resemble pork rather than beef. It is most esteemed by the Guanoes and the Ottomacks; and these two nations addict themselves particularly to the catching of the manatee. It's flesh, salted and dried in the Sun, can be preserved a whole year; and, as the clergy regard this mammiferous animal as a fish, it is much sought for during Lent. The vital principal is singularly strong in the manatee; it is tied after being harpooned, but is not killed till it has been taken into the canoe. This is effected, when the animal is very large, in the middle of the river, by filling the canoe two-thirds with water, sliding it under the animal, and then bailing out the water by means of a calebash. This fishery is the easiest after great inundations, when the manatee has passed from the great rivers into the lakes and surrounding marshes, and the waters diminish rapidly. At the period when the Jesuits governed the missions of the lower Oroonoke, they assembled every year at Cabruta, below the mouth of the Apure, to have a grand fishing for manatees, with the Indians of their missions, at the foot of the mountain now called El Capuchino. The fat of the animal, known by the name of manteca de manati, is used for lamps in the churches; and is also employed in preparing food. It has not the fetid smell

of whale oil, or that of other cetaceous animals that spout water. The hide of the manatee, which is more than an inch and a half thick, is cut into slips, and serves, like thongs of ox leather, to supply the place of cordage in the Llanos. When immersed in water, it has the defect of undergoing an incipient degree of putrefaction. Whips are made of it in the Spanish colonies. Hence the words latigo and manati are synonimous. These whips of manatee leather are a cruel instrument of punishment for the unhappy slaves, and even for the Indians of the missions, who, according to the laws, ought to be treated like free men.

We passed the night opposite the island of Conserva. In skirting the forest, we were struck at the view of an enormous trunk of a tree seventy feet high, and thickly set with branching thorns. It is called by the natives barba de tigre. It was perhaps a tree of the berberideous family. The Indians had kindled fires at the edge of the water. We again perceived, that their light attracted the crocodiles, and even the porpoises (toninas,) the noise of which interrupted our sleep, till the fire was extinguished. had two persons on the watch this night; which I mention only because it serves to paint the savage character of these places. A female jaguar approached our station in taking her young one to drink at the river. The Indians succeeded in chasing her away, but we heard for a long time the cries of the little jaguar, which mewed like a young cat. Soon after our great dog was bitten, or, as the Indians say, pricked at the point of the nose by some enormous bats, that hovered around our hammocks. They were furnished with a long tail, like the molosees: I believe however, that they were phyllostomes, the tongue of which, furnished with papillæ, is an organ of suction, and is capable of being considerably elongated. The wound was very small and round. Though the dog uttered a plaintive cry, when he felt himself bitten, it was not from pain, but because he was affrighted at the sight of the bats, that came out from beneath our hammocks. These accidents are much more rare than is believed even in the country itself. In the course of several years, notwithstanding we slept so often in the open air, in climates where vampires and other analogous species are so common, we were never wounded. Besides, the puncture is no way dangerous, and in general causes so little pain,

Verspertilio spectrum.

that it often does not awaken the person, till after the bat has with-

April the 4th. This was the last day we passed on the Rio Apure. The vegetation of it's banks become more and more uniform. We had begun for some days past, particularly since we had left the mission of Arichuna, to suffer cruelly from the stings of insects, that covered our faces and hands. They were not moschettoes, which have the appearance of little flies, or of the genus simulium but zancudoes, which are real gnats, very different from our culex pipiens.\* These tipularize appear only after sunset. Their proboscis is so long, that, when they fix on the lower surface of a hammock, they pierce the hammock and the thickest garments with their sting.

We had intended to pass the night at the *Vuelta del Palmito*; but the number of jaguars at this part of the Apure is so great, that our Indians found two hidden behind the trunk of a locust-tree, at the moment when they were going to sling our hammocks. We were advised to re-embark, and take our station in the island of Apurito, near its junction with the Oroonoko. That portion of the island belongs to the province of Caraccas, while the right banks of the Apure and the Oroonoko make a part, one of the province of Varinas, the other of Spanish Guayana. We found no trees to which we could suspend our hammocks, and were obliged to sleep on ox hides spread on the ground. The boats are too narrow, and too full of zancudocs, to pass the night in them.

In the place where we had landed our instruments, the banks being steep, we saw new proofs of what I have elsewhere called the indolence of the gallinaceous birds of the tropics. The curassons and cashew birds † have the habit of going down several times a day to the river to allay their thirst. They drink a great deal, and at short intervals. A great number of these birds had joined themselves near our station to a flock of parraka pheasants. They had great difficulty in climbing up the steep banks; they attempted it several times without using their wings. We drove them before us, as you would drive sheep. The zamuro vultures also raise themselves from the ground with great reluctance.

I had a good observation after midnight of the meridian height



Mr. Latreille has discovered, that the moschettoes of South Carolina are of the genus simulium (attractocera meigen.)

<sup>†</sup> The latter (crax pauxi) is less common than the former. Vol. XII. 20

of a in the Southern Cross. The latitude of the mouth of the Apure is 7° 36′ 23′′. Father Gumilla fixes it at 5° 5′; D'Anville at 7° 3′; and Caulin at 7° 26′. The longitude of the Boca of the Apure, calculated from the altitudes of the Sun, which I took on the 5th of April in the morning, is 69° 7′ 29′′, or 1° 12′ 41″ east of the meridian of San Fernando.

April the 5th. We were singularly struck at the small quantity of water, which the Rio Apure furnishes at this season to the Oroonoko. The Apure, which, according to my measurements, was still one hundred and thirty-six toises broad at Cano Ricco, was only sixty or eighty at it's mouth.\* It's depth here was only three or four toises. It loses no doubt a part of it's waters by the Rio Arichuna, and the Cano del Manati, two branches of the Apure, that flow into the Payara and the Guarico; but it's greatest loss appears to be caused by filtrations on the breach, of which we have spoken above. The velocity of the Apure near it's mouth was only 3.2 feet a second; so that I could easily have calculated the whole quantity of the water, if I had taken by a series of proximate soundings the whole dimensions of the tranverse section. The barometer, which at San Fernando, twenty-cight feet above the mean height of the Apure, had kept, at half after nine in the morning, at 335.6 lines, was, at eleven in the morning, at the entrance of the Apure into the Oroonoko, 337.3 lines.† In estimating the total length, including the sinuosities,‡ at ninety-four miles, or eighty-nine thousand three hundred toises, and attending to the little correction arising from the horary movement of the barometer, we find a mean fall of thirteen inches (exactly 1.15 foot) in a mile of nine hundred and fifty toises. La Condamine and the learned Major Rennel suppose, that the mean fall of the Amazon and the Ganges does not amount even to four or five inches in a mile. .

We touched several times on shoals before we entered the Oroonoko. The lands gained from the water are immense toward the confluence of the two rivers. We were obliged to be

<sup>•</sup> Not quite so broad as the Seine at Pont Royal, opposite the palace of the Tuilerics.

<sup>†</sup> The temperature of the air in these two places being 31.20 and 32.40.

<sup>;</sup> I estimated them at a quarter of the distance.

<sup>§</sup> Tuckey, Exped. to the Congo, 1818; Introduction, p. 17.

towed along by the bank. What a contrast between this state of the river, immediately before the entrance of the rainy season, when all the effects of the dryness of the air and of evaporation have attained their maximum, and that autumnal state, when the Apure, like an arm of the sea, covers the savannahs as far as the eye can reach! We discerned toward the South the lonely hills of Coruato; while to the East the granitic rocks of Curiquima the sugarloaf of Caycara, and the mountains of the Tyrant\* (Cerros del Tirano) began to rise on the horizon. It is not without emotion, that we behold for the first time, after long expectation, the waters of the Oroonoko, at a point so distant from the coast.

## ART. XIII .- Captain Parry's Journal. †

This book, which has been so long expected, has at length made its appearance; but it has been published so very late in the month, as to render it utterly impossible for us to present any thing more than a general analysis of its contents. Even this we should not have done, had not the subject been one of very universal interest. As the public are aware of the leading objects of the expedition, we do not feel it necessary to insert the Admiralty orders under which the navigators sailed, and which Captain Parry has prefixed to his narrative. On the 10th of June, 1819, the Hecla and Griper sailed from the Nore with a complement of ninety-four men, being the entire number included in the expedition. After enduring the usual dangers from icebergs and "besettings," and all the various impediments usual in the North Seas, they entered Lancaster's Sound, in high health and spirits. and without having undergone any casualty, on the 1st of August. They had passed innumerable capes, headlands, and promontories; to all of which Captain Parry annexed some name, according to the custom of previous discoverers. At one or two islands some of the crew landed, where, however, they found nothing remarkable, except that in one, which they called Sir Byam Martin's isl-

<sup>•</sup> This name alludes no doubt to the expedition of Antonio Sedeno: thus the port of Caycara, opposite Cabruta, still bears the name of this Conquistador.

<sup>†</sup> Journal of a Voyage for the discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, performed in the Years 1819-20, in his Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, under the orders of W. E. Parry, R. N. 4to. Murray, 1821.

and, there were the distinct remains of four Esquimaux habitations. On the 4th they had the satisfaction of penetrating so far westward within the Arctic circle, as to entitle themselves to the reward of 5000/. allotted by Act of Parliament for the achievement of that enterprise. In order to commemorate this success, a bluff head which they had just passed was called Bounty Cape; and Captain Parry, having assembled the crews after Divine service on the 5th, announced to them their good fortune, and ordered an addition to their allowance for the day. We may be permitted, here, to remark, en passant, that nothing could well have exceeded the attention to the minutest circumstances which regarded his seamen, the inventive powers for the promotion of good humour, or the zeal and benevolence with which he puts his plans into execution, than was evinced by the commander of this expedition throughout the whole of the voyage. Shortly after this a fresh gale arising from the northward, and the ice continuing to oppose an impenetrable barrier to their further progress, they dropped anchor in a bay of Melville Island, which they named the Bay of the Hecla and Griper. Some of the crew landed on this island, where they collected in a day two thirds of a bushel of coals, being equal to the daily consumption of the Hecla; and Mr. Dealy was fortunate enough to kill the first musk ox to which the sportsmen could get near. It was at such a distance, however, from the ship, that they could not transport it thither; but a piece of the beef was brought as a sample, the taste of which appears to have been much more inviting than the perfume. The crews of both vessels suffered here the most serious apprehensions for the safety of Mr. Fife, and a party from the Griper, who had lost their way on the island, while deer hunting. The whole earth was one waste of white around them; and the snow continued to fall so incessantly, that the various flag-staffs which were set up as guides could not be discerned at a few yards' distance. Just, however, as the sun was descending on the third day from their departure, a signal from the Griper announced the joyful intelligence, that they were descried on their return. The account which they gave was, that they had lost their way a few hours after their separation from the ship, and had wandered about ever since. At n ght they endeavoured to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather, by erecting little huts of stones and turf, and setting fire with gunpowder to the loose moss. Their food consisted of

raw grouse, of which fortunately they were able to obtain sufficient for their subsistence. They were much debilitated, and severely frost-bitten, both in the toes and fingers; and the night on which they returned proved so dreadfully inclement, that their exposure under it must have been certain death. In gratitude for this signal escape, they distinguised the western head land by the title of Cape Providence.

Captain Parry had been given the option of the Admiralty of returning to England after he had minutely explored Lancaster's Sound, or of wintering in the Arctic regions, as he thought proper. He preferred the latter; and the increasing perils of the navigation, the unpromising appearance of the ice to the westward, together with the advanced period of the season, admonished him that it was now high time to look out for winter quarters. He determined to return to the Bay of the Hecla and Griper, as being the only one which he had observed as at all calculated for security. He proceeded, therefore, on his return; which was effected slowly, and with considerable difficulty, owing to the perpetual formation of the ice, which was never interrupted, although the waters were agitated by a hard gale. What was their mortification, on their arrival off Fife's Harbour, to find that the whole bay was covered with one solid sheet of ice, which had been formed since their previous visit !-It became, however, absolutely necessury to secure themselves for the winter; and in doing this, the sailors displayed wonderful ingenuity and perseverance. The only way to preserve the ships was, by cutting a passage for them through the ice; and to accomplish this, they, in the face of snow storms, actually worked nineteen hours during the first day! Our readers may have some idea of the extent of this undertaking, when we inform them that the length of this canal was 4082 yards, and that the averege thickness of the ice was seven inches. At a quarter past three on the third day, they tracked the ships through this canal into winter quarters, an event which was commemorated by three hearty cheers. Here then they were to remain for at least eight months; during three of which a glimpse of the sun would not be visible; and it became immediately necessary to commence preparations for meeting this new and extraordinary situation. Not a moment was lost in the commencement of their operations. The masts were all dismantled, except the lower ones; and a kind of housing was formed on deck by lashing the yards fore and aft amidships,

and supporting them by upright planks, over all of which, a thick wadding-tilt, such as usually covers waggons, was thrown by way of roof, and formed a comfortable shelter, at least from the snow and wind. The boats, spars, running sails, and rigging, were all removed to the land, in order to afford the crews room for exercising on deck, whenever the inclemency of the weather prevented their going ashore. The next consideration was the preservation of the health of the crews during this trying period. The difficulty of keeping the bed-places dry, may be gathered from the fact of a crust of ice forming every night of more or less thickness, according to the temperature of the atmosphere, on the inner partition of all sides of the vessel. The steam arising from their brewing was so annoying, that, valuable an anti-scorbutic as beer was, they were obliged to discontinue their brewery. was obviated by means of heated air-pipes; and a strict attention to diet, except in one instance, effectually counteracted the scurvy. The men were obliged to drink a certain proportion of lime-juice, sugar, and water, every day, in the presence of an officer. The allowance of bread was diminished to two thirds; and a pound of Donkin's preserved meat, together with one pint of vegetable or concentrated soup, was substituted for one pound of salt beef weekly. Sour krout and pickles, with as much vinegar as could he used, were issued at regular intervals. The men were carefully mustered every morning and evening, and a medical inspection of them took place once a week. Captain Parry himself examined the beds every day; and when the crews could not exercise on shore, they were obliged to run on deck for several hours, keeping time to some merry tune. The consequence of these very judicious arrangements was, that only one instance of mortality occurred during the entire expedition; and that was hastened, if not altogether created, by predisposing causes. Placed in this novel and awful situation, Captain Parry proposed the erection of a theatre on deck, and that performances should take place during the winter-a proposition which was gratefully acceded to; and accordingly, on the 5th of November, sailors, officers, and commander, all appeared in Miss in her Teens, to the great satisfaction, as the play-bills would express it, of a crowded and delighted audience. A weekly newspaper, called the North Georgia Gazette, was also actually composed and printed on board, the officers becoming voluntary contributors, and Captain Sabine acting as Fditor. We are a little jealous that it was not a Magazine; but it must be confessed, that the establishment of a newspaper was a tempting speculation, where there was neither a stamp office. For an Attorney-General.

The effects of the cold were most distressing: the least exposure of the hand in the open air, caused such severe frost-bites, that amputation became sometimes unavoidable, and the skin generally adhered to any metallic substance with which it came in contact! In one or two instances, persons labouring under the consequences of severe cold seemed to have had their minds, as well as their persons torpified; they looked wild, spoke thick, and inarticulately; and, when recovering, exhibited all the symptoms of complete intoxication; so much so, indeed, that Captain Parry could not have credited that they were sober, if he had not perfect demonstration that they had taken nothing stronger than snow wa-On the 4th of November, the sun bade them farewell, and did not appear again above their horizon, till the 8th of February, an interval of ninety-six days! The North Georgia Gazette. which is now in the London press, the theatre once a fortnight, the Aurora Borealis at times, and the howling of wolves, trapping. of white foxes, and tracing of wild deer, were their principal occupations. We find that there were not only political, but dramatic authors on board; for a play was actually written on board the Hecla, and played, with the thermometer below Z ro, on the stage. The piece had decided success; though we apprehend there was not much clapping of hands during its performance. The wearing of leather on the feet even caused such frost-bites, that the Captain was obliged to substitute a kind of canvass boot, lined with woollen. During their refuge in winter quarters, they formed a number of hunting parties, and obtained by that means, not only some amusement, but a considerable supply of fresh provisions.--The following is a list of the game killed on the shores of Melville Island for the use of the expedition, during a period of twelve months: Three musk oxen, twenty-four deer, sixty-eight hares, fifty-three geese, fifty-nine ducks, 144 ptarmigans, making a sum total of 3.766 lb. of fresh meat. Captain Parry, also, by artificial means, contrived to grow some small sallads on board the vessel; but his seeds all perished in the soil to which veget tion seems to have sworn eternal hostility. By the bve, it is very plain that our gallant author has hunted after game much more by sea than land,

from the circumstance of his always calling a pack of grouse, a covey.

It is very remarkable, that some of their dogs formed a very close, and even tender acquaintance, with the wolves on Melville Island, so much so, as to stay away for days and nights from the ship, and only one was lost; but whether he was a voluntary exile, or whether he was devoured by the male wolves, remains a problem: the latter, we fear, was the case, from the circumstance of one of the captain's own favourites returning, after a long visit, severely lacerated. Some of the animals in these regions appear, indeed, to have been remarkably tame; and there is a very entertaining account given by Captain Parry, of his forming an acquaintance with a rein-deer, in his excursion across Melville island. Captain Sabine and he, having been considerably a-head of the rest of the party, sat down to wait for them, when a fine deer came up, and began to gambol round them, at a distance of thirty yards. They had no gun; and at all events considered that hostility would have been but a bad return for the confidence reposed in them. When the rest of the party appeared, the deer ran to pay them a visit; but they being less scrupulous, fired two shots at him without effect, when he returned again to Captain Parry even nearer than before, accompanying him, and trotting round him like a dog, until the rest of the party came up; upon which, with much good sense, he disappeared.

We are sorry we have not room to detail Captain Parry's account of his tour through Melville Island, which possesses considerable interest. They collected some specimens of mineralogy; and, amongst others, a piece of fossil wood;-saw abundance of sorrel and saxifrage; and in many places, a great deal of grass and poppies. The whole island bore evident marks of being frequented much by game; and, from the marks in several places, seemed to abound in musk oxen, deer, hares, foxes, grouse, plover, geese, and ptarmigan. The wolves appear to prey upon the foxes; and a beautiful little white one, which was caught in a trap near the Hecla, showed evident symptoms of alarm when it heard their howl. The month of July turning out very favourable, the ice began gradually to disappear; and on the 1st of August, the ships took their departure from Winter Harbour, where they had lain for very near twelve months. Even after leaving this, they were terribly impeded by the ice; and the Captain called a council of

the officers, to have their advice upon his future operations. They all agreed that it would be most wise to run a little along the edge of the ice to the eastward, in the hope of finding an opening to lead to the American continent; and, if this should fail, that then they should, after a reasonable time spent in the search, return to England. This return was rendered doubly necessary, as the exhaustion of their principal antiscorbutic, and the diminution of their fuel, made the delay of another winter a dangerous experiment. They determined, however, in the first instance, to penetrate still farther southward from their present position; so as, if possible, to bring the accomplishment of the passage through Behring's Strait, within the scope of their remaining resources.

Pursuing this direction, they made land, which they had no doubt had been, at no great distance of time, visited by the Esquimaux; and, in a few days after, they were agreeably surprised by encountering a whaler. Some idea may be formed of the icebergs in these seas, from the account which Captain Parry gives of two which he passed by on Sunday, the 3d of September, and which he estimates at the height of from 150 to 200 feet above the surface of the water! On the morning of the 5th, they also met another whaler, which proved to be the Lee, of Hull, Mr. Williamson, master, who reported that he had seen some Esquimaux a few days before, in the inlet which had been, in 1818, named the river Clyde, and which was then only a little to the southward of them. As Captain Parry thought it probable that these people had never before been visited by Europeans, and as it might be of consequence to examine the inlet, he determined to stand in to the land. While they were making the best of their way to the islands, it is curious enough that they met the identical iceberg which had been measured in 1818, and which was then ascertained to be two miles in length! It was aground in precisely the same spot as before. At six in the evening, being near the cutermost of a groupe of islands, with which they afterwards found this inlet to be studded, they observed four canoes paddling towards the ship. The Esquimaux advanced boldly up, and had their canoes taken on board by their own desire. They approached amid the loud vociferations of their inmates, who were found to be an old man much above sixty years of age, and three younger ones from nineteen to thirty. On receiving a few presents, they began making a number of ejaculations, which they continued

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till they were hourse, accompanying their noise by a jumping getture, which was more or less violent, according to the powers of the jumper. They went down into the cabin; and the old gentleman was persuaded to elt for his picture to Lieutenant Beechev. which he did very quietly for more than an hour; but after that, it seems to have required all the pantomine rhetoric which Captain Parry was possessed of, to keep him in his position. However, the old gentleman turned out to be a wag, and mimicked the gestures of the gallant navigator, with such humour, as to create considerable diversion amongst the bye-standers. His patience, however, was put to a very severe test, as a harter for commodities was going on between the crew and his companions, very near him, all the time he was sitting. They seemed to have a very good notion of making a bargain; and their manner of coacluding it was by licking the article purchased twice all over; after which ceremony, it was considered to be final. There are some things, we imagine, with reference to which this mode of consummation would not be very agreeable. The canoes were found to move much faster in the water, when there was no sea, than the ship's boat, but only one person could sit in each. Those people seem to have very strict notions of honesty, and they showed every disposition to do the crews any service in their power. They acquired very quickly several words of English, which they were fond of repeating; and, in their gestures and vociferations, evinced a strong inclination to humour. Captain Parry tells us, quite in the spirit of our delectable old friend. Jamie Boswell, that when these people looked through a telescope, or a kaleidoscope, some of them shut the right eye, and some of them the left. We hope this was carefully noted among the discoveries in the log book.

The Captain afterwards landed on the main land, and visitedtwo of the Esquimaux tents, where they were received by men, women, and children, with a general, but welcoming vociferation. They exchanged several articles with the crew, and were very strict in their dealings. In order to prove their honesty, Captain Parry relates that he had sold an axe to an old woman, for a dog, and had given her the axe in advance; the dogs were exceedinglyshy, and she might easily have evaded the performance of her contract; but she immediately set off with a kind of thong noose, which they are obliged to use for the purpose, and soon presented the purchaser with one of the finest in the country. There is a minute description of these people, which serves to fill up a few sages; but they appear, both in person and habitation, not to differ from the general class of Esquimaux. They seem, indeed, not to be very delicate in their appetites; for both old and young. when a bird was given them, swallowed it feathers and all, in the most ravenous manner. This delicate propensity acems to be fully participated by the four-legged companions; for it seems the dog which Captain Parry purchased from the old lady, after having been regularly fed, immediately, and without scruple, swallowed a large piece of canvass, a cotton handkerchief which had been just washed, and part of a check shirt. We are of opinion. that the old lady was very right to part with him. It certainly showed a due regard for her seal-skin wardrube. The puppies would at any time, if permitted, kill themselves by over eating: and it is curious enough, that in the different bargains, the children, invariably, and without any question, exercised a right over the voung dogs. The behaviour, however, of these simple people, impressed the navigators with a high respect for them; and they never evinced, in all their intercourse, the least disposition to purloin any thing. The crews made them some trifling preseats, for which they were very grateful, and they watched the departure of the vessels in sorrowful silence.

On the 26th of September, the ice appeared to be so packed towards the westward, as to preclude all posibility of any farther progress, or indeed of even minutely examining the coast, there being then twelve hours of darkness. Under these circumstances, any farther attempt was considered useless; and the ships steered their course for England, in their passage to which they experienced very stormy weather. During this expedition, perhaps, the most interesting phenomenon, which the navigators remarked, was the effect which the approach to the North Pole obviously had upon the needle.

From the time of their entering Lancaster's sound, the sluggishness of the compasses, and their great irregularity, became apparent; and, at last, the directive power of the needle became so weak, as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship. In a few days, the binnacles were removed, as useless lumber, from the deck to the carpenter's store room; and the true courses, and direction of the wind, were in future noted in

the log book, as obtained to the nearest quarter point, when the sun was visible, by the azimuth of that object, and the apparent time. With respect to the main object of the expedition, Captain Parry seems to entertain very sanguine expectations. In addition to the discoveries which have been already made by himself, to those of Cook and Mackenzie, and on an inspection of the map, he thinks it almost a certainty that a north-west passage into the Pacific will be finally accomplished, and that the outlet will be found at Behring's Strait. But this he considers altogether impracticable for British ships, in consequence of the length of the voyage which must first be performed, in order to arrive at the point where the work is to be begun. Upon the whole, therefore, he considers that any expedition equipped by England with this view, would act with greater advantage by at once employing its best energies in the attempt to penetrate from the eastern coast of America, along its northern shore. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of these attempts, and whatever may be the ultimate result of these discoveries, which may, perhaps, add something to the science and the fame of our country, but which will, we fear, prove of but little practical utility, taken in a commercial point of view; still there certainly can be but one opinion as to the zeal and capabilities of Captain Parry. He seems to have performed the duties entailed on him by the Admiralty, not only with the skill of an able seaman, but to have much recommended his performance of them by the good humour and humanity which marked his conduct in the most trying situations. Perhaps the loss of the sun, and the inutility of the needle, and the frost bites in Winter Harbour, will not give the land reader half so distinct an idea of the perils to which such seas expose the navigator, as a single glance at some of the plates which are given in this volume. The situation of the ships at times must have been tremendous; and nothing can have been more awful than to behold sea and shore, hill and valley, in short, nature herself, under the aspect of one continued iceberg-no sound to break upon the silence, but the explosions of the ice, or the howling of the wolves; and no living thing to meet the eye, except some ravenous and half-famished animal.

The embellishments of the work are very well executed; and the narrative is clear, consecutive, and simple. Our limits, and the late time at which we received this volume, will not allow us to give more than what we are aware is, and necessarily must be, a very hurried sketch, but we hope we have said enough to direct the reader to the original fountain. The gallant navigator is again securely cased in icebergs, from the shafts of criticism—we sincerely wish him a good voyage, a happy termination—smiles and welcome from the Esquimaux Venus, and all the rewards and honours of the board of Admiralty.

# ART. MIV .- A Selection of Irish Melodies. By Thomas Moore.

THE eighth, and, we fear, the last number of the Irish Melodies. by the union of whose music to his beautiful verse, Mr. Moore has laid his country under such infinite obligations, has just issued from the press. When, in a former portion of the work, the poet bade " farewell to his harp," with all respect for him, we doubted his sincerity. "At lover's perjuries they say Jove laughs." -At poet's lapses, then, why should mortals be too serious? In this case it is impossible, because the delinquent has the double justification of love and poetry. However, there is prefixed to this number a general and final dedication of the entire work to the nobility and gentry of Ireland, which really looks as if it was brought to its termination in good earnest. Why this should be so, it is not for us to say. The poet is still, and long may he continue so, in full possession of his fine faculties; and the wild mountains and valleys of his country are still rich in most melodious airs, which have escaped the accompaniments of Mr. Bishop. Whether, however, this is to be the last sound of the Irish harp, or whether it will produce another dulcet echo, its music has certainly established, for Ireland, a high name in vocal science, and the verse to which it has been "married" places its author amongst the very first lyric peets of any age or nation-even by the side of Horace and Anacreon. Beautiful as are many parts of his Lalla Rookh, and exquisite as we admit many of his epistles from America to be, it is to his songs that Moore must trust for immortality, and immortal he must be as long as English ladies can love, or Irish gentleman can drink, which, we take it, is as much of immortality as any modern bard can consider himself equitably entitled to. The lyrist has, indeed, in this respect, a great advantage over the brotherhood of Parnassus. The heart of every one takes its season of benevolence, and grows tired of satire—the mind will not for ever chill itself within the shade of ethics, and neither heart nor mind can sustain eternally the horrors or the heights of the epic aspirant. But the lyrist strays carelessly along the verges of the mountain.—The echoes which he awakens, if not loud, are sweet; and the chords with which he produces them are heart-strings. He identifies himself with the passions of youth -he associates himself with the pleasures of manhood-he sighs melodious comfort in the bower-he sings most mirthful logic over the bottle.—he resounds and sweetens the music of the chase; and whether with young or old-in bowers, or copses, or banquets -sighing with lovers, or carousing with Bachanals, he entangles himself with the richest threads of our existence—he is determined, at all events, to have a garland; and, when the season of the flowers is past, he jovially awaits its return, clustering his brows with the fruitage of the vineyard. In this last department, indeed, Moore has one living rival in the patriarch person of Captain Morris; but he has only one—there is no one else similis aut secundue. It is no disparagement to any one to admit Morris to a convivial competition. Bacchus in his wildest, merriest, and most classical moods, has not a more inspired idolater than the veteran laureate of the vintage—the snows of eighty winters have not withered a leaf of his laurels, and even Mont Blanc's "diadem" might melt in the sunshine of his perennial imagination. 4 That time flies fast, the poet sings,' and 'That I think's a reason fair to fill my glass again,' will remain the standard justifications of every reveler who can blend wine, and wit, and music together, as long as the ivied god retains a single votary to hiccough over his orgies. Of course when we speak of the songs of Captain Morris, we speak only of those which he composed before the second bottle,—of those which age may hear without a blush, and to which youth may listen without any fear of the consequences. As the lyrist of love, however, Moore stands alone and unrivalled. acreon might rise from his grave to hear him, and Lalage herself, whether "dulce ridens," or "dulce loquens," might forget for him, for a moment, even the nightingale of Italy.

Of the songs contained in the present number, the one composed in memory of Mr. Grattan is the most elaborate, if not the happiest. But it is scarcely fair to consider it altogether as a song, because a note informs us that only the first two verses are intended to be sung. It is a poem, which the heart aided the head in dictating, and its subject well deserves the celebration. The first patriot of

any country is worth the commemoration of its first poet. In this beautiful and spirited production there is much of history-the leading points, both of Mr. Grattan's public and private character, are touched with the fidelity of an analist. The utter darkness in which he found his country—the glorious splendour which he flashed on it—the memorable epoch of 1782, when he obtained a free trade, a free constitution, and a final judicature—the rewards given him by an attesting parliament—the sweet simplicity of his domestic life, and the noble equanimity which he preserved, alike amid the shade or the sunshine of popular versatility, are finely and judiciously illustrated. This monument, perennius ere, erected by the hands of friendship, patriotism, and genius, is more than an equivalent to the children of Grattan, for the heartless ingratitude with which his memory has been treated. Alas, in Ireland there is little hope, that even Hamlet's span of commemoration will be permitted to " a great man." Athens was remarkable, and has become branded to all posterity, for the denunciation of the "bravest, the wisest, and the best" of her citizens; but Athens was civilized, and refinement too often polishes away the most substantial virtues of a national character.-What excuse, however, can the catholics of Ireland plead for having once, with savage ferocity, attempted the life of her Aristides! for having, before his ashes were cold, preferred to his candidate son, a man without a name;" and for not even raising one poor stone in his honour, who rescued her from being a proverb and a bye-word among the nations! The same excuse will serve her for permitting the bones of Curran to rot unhonoured and forgotten in the vaults of Paddington. The following is the heart-touching effort by which Moore has exonerated himself from the general opprobrium. It is set to a mournful but spirited air, called Macfarlane's Lamentation.

Shall the harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her patriots lies?

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost.
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost!

What a union of all the affections and powers,

By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd, Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours, While its mighty circumference circled mankind. Oh, who that loves Erin-or who that can see Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime-Like a pyramid, rais'd in the desert-where he And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time !-That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul, A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom, And, for one sacred instant, touch'd liberty's goal! Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own, In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force, And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit are shown-An eloquence, rich-wheresoever its wave Wander'd free and triumphant-with thoughts that shone through, As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,

With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread

'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observ'd him—through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,

Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same-

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,

Of the sweetnes we love and the greatness we praise, As that type of simplicity blended with power,

A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.—

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,

Deep, deep o'er the grave where such glory is shrin'd—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns

Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

The following extract is from another and a very different kind of song set to one of Ireland's merriest planxties, and composed in honour of her far famed Potsheen Whiskey, which we are told

once superseded even the "divine marasquino" on the lips of royalty. The second verse cannot well be understood by the English reader without some little explanation. The unfortunate Irish peasant who, cannot well pay the exorbitant rent of an absentee landlord, and is quivering under the fangs of the "middle man," or agent, betakes himself to the loftiest and most unfrequented mountains, where he manufactures the magic beverage, by the smuggled sale of which, he hopes to disencumber himself. His small uncouth rustic still, and the green turf, which he is obliged to use in the process, gives it the smoke flavour, which is alluded to in the second stanza. This manufacture has been made "unlawful" by act of parliament, and the penalty is a fine and nine months' imprisonment. The peasantry have an utter abhorrence of the licensed whiskey, which in their vocabulary is termed, "THE PARLIAMENT."

Their excuses, sometimes, when detected and arraigned, are most amusing. The writer of this once saw one of them put upon his trial. which he had contrived to evade at the previous assizes, under pretence of the indisposition of a witness; the real cause was his fear of the then going judge of assize. To his great discomfiture, however, the same judge chose the ensuing circuit. When arraigned, Baron M'Clelland addressed him-" Well, my lad. remember you, what have you got to say for yourself this time?" "In troth, little enough, my lord, for you kilt my witness!"—I kill your witness, fellow-what do you mean?" " No offince at all my lord, but sorrow a word of lie there's in it—we were all so flustrated at the last assizes, that my poor Paddy would'nt touch a drop ever since, except the partiament, and it finished him fairly -my lord, you know well it'd pison the devii." Appeals of this sort are by no means unfrequent. The following are the two last stanzas of the Irish " John Barley Corn:"-

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There, having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
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Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen, Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.
What, though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
'Talk of the cordial, that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

We are not fond of accusing poets, and particularly such poets as Mr. Moore, of any thing like plagiarism. He is too orignal to become an imitator of any one—too rich in his own stores to draw upon the coffers of another,—but there certainly is a singular, and rather suspicious coincidence in one of the songs of this number, and the lines which we annex, and which are selected from a pretty, and rather unjustly neglected poem, published by Murray in 1813.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

The parallel lines to which we allude are these:

Fronting the ocean, but beyond the ken Of public view and sounds of murm'ring men, Of unhewn roots composed, and knarled wood,
A small and rustic oratory stood—
Two mossy pines, high bending, interwove
Their aged and fantastic arms above.
In front, amid the gay, surrounding flowers,
A dial counted the departing hours,
On which the sweetest light of summer shone—
A rude and brief inscription mark'd the stone—

To count, with passing shade, the hours, I plac'd the dial 'mid the flowers; That one by one, came forth and died, Blooming and withering by its side. Mortal, let the sight impart Its pensive moral to thy heart.

The coincidence cannot fail to strike the reader; it may, however, certainly be altogether accidental. The name of the poem is "The Missionary."—There are a number of other very beautiful poems, which our limits will not allow us to select. The poem called the "Parallel" is extremely touching, and quite characteristic of the author. In taking our leave of this volume, which we recommend to all who have "music in their souls," we cannot conclude better than by noticing the great simplicity and beauty of the air to which the words, "Oh banquet not," are set, and by quoting the following fine hymn, which we wish the Neapolitans could have heard in their ranks, before they relinquished the last hope of freedom for the land of song.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather-For ask von despot, whether His plumed bands Could bring such hands And hearts as ours together, Leave pomps to those who need 'em-Adorn but man with freedom. And proud he braves The gaudiest slaves, That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em. The sword may pierce the beaver, Stone walls in time may sever. Tis heart alone. Worth steel and stone. That keeps men free for ever! Oh that sight entrancing, When the morning's beam is glancing O'er files array d With helm and blade, And in Freedom's cause advancing!

### ART. XV .- Legal Lyrics.

From the London Magazine.

Horace, O. 2, lib. iv.

MR. EDITOR,—One of our modern philosophers has asserted that poetry pervades the whole system of nature, and that every inhabitant of the earth (I know not whether the observation extends to the other planets) is born a poet. I am perfectly satisfied with his reasoning and his proofs; (as who can be otherwise?) although I am aware that the expression which we were formerly accustomed to quote as the result of philosophical speculation,— " poeta nascitur, non fit," now becomes a mere truism. do not consider this nearly so material as the almost universal ignorance that exists among the bulk of mankind, of the powers with which they are endowed,—powers, the exercise of which would add so much to the happiness and enjoyment of themselves and their fellow-poets (I was going to say-creatures)-but which are suffered to sleep, and lie useless in decay. It is true, that, notwithstanding this ignorance, almost all classes of society are daily giving involuntary proofs of their poetical capabilities. In

travellers, and dealers in general, we invariably perceive the development of the fiction of poetry; in the daily—and indeed nightly—cries of London, we hear its music;—in the trades of shoemakers and hosiers, we find its measurement of feet;—in the accidents of children, and in the performance of pantomimic actors, we may recognize its cadence

With a dying, dying fall,-

and even in the miscalled vulgarity of swearers, we discover the germs of sublime invocation.

The class of society which seems to be most unaware of its poetical temperament, is the profession of the law. Although their study has been charged by some with a very intimate connection with one of the principal constituents of poetry—fiction;—it is apparently of that dry and systematic kind, that few have recognized its relationship to poetry itself. It would, indeed, be difficult to appropriate it to any particular class of poetry. It cannot be called strictly didactic, for where shall we find its morality?—nor descriptive, for who can understand it?—nor humoraus, at least suitors deny that—nor pathetic, unless we look at its consequences. It has a touch perhaps of the pastoral, in settlement cases; and of the dramatic in the uncertainty of its issues. Its duliness, it is said, has nothing analogous to poetic genius, whatever it may have to some of its professors.

I, Mr. Editor, have the honour to belong to this profession, which I have long considered as scandalized by these depreciating insinuations; and, in order to prove their falsity, and to redeem the poetical character of my brethren, I have lately resolved to reduce all its technicalities into metre, and at all events to hold my legal correspondence in measured lines. If possible, I intend to introduce the practice of charging by stanzas, instead of by folio, being convinced, with the Newcastle Apothecary, who seems to have adopted the same means to obviate a similar objection—that as my clients must have the requisite quantity, which they too often consider to be without reason,—

It is but fair to add a little rhime.

As it must be allowed to be of great importance to teach mankind themselves, and to point out to them the talents, the instincts, and, I may say, the properties, they possess,—I conceive, Sir, that in thus endeavouring to sweeten the bitterness of law, to smooth down its excrescences, and to render more musical its expressions,—in short, to show that there is poetry in its practice,—I have deserved the thanks of my countrymen, and of my professional-brethren in particular;— for I have thus not only made the study of it more palatable to our pupils, but its practice also more attractive to our clients.

The following is a slight specimen of my new mode, in a letter which I lately sent to an opposing brother, with whom, however, I am on familiar terms, giving him notice of my intention to file a demurrer to some of his proceedings. I generally adapt my letters to some favorite tune, and the last which happened to be in my head was that to which Moore has written the beautiful words, beginning with "Oh think not my spirite are always as light."

# AIR-" JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE."

On! think not your pleadings are really so sly,
And as free from a flaw as they seem to you now;
For, believe, a demurrer will certainly lie,—
The return of to-morrow will quickly show how:
No, all is a waste of impertinent reading,
Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils;
And the lawyer, who thinks he's the nicest in pleading,
Is likeliest far to be caught in its toils.
But, brother attorney! how happy are we!
May we never meet worse in our practice of law,
Than the flaw a demurrer can gild with a fee,
And the fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw!

Yet our doors would not often be dark, on my soul!

If Equity did not to Law lend its aid:

And I care not how soon I am struck off the roll,

When I for these blessings shall cease to be paid!

But they who have fought for the weakest or strongest,

Too often have wept o'er the credit they gave;

Even he, who has slumber'd in Chancery longest,

Is happy if always his costs he can save.

But, my brother in law! while a quarrelling germ

Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be ours,

That actions-at-law may employ ev'ry term,

And equity-suits cheer vacational hours!

Yours devotedly, Oxu, &c,

Femple, April 1, 1821.

### ART.XVI .- Major Schill.

In the year 1813 I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany. From the Elbe to the Isle of Rugen my route lay through the country which had been the principal scene of the celebrated Schill's operations. The peasantry were full of the recollection, and when they were not afraid of finding a spy, or smarting under a recent visit from the French, they were boundless in their histories of the miraculous atchievements of "the Brandenburgh Hussar."—those narratives had gradually grown romantic, little as romance was to be expected from a boor on the edge of the Baltic. But the valour and eccentricity of Schill's attempt, his bold progress, and his death in the midst of fire and steel, would have made a subject for the exaggerations and melancinoly of romance in any age.

A thousand years ago a German bard would have seen his spirit drinking in the halls of Odin, out of a Gaelish skull, and listening to the harps of the blue-eyed maids of Valhalla, bending around him with their sweet voices, and their golden hair. Arminius might have been no more than such a daring vindicator of his country; and, but for his narrower means, and more sudden extinction, Schill might have earned from some future Tacitus the fine and touching panegyric, "Liberator haud dubiè Germaniz, et qui non primordia populi Romani, sicut alii reges ducesque, sed florentissimum imperium lacesserit; prœliis ambiguus, bello non victus, septem et triginta annos vitæ explevit. Canitur adhuc barbaras apud gentes, Græcorum annalibus ignotas, qui sua tantum mirantur, Romanis haud perinde celebris, dum vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosi." Schill was thirty-six, but a year younger than Arminius at his death. The rude prints and plaster images at the German fairs, gave him a vigorous figure, and a bold physiognomy. He was active in his exercises, superior to fatigue, and of acknowledged intrepidity; fond of adventure in the spirit of his corps, and his natural enthusiasm deepened and magnified by some intercourse with the Secret Societies of Germany, which, with much mysticism, and solemn affectation of knowledge, certainly inculcated resistance to the tyrant of Europe, as among the first of duties.

He was said to be more distinguishable for bravery than for

military knowledge or talent. But the man who could elude or overpower all opposition in the heart of an enemy's conquest for months together, must have had talent as well as heroism. Schill's first operation was to pass over the Elbe, and try the state of the public mind in the country round Magdeburgh.

It is still difficult to ascertain, whether his enterprize had a highor authority. The situation of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, was one of the most deplorable suffering. The loss of independence, the loss of territory, the plunder of the public property, and the ruin of the Prussian name in Europe were felt like mortal wounds. But the personal insolence of the French, who have always lost by their insolence what they had gained by their rapine, struck deeper into the national mind. The innumerable private injuries to honour and feeling, the gross language, and the malignant tyranny of the French military, inflamed the people's blood into a fever of impatience and revenge. I have often expressed my surprise, on hearing those stories of French atrocity, that no German had taken up the pen to transmit them as a record and a warping to posterity. One evening, standing on the banks of the Elbe, and overlooking the fine quiet landscape of the islands towards Haarburg, I remember to have made the observation, after hearing a long detail of the sufferings of the peasantry. whose white cottages studded the scene at my feet. " My dear sir," said an old German officer, " My countrymen are like that river; their whole course has been through sandbanks and shallows, but they make their way to the end at last." Then, indulging his metaphor, and waving his hand as if to follow the windings of the stream, " I am not sure but that this very habit of reluctance to unnecessary exertion, may have allowed them to collect comforts by the way, which neither Englishman nor Frenchman would have been calm enough to gather. If that river had been a torrent, should we now be looking on those islands?" There may be some experience in the old soldier's answer, but if Germany is slow to give a history of her misfortunes, she ought not to leave her heroes in oblivion. Schill deserves a better memoir than a stranger can give.

In this fermentation of the public mind, the North of Germany was suddenly denuded of troops to form a part of the grand imperial army, marching against Austria. Slight garrisons were placed in the principal towns, and the general possession of the

open country was chiefly left to the gendarmerie. Schill, then major of one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, the Brandenburgh hussars, one morning suddenly turned his horse's head towards the gate of Berlin, on the dismissal of the parade, gave a shout for "King and Country," and at the head of this regiment burst from the Glacis. Though the whole garrison of Berlin, French and Prussian, were on the parade, there was no attempt to intercept this bold manœuvre. They were thunderstruck, and by the time that orders were determined one Schill was leagues off, galloping free over the sands of Prussia: The officers of his corps were among the best families of Brandenburgh, and some fine young men of rank joined him immediately. It is uncertain, to this hour, whether he was not secretly urged by his court to make the experiment on the probabilities of insurrection. But Napoleon was too near to allow of open encouragement, and at the demand of De Marsan, the French ambassador, who was, as Trinculo says, "Viceroy over the King," Schill was proclaimed an enemy to the state.

His first attempt was the surprize of Magdeburgh, the principal fortress of the new kingdom of Westphalia, and famous to English ears for the imprisonment of Trenck. He advanced to the gates, and after sustaining a vigorous skirmish with the garrison, in which the French were on the point of being cut off from the town, was forced to abandon an enterprize, which was probably undertaken merely as a more open mode of declaring, that "war in procinct" was levied against the oppressors of the popul lation. He then plunged into Westphalia. His plans in this country have been often canvassed; for the Germans are, in a vast proportion to the English, military disputants; and the names of their highest soldiers, from Frederick down to Blucher and Bulow, are discussed without mercy and without end. Schill shares the common fate, and all the armies of Germany would not have been enough to fill up the outline of the campaign, which I have heard sketched for him round the fire of a table d'hote in the north. According to those tacticians he should have marched direct upon Cassel, and made himself master of Jerome Buonaparte. He should have charged up to the gates of Berlin, and delivered the country. He should have attacked the rear of the grand army, and given time for the arrival of the Arch-duke. He should have made an irruption into the French territory in its unguarded

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state, and compelled Napoleon to consult the safety of Paris. To all this the natural answer was, that Schill had but from four to six hundred hussars, and a few infantry, deserters from the line. With those he remained for nearly three months master of the tommunications of Westphalia, continually intercepting officers, functionaries, and couriers, and either cluding or beating every detachment sent to break up his flying camp. In one of his expeditions he took Marshal Victor with his suite and despatches. on his way to join the army before Vienna. But it affords an extraordinary evidence of the anathy, or the terror of Germany, that, during this period of excitement, his recruits never amounted to two hundred men. It, however, grew obviously perilous to leave this daring partican free to raise the spirit of the country, and a considerable force was despatched against him. A corps from Cassel moved in direct pursuit, while another, composed of Dutch and Danes, turned towards his rear. It was now time to fly. The experiment on Westphalia was completed; and an escape into Sweden was the only course of safety. Schill has been blamed for lingering on this retreat. But a gentler estimate, and probably a truer one, would have attributed his tardiness to the natural reluctance of a brave man to leave the ground while there is a chance of disputing it. Every hour was full of change; a battle on the Danube might alter the whole fortunes of Germany within an hour, and Prussia would have been the first to raise the standard. But Schill suffered no advantage to be taken of his delay. His marches were regular, he fixed his head-quarters for ten or twelve days at Domitz, a small town on the Mecklenburgh side, which he fortified so far as to be secure from a surprise. He abandoned it only on the approach of the enemy, to whom he deft nothing but his sick,-advanced to Straisund, the strongest fortress in Pomerania, dismantled by the French, but still in their possession, and capable of defence against an ordinary hazard: stormed the gates; drove the French before his cavalry into the great square; and was in possession of the town after a brisk enpagement of less than an hour. On the road to Stralsund I was shown the remains of a field fortification where a French detachment had attempted to stop the hussars. It was a rude work, a parapet of earth and a trench filled with water. The gates and guns had probably fallen into the hands of the peasantry. Schill, on proposing a capitulation to those men, had been fired on. He

issuediately charged at the head of his regimens, leaped the trench, and got into the fortification on horseback. All the French were killed or taken.

Pomerania (in German, Pommern) is one vast flat, which probably was once at the bottom of the Baltic. It is fertile, and was, when I passed through it, covered with a carpet of springing com But on my approach to the sea the prospect on the side of the Ishand of Rugen became diversified. The sea between the island and the main land looked like a broad river, tranquil and glassw. with a low rich border of vegetation, leading the eye across to the woods and picturesque rocks that crown the shore of Rugens The country was thinly peopled, but those were times of the " pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The Swedish army, under the Crown Prince, going to fight his countrymen, were now moving down from Sweden. A strong corps had just haded at Straisund, where the head-quarters were now establish-As I approached Stralsund from a bend of the shore. I at ence saw the dome of the great church and heard the sound of a trumpet, as if to announce its appearance. Then, military sights and sounds followed in quick succession; a squadron of Swedish gen-boats were lying off the shore, with the yellow cross brightaing in the sunset. Chalopes and rafts were passing with troops and stores. A line of huge pontoon wagons stood on the shore of Rugen like the bastions of a fortress; the flags of all nations in the harbour were displayed in honour of the presence of royalty; and on driving round to the glacis, I was dazzled by the glare of a whole host of musquets and sabres flashing in a lovely setsing sum, at the close of a review before the Duke of Brunswick. then on his way to the camp of the allies.

But the military spirit of my reception was not yet complete.—At the gate I found the Burgher guard of the town returning from their evening parade; and was led to my hotel in the midst of a gallant dissonance of clashing cymbals, drums, trumpets, and restive horses caracoling and curvetting under the uneasy heroism of all the chief warriors of the corporation of Stralsund.

Schill had found the principal works destroyed, but yet not to be gained without fighting, and it was not till after a sharp contest that he forced his way over the ramparts.

On his march he had haffled the Dutch general, Gratien, whose express commission was to extirpate him in the field. Schill out-

manduvred the general, and was master of Stralsund a week before he saw the face of a pursuer. There can be no doubt that he might, in that interval, have made good his retreat into Sweden. But the reluctance to leave Germany was strong upon him at all In addition to this, he was now master of a city; the sea was at-his back; the state of Germany was hourly fluctuating; and his position still served as a rallying point, if the old genius of Prussia was at length to shake the ashes from her head. might have been among the motives for this apparent imprudence in a man who had hitherto taken his measures with equal conduct and intrepidity. In this period of inaction he appears to have lost his habitual temper, and, like Richard before Bosworth, to have given an ill omen by his melancholy. He was said to have indulged in drinking, and to exhibit altogether the aspect of a man expecting ruin. But in his dejection he omitted none of the usual arrangements for defence. He set the peasants at work upon the approaches to the town, collected ammunition, planted a battery to command the principal entrance, I believe, borrowing the guns from the merchant ships, and seems to have neglected nothing but the means of retreat.

Straisund is a city of much interest for its share in the "thirty years war;" and Wallenstein, the wonder of arms in his day. brought some disgrace on the standard of his imperial master, by his repulse before the walls. Its position renders it the key of Pomerania, on the side of Sweden, and the Crown Prince was now busy in repairing its fortifications to cover his retreat, if the came paign should turn in favour of Napoleon. It has a tolerable commerce, and some of its buildings exhibit the old ponderous magnificence of the time when German traders made head against prine The principal streets are wide, and the square in the centre. which serves, as in all the German towns, for all imaginable public purposes, a mart, a parade, and a place of justice, has the picturesque look of English architecture in the days of Elizabeth. It was in this spot that Schill drew up his reserve on the morning of the attack. Among the accounts of the fight, to be received from persons who, during the day, were hiding in their cellars from the shots that still had left many a fracture on the front of the buildings, exactness was not to be expected. But the battle seems to have begun about mid-day, and to have continued with desperate determination till three or four in the afternoon. The Dutch difision advanced to the great gate, and were repeatedly driven back. Gratien, however, was responsible to a master who never forgave, and the assault was continued under the fire of Schill's only battery. The Danes were embarked in some gun-boats, and handed on the unprotected side of the town. It was said that their red uniforms deceived the Prussians, and that they were looked on as British troops coming to their assistance. This attack took Schill in flank, and his purpose, from this time, was obviously to sell his life as dearly as he could. His corps were gradually forced from the square, down a narrow street leading to the sea-gate; which I often trod with the sentiments not unnatural to the spot where a hero and a patriot fell. The struggle here was long and bloody, from the narrow front which the enemy were compelled to observe. The Prussians were finally pushed through the gate. and the engagement ceased without their surrender. Gratien's loss was supposed to exceed two thousand in killed and wounded. A striking instance of the gallantry of his opponents, whose force did not equal half the number. Of Schill nothing had been known for some time before the close of the battle. He had exposed himself with conspicuous bravery during the day, and had been twice wounded. About an hour after the square was taken, he was seen standing on the steps of a house in the narrow street, with the blood streaming down his face, and cheering the troops with his sabre waving. In the confusion of the next charge he disappeared. In the evening he was found under a heap of dead near the steps, with two musquet wounds on his body, and a sabre cut on his forehead. The remnant of his band of heroes, chiefly cavalry, had retreated to a neighbouring field, and were there found exhausted and unable to move farther. An adjutant of General Gratien, sent out to propose their surrender, was answered that they had determined not to receive quarter. Some messages followed between them and the general, but they refused to give up their swords while Schill lived. On their being told of his fall, they obtained leave to send two officers to see the body. The officerswere brought to the hall where the corpse had been drawn from the slaughter: they recognised it at once, and at the sight burst into lamentations and tears. On their taking back this melanchoty intelligence, the cavalry, then reduced to a small number, surrendered at discretion.

The nurmer history of these brave men is almost still more

melancholy. A generous enemy, or even any man with a human heart would have honoured their devoted gallantry -But Napon ken ordered them for execution. They were taken to Wesel, and the only favour which they could obtain, was that of dying by each other's hands. Some had made their escape on the way through Germany, but twenty-two, by one account, and twelve or fourteen by another, remained to glut the tyrant's appetite for murder.-They were taken to a field on the glacis of Wesel, and there, standing in a line behind each other, each shot the comrade before him, the last shooting himself. Two sons of General Wedel, the Prussian, were among the victims. This was said to be the sole act of Napoleon; those young soldiers were subjects of Prussia, and amenable only to their own sovereign. It is next to impossible to avoid a feeling of indignation and abhorrence at the nature which could have thus rioted in gallant blood; and hoping that, sunk and punished as their enemy is at this hour, he may be destined to exhibit a still deeper example of justice to the world.

The following is the translation of a popular song, which I mee in the original in Mecklenburg:—

#### SCHILL.

# Be zog aus Berlin ein muthiger Held:

Who burst from Berlin with his lance in his hand?
Who ride at his heel like the rush of the wave?
They are warriors of Prussia, the flower of the land,
And 'tis Schill leads them on to renown and the grave.

Six hundred they come, in pomp and in pride,
Their chargers are fleet, and their bosoms are bold,
And deep shall their lances in vengeance be dyed,
Ere those chargers shall helt, or those bosoms be cold.

Then, through wood and through mountain, their trumpet rang clear,

And Prussia's old banner was waved to the sun, And the yager in green, and the blue musketeer, By thousands they rose, at the bidding of one.

What summon'd this spirit of grandeur from gloom?

Was he call'd from the camp, was he sent from the throne?

• We would not make any change willingly in any communication from so valued a correspondent as the author before us. But he is a classical man, and we would simply ask him whether—" Parcere victis, debellare superbits" is not a precept as herois as it is classical.—Ep. Long. Mac.

Twas the voice of his country—it came from his tomb, And it rises to bless his name, now that he's gone.

Remember him Dodendorf: yet on thy plain

Are the bones of the Frenchmen, that fell by his blade;

At sunset they saw the first flash of his vane,

By twilight, three thousand were still as its shade.

Then, Domits, thy ramparts in crimson were dyed, No longer a hold for the tyrant and slave. Then to Pommern he rush'd, like a bark on the tide, The tide has swept on to renown and the grave.

Fly slaves of Napoleon, for vengeance is come; Now plunge in the earth, now escape on the wind; With the heart of the vulture, now borrow its plume, For Schill and his riders are thundering behind.

All gallant and gay they came in at the gate, That gate that old Wallenstein proudly withstood, Once frowning and crown'd, like a King in his state, Though now its dark fragments but shadow the flood.

Then up flash'd the sabre, the lance was couch'd low, And the trench and the street were a field and a grave; For the sorrows of Prussia gave weight to the blow, And the sabre was weak in the hand of the slave.

Oh Schill! Oh Schill! thou warrior of fame!
In the field, in the field, spur thy charger again;
Who bury in ramparts and fosses the flame
That should burn upon mountain, and sweep over plain!

Stralsund was his tomb; thou city of woe! His banner no more on thy ramparts shall wave; The bullet was sent, and the warrior lies low, And cowards may trample the dust of the brave.

Then burst into triumph the Frenchman's base soul, As they came round his body with scoff and with cry, "Let his limbs toss to heaven on the gibbet and pole, In the throat of the raven and dog let him lie."

Thus they hurried him on, without trumpet or toll, No anthem, no pray'r echoed sad on the wind, No peal of the cannon, no drum's muffled roll, Told the love and the sorrow that linger'd behind.

They cut off his head—but your power is undone; In glory he sleeps, till the trump on his ear In thunder shall summon him up to the throne; And the tyrant and victim alike shall be there,

When the charge is begun, and the Prussian hussar Comes down like a tempest with steed and with steel, In the clash of the swords, he shall give thee a prayer, And his watchword of vengeance be "Schill, brave Schill!"

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## ART. XVII .- On the present state of Abyssinia.

From the Bombay Literary Society Transactions.

The second article is a very interesting account of the present state of Abyssinia, by Nathaniel Pearce, an English sailor, who was left in the country, at his own desire, by Lord Valentia, in 1805, and who still continues to reside there. Mr. Salt found him little altered in appearance or manners, and so well acquainted with the languages and customs of the Abyssinians, as to be of much advantage to him in the capacity of interpreter. He has subsequently suffered much from disease and oppression. In a letter to Theodore Forbes, Esq. British Resident at Mocha, he complains of the hard usage he had received from the Ras in whose service he was. That prince, on the arrival of Cofti, bishop or aboon from Cairo, whom he had brought to Abyssinia at great expense, ordered Pearce to quit his house, that it might be taken possession of by this Egyptian patriarch.

"I leave you to guess," he says, "how it would touch an Englishman's heart, after seven years endeavouring to teach those idle villains to be a little industrious, by showing them the produce of my garden—grapes, peaches, limes, English cabbage of all sorts, turnips, carrots, potatoes, pigeon-houses, &c. to have all taken from me without one farthing of payment, by an old miserly wretch that I have been serving in all his wars above ten years. I begged of him to let me go to Mocha; but he says he can never agree to that, as I know all the country, and shall of course be able to conduct an army through any part of it. He says that the Musselmen tell him, the English got into India by first sending people to live among them"

Pearce still retains feelings of warm attachment to his country. Mr. Forbes sent him some English newspapers which happened to contain an account of the defeats of Bonaparte, after his retreat from Moscow. "I really think," says Pearce, "that the glorious news the papers gave me in respect of old England "has done a great deal towards curing my complaint, which I have had above three years. I hope you will always oblige me

with such news." It appears from the latest accounts, (1818,) that Mr. Pearce had been employed in the distribution of psalm books in Ethiopic, sent by the Bible Society. The people to whom they were given said they were more exact than their own writings, but complained of the smallness of the print, and the want of red ink at the name of God. In another letter, he says that the arrival of these had "created great jealousy in the mind "of the Egyptian patriarch, who tells the population the Feringas "are working cunningness among them."

After the preface, which contains these and a variety of other particulars, we come to the "Small but true Account of the Wavs and Menners of the Abyssinians," which is written without any regard to arrangement, in a vigorous, though neither an accurate nor a polished style: such indeed as we have reason to expect from a man of a strong untutored mind, detailing the result of his own observations, and expressing his own opinions and feelings. The inhabitants of Abyssinia are of many tribes, religions, and colours. In some of their customs they resemble Jews and savages: for they keep holy the Saturday as well as the Sunday, and eat the flesh of an animal before it is dead. They keep many fasts; that of Lent begins in March and ends in May; and besides this there is the fast of Nineveh, of the apostles, of the Virgin Mary, all Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year, with a variety of others. The priests, it is said, have a great feast at the end of each of the fasts.

"They then kill one or two cows, according to their number, close to the door; and, before the animal is done kicking, and the blood still running from its throat, the skin is nearly off on one side, and the prime flesh is cut off, and with all haste held before the elders or heads of the church, who cut about two or three pounds each, and eat it with such greediness, that those who did not know them would think they were starved; but they at all times prefer the raw meat to cooked victuals. After they have finished their brindo, as they call it, they take a little of the fattest parts of the cow, just warmed on the fire, to settle their stomachs, and then one or two large horns full of swoir, or beer, which is very strong, and made of several sorts of corn. They then have the table brought in and covered with bread and cooked victuals, where those that are not satisfied with the raw meat, eat until they are of the cooked."

The second and third class of priests succeed the first, and cat brindo laid on bread, and devour all the victuals more like hounds

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than men. Half of the moveable property of all who die is given to the priests of the parish in which they are buried, and is called tetart, or money of forgiveness. The heirs of the other half are obliged to give a feast to the priests on the 7th, 40th, and 80th day after the death; besides an annual feast for several years: these feasts are called the feasts of tasear, or of charity. "They have great crying and yowling for the dead for many days, " and appoint a particular day for a general cry, which ends their " crying." They then place the effigy of the deceased in a cradle, and all his household servants run round it "crying, yowling, " and firing matchlocks, and tearing the skin off their temples and " forehead until the blood runs down their neck." Carpets are spread before the cradle, and on them are placed the riches of the deceased person's house; the men sit down on the right, and the women on the left, with their temples torn so as to frighten any one who was not acquainted with them. "The relations stand up " one by one in their turns, with a servant on each side of them " to keep them from falling, as they pretend to be so weak with " sorrow"-and speak in praise of the deceased, saying, "that " when on horseback he was like St. George, and on foot like the " angel Michael, and a great deal of other nonsense." The ceremony concludes with a feast, which turns the sorrow into merriment. A corpse is not kept a moment in the house; and none but kings or great men are put in coffins.

In Gondar are twelve learned men called lickcouts, who, though not priests, officiate in the office of the Copti Aboon, or the Egyptian bishop. They keep the time; and indeed every thing is regulated by them. Their year begins on the first of September, the day on which St. John was beheaded, and is divided into four quarters called Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. "All the Abys-"sinians have a father confessor; and I myself am obliged to " have one of these holy fathers, or else it would not be allowed "that I were a Christian." Few can read except the priests; and most even of them know nothing more than the Psalms of David, which is their principal book. In many of the churches are priestesses; but there are some in the country into which no females are allowed to enter. The Virgin Mary is an object of profound veneration, but little partiality is shewn to her sex. On holidays, which Mr. Pearce thinks too numerous, no work, however urgent the necessity, must be done. Little regard for truth

is shewn by any class of the inhabitants, and oaths are broken without ceremony or apparent remorse. Both Christians and Mussulmen frequently become converts to each other's religion. Christians have an aversion to hares, geese, and ducks, but Mussulmen eat these animals, and also locusts; "so if they lose their crops, they live upon the destroyers."

The Abyssinians think diseases are caused by the devil; and one complaint to which women are chiefly liable, the author is rather disposed to think may be the work of that being. His own wife, after he had lived with her five years, was seized with it; and, from his own account, which is certainly very curious, he seems to have sympathized but little with her during her illness.

44 At the first appearance of this complaint, she was five or six days very ill, and her speech so much altered, that I could scarcely understand her. Her friends and relations who came to visit her told me that her complaint was the tegretier, which, from what I had heard, frightened me, and I would at the instant have turned her away, only for fear they might think me a brute for turning away my wife when afflicted with sickness. Her parents, however, persuaded me to bear it with patience and say nothing, for if I were angry it would cause her death, and that they would cure her as all others were cured in their country. After the first five or six days' sickness she began to be continually hungry, and would eat five or six times in the night, never sleep; and in the day time she would go about followed by some of her parents to all her neighbours borrowing rings and other ornaments for her neck, arms, and legs. I did not like the thing at all; but for the sake of seeing the curiosity, I endeavoured to hold my tongue, and be patient. Her speech I could scarcely understand at all; and she, like all others troubled with the same complaint, called a man she and a woman he. One day she called unto me in the presence of her friends after the manner of calling a woman, which vexed me so much that I swore she should not stop in the house. But the moment she saw me in a passion, she fell as if in a fit; and I can assure you that I saw the blood run from her eves as if they had been pricked with a lance. This quite made me fearful she would die; and as her friends had told me previously that if I were to be out of temper it would be the cause of her death, I thought perhaps they might bring me in for murder. But they, however, brought her to by bringing her ornamental dresses, which the great people willingly lend on such occasions: and indeed the greater sort of people are mostly troubled with this complaint. Her countenance had been changed as well as her speech, being from the beginning quite frightful. I determined to keep myself at a distance, and say nothing until the day appointed for her cure, or the devil to be drove out of her. Her friends

had hired as many trumpeters and drummers, who go shout the country for that purpose, as they thought sufficient; and early in the morning of the day appointed, they loaded her neck, arms, and legs, with silver ornaments, and dressed her with a dress which the great men wear at reviews after battle, which the owners readily lend on such an occasion. After she was sufficiently dressed, she was taken to a plain appointed by herself, about a mile from the town, where hundreds of boys and girls and men and women of low class follow. Her friends and relations take a great many large jars of maize and swair for them to drink. have often seen people go out of the town for the same purpose, but would not for shame follow to see them. However, for the sake of curiosity, I was determined to see the last of this, and I therefore went to the place appointed before day-light, and waited until they came; a cradle was placed in the midst of the spot, covered with a carpet, and a great many jars of maize were placed round it. As soon as she came near she began to dance, and the trumpeters all hegan to play in two parties; when one party were tired the other relieved them, so that the noise constantly might be heard; the drink being continually served out by her friends to all, kept them singing and shouting; she still dancing and jumping, sometimes four or five feet from the ground, and every now and then she would take off an ornament and throw it down. Some one being appointed to take care they might not be lost, picked them up and put them in a basket. She went on jumping and dancing in this manner without the least appearance of being tired until nearly sunset, when she dropped the last ornament, and as soon as the sun disappeared she started; and I am perfectly sure that for as good as four hundred yards, when she dropped as if dead, the fastest running man in the world could not have come up with her. The fastest running young man that can be found is employed by her friends to run after her with a matchlock well loaded so as to make a good report; the moment she starts he starts with her; but before she has run the distance where she drops as if she were dead, he is left half-way behind: as soon as he comes up to her he fires right over her body, and asks her name, which she then pronounces; although during the time of her complaint she denies her Christian name, and detests all priests or churches. Her friends afterwards take her to church, where she is washed with holy water, and is thus cured."

Both men and women are subject to complaints as bad as this. The zakerry is the worst; but the author says, "I never had the "curiosity to look into it, as they are very apt in their mad hours "to affront any one who approaches them." Fever is not common, but the itch, syphilis, rheumatism, violent colds, and sore eyes, are prevalent. The small pox and measles commit great havock among them. Inoculation is practised; and for this they

seek the rankest matter they can obtain. The payment for this eperation is a piece of salt.

Matriage is not celebrated in churches. " Every one has an " many wives as he likes, and turns away and takes as he likes." They build a das,-a large temporary edifice, in which the parties with their friends eat and drink. The bride is placed in a cradle at the head of the tables. The bridegroom comes galloping to the das, jumps and cuts capers, boasting what "he has " done or would do." After a variety of ceremonies he departs with his bride. The marriages of the common people are more simple. Any man of that class gives the girl of his heart a drube and a firgy; the one a large and the other a small piece of cloth for robes; and then the parents deliver up their daughter as a purchased slave. Girls become mothers at the age of thirteen or fourteen; and Mr. Pearce gives a sad account of the want of chastity in the women of the country. Ladies wear a shirt of white India cloth, ornamented with silk twist of different colours; over this a robe with a white silk border; some of them have red Egyp. tian leather shoes, or black ones of leather made in the country; and many of them prick their legs, arms, and breasts with charcoal. The lower class have scarcely any clothes, except a tanned goat's skin about their waist, and a sheep's skin over their shoulders .-"They work like slaves, grind corn, carry water in large jars up-"on their loins, enough to load a young ass." "A Christian " woman never milks a cow, as it is thought a great scandal, but "their reason for this is not worth while mentioning." The Abys sinians use a great deal of sweet scented oil and blacken their eyebrows with a mineral called cole brought from Egypt. They are polite in their manners, pay a great many compliments, and always kiss each other in the open way. " No one ever passes his "equals or betters without uncovering his breast, and bowing " with his head, which they return in the same manner." They have monthly clubs for eating, drinking, and friendly intercourse. The members seldom exceed twelve, who meet at each other's houses once a month; but a man may connect himself with as many clubs as he pleases. "They always mantain one priest in " these clubs, to keep them in order; if a man be absent upon his " own business, his wife attends in his place." The women have also separate clubs, which meet generally on the holidays of the Virgin Mary. No man is permitted to wear abetor, a gold or silver ornament, except he has killed an enemy in presence of the king or his commander; but every other ornament is at the option of all who can afford it.

"The king or ras has an elevated place, built up with mud and stone like a stage in the front of the anhwar, or court where the This stage is covered with Persian carpets, silk pillows, and other valuable articles; in the middle is a cradle nearly covered, upon which the king or ras sits, with all his household servants standing round him The troops then come in galloping helter skelter, and making a great noise. They afterwards come one by one in their turns at full gallop to the foot of the raised place where the king is seated, and turn their horses round and round, shaking their heads and spears as if they were mad; boasting of themselves in such a manner as to make any stranger believe they were mad. I write the following only to show in what nonsensical manner the greatest noblemen in Ahyssinia boast of themselves before their king. I am man's master; I am a lion; I am fire; on foot I am a leopard; I am thunder; all men tear me; I am the physic for fear; I have killed Shangarlers; killed Garlers; and a deal of other nonsense. All who have killed an enemy throughout the year, have his pudenda hung to their right arm, which, after ending their speech, they throw down at the king's feet. This review lasts three days; after which every one knows his destiny, whether he is to remain governor of his districts, or whether another is to take his office. All preferment, breaking, making, and changing in the governments is done at this time; and although they pretend to give preferment to the bravest, and to the higher rank of persons, I know for truth that most preferment is given to tattlers, who are always making mischief by sly conversations with their masters; and through false reports and false witnesses, many are innocently dismissed from their stations."

In battles, the infantry keep to the sides of the mountains; while the borse are in valleys and plains; but their want of discipline and regulations is such, that did they not constantly use their chief's name as a watch word, they would often mistake the party they belonged to. Business of all kinds is in general left to the Mussulmen who inhabit the ccuntry. It is customary for ladies to spin, and for great houses to keep one or two mussulmen weavers. Their cotton cloths are of fine texture, and are in general exchanged for salt or corn. The markets are furnished with raw cotton, cotton cloths, tanned hides, cattle of all kinds, honey, wax, butter, corn, fowls, knives, spears, ploughshares, baskets, beads, and a variety of other articles; but they are never visited by people of distinction. Silversmiths, coppersmiths, and saddlers, are the

best employed artists in the country. But laziness is, it would seem, the besetting sin of every class of the Abyssinians. A young man is not happy till he has killed an enemy; and it is common for the youths to seek an occasion of quarrelling with the Garlers who come to the markets, or are found in desert places with their cattle.

The Garler are a brave people; many of them are Mussulmen, but more of them have no religion or place of worship. are, however, not entirely without some notion of a supreme being. Their kings are not hereditary, and are chosen for seven years only. They eat little bread, and have no cultivation in their country, but give their cattle for corn. The lower orders go from place to place with their cattle, and live entirely on milk and flesh. They drink hot blood, but do not eat raw flesh. "They use a deal " of butter in their hair and skin, which makes their company dis-" agreeable." They take as many wives as they choose; the women perform every species of drudgery, while the men do nothing but carry their spears and shields. The Argou are a very bad tempered people living in the very middle of the Christians. The Lastar, though Christians, are quarrelsome and covetous. They had formerly great veneration for springs and fountains of water, " which, I hear, they worshipped." When they drink at a spring, they afterwards make it muddy to prevent others from drinking at the same time. Mr. Pearce one day, when extremely thirsty, was played this trick, " which brought on a very serious quarrel." He was pacified by a "respectable Ammer," who told him the king would have been served in the same fashion. "Being as-" sured it was their custom, I gave way to the ways of the coun-" try, and made it up with the Argou soldier." The Teltal are Mussulmen, and live upon their cattle after the same manner as the Garler. All the salt that passes as small money in Abyssinia comes from their country.

ART. XVIII.—The Mountain Bard; Consisting of Legendary Ballade and Tales. By James Hogg, the Eurick Shepherd. The third edition, greatly enlarged; to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author's life, written by himself. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1821. pp. 386. 12mo.

WERE we left to form our estimate of the mental powers of the Ettrick Shepherd, (to give him his poetical name,) solely from the

memoir of his life affixed to this new edition of the "Mountain Bard," we should be inclined to rate them very low, and think his intellects, if not really weak, at least uninfluenced by sound sense. That he has acted unadvisedly in publishing this memoir, we think will be generally allowed; and he himself, it is hoped, will, in time, be of the same opinion. To make public what may have been said in ordinary conversation, or occurred in familiar and personal transactions, however common the practice, must be condemned. But what are those to think of Mr. Hogg, who are unacquainted with him in private life, when, besides this, they see him voluntarily and unnecessarily making confessions, and placing himself in that ludicrous point of view in which we are persuaded few men would wish to be found? That he has done so will not be questioned; and, when too late, he perhaps may regret such inconsiderate rashness and folly.

Mr. Hogg's reputation stands tolerably high in public esteem, and it is painful to think he should have done any thing to lessen it. The public have often enough been informed by what means he succeeded in raising himself to so respectable a situation in the scale of literary merit, and therefore no such exposure as he has chosen to make was called for ;-besides, all that may be requite of this sort comes with better grace from a friend than from the individual himself. Still we must confess, that we have been greatly amused with this piece of auto-biography; and, in place of visiting him with that degree of censure which some people think he has justly merited, having generosity enough to find some excuse for him, as we verily believe he is entirely free from sordid or unworthy motives, we shall content ourselves with extracting some of its more curious passages, interspersing them with occasional remarks on the character of his different publications.

We need be less particular in the account of the earlier period of Mr. Hogg's life, as that part of the memoir is preserved in the original state in which it was prefixed to this volume, when first published in the year 1807. There he gives a minute and interesting account of his various situations in life, and his literary progress up to the time of its appearance. His education consisted in his being taught to read the Shorter Catechism; when he was "advanced so far as to get into the class which read the Bible," with some experiments which he made in learning to write. "Thus," he says, "my education terminated," and he adds,

had spent about half a year at it. It is true my former master denied me, and when I was only twenty years of age, said, if he was called to make oath, he would swear I never was at his school. However, I know I was at it for two or three months; and I do not choose to be deprived of the honour of having attended the school of my native parish; nor yet that old John Beattie should lose the honour of such a schoolar.

In this hopeful state, he served, under many successive masters, in herding cows and keeping sheep; and at this period of his life, the only book he had access to was the Bible, when he learned the greater part of our present metrical version of the Psalma by heart. He speaks of his want of clothing, and at one time was possessed only of two shirts, which often grew so tattered, that he was obliged "to quit wearing them altogether; for when (he says) I put " them on, they hung down in long tassels as far as my heels. At " those times I certainly made a very grotesque figure; for, on 44 quitting the shirt, I could never induce my trews, or lower vest-" ments to keep up to their proper spheres." But we must pass over much information of a similar kind, with all that he tells us regarding his first poetical compositions, (he began to write verses in 1793,) to come to the passage wherein he describes the singular occasion, in the year 1801, of his appearing first to the world in the character of an author.

" Having attended the Edinburgh market one Monday, with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to dispose of them all, I put the remainder into a park until the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and get them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me, than it was put in practice; and I was obliged to select, not the best poems, but those that I remembered best. I wrote several others during my short stay, and gave them all to a person to print at my expense; and, having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned to the Forest. I saw no more of my Poems, until I received word that there were one thousand copies of them thrown off. I knew no more about publishing than the man of the moon; and the only motive that influenced me was, the gratification of my vanity by seeing my works in print. But, no sooner did the first copy come to hand, than my eyes were open to the folly of my conduct; for, on comparing it with the MS. which I had at home, I found many of the stanzas omitted, others misplaced, and typographical errors abounding in every page."

Some of the pieces in this volume, Mr. Hogg says, attracted a share of attention; but he confesses, that "all of them were sad Vol. XII. 25

wonder, therefore, he should consider the publication of this volume as "one of the most unadvised actions" he ever committed. We have not seen it for several years, but cannot say we are disposed, by any recollections of it, to give a more favourable verdict upon its merits. This is but one instance, among many, of poets having occasion to repent their longing desires to see "their works in print;" and how willingly, were it in their power, they would annihilate most of their earliest effusions. Youth, it ought to be remembered, can never be a proper apology for deluging the world with the mere promises of genius.

After this period Mr. Hogg continued several years writing occasional songs and verses; he gained two prizes given by the Highland Society for the best essays on the rearing and management of sneep; and made repeated journeys into the Highlands, of which he favoured the public with accounts through the medium of the oid Scots Magazine. Finding matters not so prosperous as he could wish in his own native vales, he had resolved to emigrate and settle in Harries, but his scheme was accidentally frustrated; and shortly afterwards his prospects in life brightened, at the first publication of the work before us. The Mountain Bard is well known to consist of a number of tales and legendary ballads, founded on traditionary events current in the southern parts of Scotland. The idea was suggested on perusing the Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border, and the volume is unquestionably the best of his early publications. This new edition, besides the addition of the truly eriginal memoir, which we are now considering, has undergone several material alterations and enlargements. Some of the minor miscellaneous poems, originally added to fill up the volume. have been struck out, and their place supplied with other pieces of a character more accordant with the rest. The following curious passage gives us the particulars of its first publication.

"Mr. Scott had encouraged the publication of the work in some letters that he sent me, consequently I went to Edinburgh to see about it. He went with me to Mr. Constable, who received me very kindly, but told me frankly that my poetry would not sell. I said I thought it was as good as any body's I had seen. He said, that might be, but that robody's poetry would sell; it was the worst stuff that came to market, and that he found; but, as I appeared to be a queer chiel, if I would procure him 200 subscribes, he would publish my work for me, and give me as much for it as he could. I did not like the subscribers much; but, having no

alternative, I accepted the conditions. Refore the work was ready for publication, I had got above 500 subscribers; and Mr. Constable, who, by that time, had conceived a better opinion of the work, gave me half-guinea copies for all my subscribers, and a letter for a small sum over and above. I have forgot how much; but, upon the whole, he acted with great liberality. He gave me, likewise, that same year. 86% for that celebrated work, Hogg on Sheep; and I was now richer than I had ever been before."

His success only led him into difficulties, and having engaged in farming beyond his means, he was soon "fairly run a-ground," when, finding himself without employment, and without money, he came to a striking resolution; but this we must give in his own words.

"In February 1810, (says Mr. Hogg.) in utter desperation, I took my plaid about my shoulders, and marched away to Edinburgh, determined, since no better could be, to push my fortune as a literary man. It is true, I had estimated my poetical talent high enough, but I had resolvto use it only as a staff, never as a crutch; and would have kept that resolve, had I not been driven to the reverse. On going to Edinburgh, I found that my poetical talents were rated nearly as low there as my shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. It was in vain that I applied to newsmongers, booksellers, editors of magazines, &c. for employment. Any of these were willing enough to accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going—not a farthing; and this suited me very ill.

I again applied to Mr. Constable, to publish a volume of songs for me; for I had nothing else by me but the songs of my youth, having given up all these exercises so long. He was rather averse to the expedient; but he had a sort of kindness for me, and did not like to refuse; so, after waiting on him three or four times, he condescended on publishing an edition, and giving me half profits. He published 1000 copies, at five shillings each; but he never gave me any thing; and as I feared the concern might not have proved a good one, I never asked any remuneration."

The name of this work was "The Forest Minstrel," of which, he adds, about two-thirds of the songs were his own, the rest being furnished by correspondents. Besides Thomas Cunningham, a brother of the ingenious Allan Cunnigham alluded to in a former number, we have heard, with what truth we know not, but we think on good authority, that his correspondents A, B, and C, were his friends, Laidlaw, Grieve, and John Ballantyne.

Mr. Hogg's next literary speculation was indeed a rare one for a person in his situation, and with his humble attainments. This was a regular weekly paper, named "The Spy," in imitation of the Essayists of the last century, and which he actually commence

ed and carried on for twelve months, with little assistance from others of any kind. We cannot afford room to detail the currous particulars he has given regarding this periodical work; neither can we allude to his oratorical exhibitions, although we confess we should like, to refresh our recollections of the characters of its drama, to have a peep at his unpublished musical farce, in three acts, entitled "The Forum; or, a Tragedy for cold weather." We must also decline any distinct notice of the exertions of some of his friends, to whom he was at this time much indebted for unwearied attention, and whose good advice it had been well for him to have taken with more docility. But we cannot omit a passage in which one of his friends is spoken of in a becoming manner, and which does credit to Mr. Hogg's feelings He has indeed made similar acknowledgments in the dedication of his Mador of the Moor; and we question if he has ever written any thing more honourable to himself than that dedication to his friend John Grieve.

"All this while there was no man who entered into my views, and supported them, save Mr. John Grieve, a friend, whose affection neither misfortune nor imprudence could once shake. Evil speakers had no effect on him. We had been acquainted from our youth; and he had formed his judgment of me as a man and a poet; and from that nothing could ever make him abate one item. Mr. Grieve's opinion of me was by far too partial, for it amounted to this, that he never conceived any effort in poetry above my reach, if I would set my mind to it; but my carelessness and indifference he constantly regretted and deprecated. During the first six months that I resided in Edinburgh, I lived with him. and his partner, Mr. Scott, who, on a longer acquaintance, became as firmly attached to me as Mr. Grieve; and, I believe, as much so as to any other man alive. We three have had many very happy evenings together; we indeed were seldom separate when it was possible to meet. They suffered me to want for nothing, either in money or clothes; and I did not even need to ask these. Mr. Grieve was always the first to notice my wants, and prevent them In short, they would not suffer me to be obliged to one but themselves for the value of a farthing; and without this sure support, I could never have fought my way in Edinburgh. I was fairly starved into it, and if it had not been for Messrs Grieve and Scott, would, in a very short time, have been starved out of it again."

This brings us to the time when the distinguished work, on which his poetical fame may be said to have been raised, was proposed and perfected.

During the time that the Forum was going on, the poetry of Mr. Walter Scott and Lord Byron had made a great noise. I had published some pieces in THE SPY that Grieve thought exceedingly good; and nothing

would serve him, but that I should take the field once more as a poet, and try my fate with others. I promised; and having some ballads or metrical tales by me, which I did not like to lose, I planned the Queen's Wake, in order that I might take these all in, and had it ready in a few months after it was first proposed. I was very anxious to read it to some person of taste, but no one would either read it, or listen to me reading it, save Grieve, who assured me it would do."

There is no occasion for us to say any thing of the Qucen's Wake, and its great success,—neither can we enter upon the state of his own feelings at first, which he characteristically describes, when, as he says, "he was like a man between death' and life, "waiting for the sentence of the jury." For this part, and the different transactions he had with his publishers, we must refer to the Memoir itself.

Next came Mador of the Moor. Mr. Hogg notices the incident which suggested this poem, originally meant as descriptive of the River Tay; and he fixed on the Spenserian stanza, exclaiming to himself, "That is the finest verse in the world, it rolls off with such majesty and grandeur. What an effect it will have in the description of mountains, cataracts, and storms!" He then very good-naturedly informs us, "There is no doubt what ever that my highest and most fortunate efforts in rhyme, are contained in some of the descriptions of nature in that poem, and in the Ode to Superstition which follows it."

The "Pilgrims of the Sun" followed; and, having alluded to some of his transactions with "the trade," which in general are very entertaining, we should have liked to have given the detail which Mr. Hogg has thought expedient to favour us with, relative to the publication of this poem,—more particularly so, as that part of it concerning his interview with Mr. Constable is certainly the most graphic scene in the whole memoir. Its length would preclude us from giving the entire narrative; and the frequent occurrence of profane expressions certainly lessens the interest which the perusal excites—though the passage, we doubt not, derives verisimilitude from that peculiarity. We, therefore, though we confess it with reluctance, pass over the whole transaction in silence.

Unfortunately he was induced to deviate from the intentions which he had formed to himself whilst writing this poem. "In "the year, (1814,) I conceived a plan (these are Mr. Hogg's words) "for writing a volume of Romantic Poems, to be entitled Midsum-

"mer Night Dreams, and am sorry, (so are we,) that chance adu"lation prevented me from accomplishing my design, for of all
"other subjects, there were none that suited the turn of my
"thoughts so well." This poem had, it seems, but little success.
We have not looked at the "Pilgrims of the Sun" since its first appearance, nor have we in Edinburgh been able to meet with a copy to refresh our recollections of it, but we do remember how much we were gratified with the powers which it evinced; and with all its occasional extravagance and wildness, Mr. Hogg has little need to feel ashamed of any thing contained in the most poetral of all his works. But, to proceed with the Memoir.

"My next literary adventure was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head, that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune. I either applied personally, or by letter, to Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyde, Morehead, Pringle, Paterson, and several others; all of whom sent me very ingenious and beautiful poems. Wodsworth afterwards reclaimed his; and although Lord Byron and Rogers both promised, neither of them ever performed. I believe they intended it, but some other concerns of deeper moment had put it out of their heads, Mr. Walter Scott absolutely refused to furnish me with even one verse, which I took exceedingly ill, as it frustrated my whole plan. What occasioned it, I do not know, as I accounted myself certain of his support from the beginning, and had never asked any thing of him all my life that he refused. It was in vain that I represented, that I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it. He remained firm in his denial, which I thought very hard; so I left him in high dudgeon, sent him a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him again for many a day. I could not even endure to see him at a distance, I felt so degraded by the refusal; and I was, at that time, more disgusted with all mankind than I had ever been before, or have ever been since.

I began, with a heavy heart, to look over the pieces I had received, and lost all hope of my project succeeding. They were, indeed, all very well; but I did not see that they possessed such merit as could give celebrity to any work; and after considering them well, I fancied that I could write a better poem than any that had been sent or would be sent to me, and this so completely in the style of each poet, that it should not be known but for his own production. It was this conceit that suggested to me the idea of The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain. I set to work with great glee, as the fancy had struck me, and, in a few days, I finished my imitations of Wordsworth and Lord Byron. Like a fool, I admired the latter poem most, and contrived to get a large literary party together, on pretence, as I said, of giving them a literary treat. I had got the poem transcribed, and gave it to Mr.

Ballantyne to read, who did it ample justice. Indeed, he read it with extraordinary effect; so much so, that I was astonished at the poem myself, and before it was half done, all pronounced it Byron's. Every one was deceived, except Mr. Ballantyne, who was not to be imposed on in that way; but he kept the secret until we got to the Bridge, and then he told me his mind."

We understand that Lord Byron's Lara, and Roger's Jacqueline, originally printed together in a little volume, were expressly written for this object; but, that in place of having them joined with productions which perchance had disgraced them, they preferred to allot the profits to Mr. Hogg. It would seem to have been otherwise, or at least that the money was pocketed quietly by the authors themselves. This scheme suggested the Poetic Mirror, which has been fully as successful as it merited. There are indeed a few good imitations in it; but others equally poor and miserable. In the extract just made, as Mr. Hogg informs us of a quarrel he had with our great Minstrel, we cannot refrain quoting another paragraph, which is honourable to Mr. Hogg himself, and speaks much for the forbearance and warm-hearted kindness from his illustrious friend. After narrating some other affairs, he says,

"This brings me to an anecdote which I must relate, though with little credit to myself; one that I never reflect on but with feelings of respect, admiration, and gratitude. I formerly mentioned, that I had quarrelled with Mr. Walter Scott. It is true, I had all the quarrel on my own side; no matter for that, I was highly offended, exceedingly angry, and shunned all communication with him for a twelvemonth. He heard that I was ill, and that my trouble had assumed a dangerous aspect. Every day on his return from the Parliament House, he called at Messrs Grieve and Scott's to inquire after my health, with much friendly solicitude. And this, too, after I had renounced his friendship, and told him that I held both it and his literary talents in contempt. One day, in particular, he took Mr. Grieve aside, and asked him if I had proper attendants and an able physician; Mr. Grieve assured him that I was carefully attended to, and had the skill of a professional gentleman, in whom I had the most implicit confidence. 'I would fain have called,' said he, 'but I knew not how I would be received; I request, however, that he may have every proper attendance, and want for nothing that can contribute to the restoration of his health. And, in particular, I have to request that you will let no pecuniary consideration whatever, prevent his having the best medical advice in Edinburgh, for I shall see it paid. Poor Hogg, I would not for all that I am worth in the world, that any thing serious should befal him.'

"As Mr. Grieve had been enjoined, he never mentioned this circum-

stance to me: I accidentally, however, came to the knowledge of it some months afterwards; I then questioned him as to the truth of it, when he told me it all, very much affected. I went straight home, and wrote an apology to Mr. Scott, which was heartily received, and he invited me to breakfast next morning, adding, that he was longing much to see me. The same day, as we were walking round St. Andrew Square, I endeavoured to make the cause of our difference the subject of conversation, but he eluded it. I tried it again some days afterwards, sitting in his study, but he again parried it with equal dexterity; so that I have been left to conjecture what could be his motive in refusing so peremptorily the trifle that I had asked of him. I know him too well to have the least suspicion that there could be any selfish or unfriendly feeling in the determination that he adopted, and I can account for it in no other way, than by supposing, that he thought it mean in me to attempt either to acquire gain, or a name, by the efforts of other men; and that it was much more honourable, to use a proverb of his own, 'that every herring should hang by its own head.""

We have made so many extracts, that we see the propriety of conciseness in what remains to be said. The Poetic Mirror was followed by two volumes of Dramatic Tales, of which, as we have never read them, we must say nothing. "The small " degree of interest, (he confesses,) that these Dramas excited in " the world, (we regret to add,) finished my, (that is, Mr. Hogg's) " dramatic and poetical career." He now ventured on another field, and takes credit to himself in having " had the honour of " being the beginner and almost sole instigator of that celebrated "work, Blackwood's Magazine!" How this may be, we shall not pretend to determine; but we are not a little surprised here to find Mr. Hogg avowing himself the author or projector of the renowned Chaldee Manuscript, which appeared in that publication; as we think, all circumstances considered, it would have been fully as well for himself, and for others concerned in it, to have kept prudent silence respecting that jeu d'esprit and its acknowledged " deevilry."

To come to Mr. Hogg as a novelist, in which character he has not been altogether unsuccessful, though we really cannot bring ourselves to recommend him zealously to labour in a field which at present is so ably occupied. The Brownie of Bodsbeck, he informs us, was retarded so long, that at length the appearance of the inimitable "Old Mortality," by the prolific author of Waverly, caused him to make material changes in the characters of his tale, in order to save himself from the charges of plagia-

rism, or at least of wile imitation. The hero of both tales happened curiously to be the same; and it was vain to hope for much eclat after such a production. The redoubted Balfour of Burley, therefore, he had to transmute into the Brownie, with other alterations; but all was vain, even although the other minor tales were really good of their kind, except the last, the meaning of which was perfectly unintelligible. The Brownie, with all the defects occasioned by this metamorphosing process, is an interesting tale, and ought to be read along with its rival, as it shews the sufferings which the persecuted Covenanters had to endure, when they had fled to their secret mountain-recesses, in order to avoid the intolerant and impolitic measures of a tyrannic government. The character of John Brown is, on the whole, well drawn, and produces considerable effect.

His Winter Evening Tales seem to have had better success. as we lately received a copy of the second impression. has undergone some necessary, though slight alterations, which, although they have not removed the vulgar character of some parts, and the extravagancies of others, have at least put it in our power with less scruple to recommend to our readers two amusing volumes at a moderate price. They have one recommendation to some readers, that of recording many curious adventures which happened to the author himself, as have been surmised, but which he thinks it wise to pass, \*ub \*ilentio, in the present memoir. Some of the stories are absurd in the extreme, though we cannot help laughing at their very absurdity; others we recognise as old acquaintances, being gathered from all quarters, from newspapers, from old magazines, &c.; but, on the whole, there is a great variety of interest as well as incident contained in them, and they display considerable knowledge of the habits, manners, and superstitions of our country people.

So much for his Tales. His Collection of the Jacobite Relics came under our review too lately, and at too great length, to require any farther notice at this time. Not long since he published the first Number of the Border Garland, which, unless to change the solitary No. I. in the list of his works, or, that the future Numbers should be much superior in merit, we have no desire to see it continued. Another, and the last of his works of which we have to speak, was not more successful, his Hebrew Meiodies; yet we are tempted to think that Mr. Hogg might use-

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fully direct some of his future leisure hours to such a theme.— Lord Byron has confessedly failed in it, although his Hebrew Melodies possess much of his usual energy of thought; and those of Moore's are beautiful, but too full of conceits; as neither of these distinguished poets seems to possess that freshness and simplicity of sentiment, or to have drunk from those hallowed streams, whence alone such productions as are worthy of the name can be expected to flow.

On sitting down to write the present sketch, we had contemplated making occasional extracts from Mr. Hogg's tales and poetical works, but must, we find, deny ourselves; we shall therefore conclude with such reflections as this memoir of his life has suggested. We have gone over with freeness, yet with impartiality and forbearance, the particulars which he has made public. with what degree of prudence we have already expressed. no doubt has communicated them with all seeming candour and integrity; for, although we have heard some of his averments contradicted, yet, with a little colouring for effect, and such a degree of embellishment as truth may receive when emanating from a poetic imagination, we are persuaded of the truth of what he relates. Had he consulted his triends on this occasion, as we presume he did not, they unquestionably would have voted for its suppression. After all, what has this memoir to do with a new edition of the Mountain Bard? Was it to proclaim himself the author of the Chaldee Manuscript? Surely the world does not need to be put in mind of his other and avowed productions. could not be to honour his friends, some of whom are dragged forward with very little ceremony. It was not to raise his own character, by laying aside that natural reserve which best befits the possession of genius; and we will not lower Mr. Hogg so much. as to suspect it was merely to bring him in a few pounds from the excitement of a depraved curiosity. It is characteristic, indeed, and altogether told in a naive and graphic manner; and it is interesting to observe a vigorous mind, raising itself from obscurity. struggling onwards under disadvantages, and, relying mainly on its own internal strength, at last overcoming them. But have we not been informed of this over and over again? He may. through compassion, escape from the censure which would have fallen unmitigated on the head of almost any other individual, but certainly we must condemn his imprudence in trying that feeling

to such an extent. What have the people to do with his educacation—his personal quarrels or reconciliations—his private dealings, and so on? Will posterity view with more indulgence the productions which he bequeaths them? or, will the doing so facilitate and render smoother his own progress through what remains to him of life? Surely not. And yet he repeatedly tells us that this memoir is meant solely as a foretaste of what may be expected! We wonder Mr. Hogg has not a chapter in the present memoir, on a new and improved manner of accepting challenges, and his original mode of preventing the effusion of blood occasioned by duelling, with other singular incidents fresh in our memory. These, it may be, are reserved for his larger work -He shews at least some discretion, when speaking of this intended production, that " there is much that I have written that cannot "as yet appear;" and he manifests no less circumspection, when he adds, " for the literary men of Scotland, my contemporaries, " may change their characters, so as to disgrace the estimate at " which I have set them, or my social companions may alter their "habits."P.77. A pretty fellow, indeed, to talk of estimating the literary characters of his contemporaries! Let us only judge from the manner in which he speaks of himself and those whom he introduces. As a set off to one of his friends, whom he considers a greater " prodigy than any self-taught painter or poet in the kingdom,"-we have Mr. Jeffrey usually styled," the Prince of Reviewers," who, he says, " in the long run," will not be honoured; and why not? Why, for not reviewing any other poem by James Hogg than the Queen's Wake! In one place he tells us he considers himself " exquisite at descriptions of nature, and of mountain scenery in particular;" in another he very contentedly informs us, that at one time he held Walter Scott's " friendship and talents-in what ?- " in contempt !" Now we may laugh at all this absurdity; but it were too much for such a person to sit down and estimate the literary characters of our countrymen.

We have no wish to depreciate Mr. Hogg's talents, though we cannot say much either for his judgment or his prudence. We think him possessed of a fine imagination, and a mind feelingly alive to the beauties of nature; but we really do not look on him with that degree of astonishment with which he seems to contemplate himself; whilst, having no intention to flatter him, we really wish to see his talents properly applied. We trust, there-

fore, he has not forsworn poetry, as he seems to intimate; and would also counsel him to regard his own character with more jealous regard than he has hitherto done. We know from his own words that he does not receive advice with so much grace as to lead us to offer him any unnecessarily. But should he ever resolve to appear again to the world, in his poetical character, we cannot think of any theme which he is likely more successfully to attempt, than those aerial beings

" who pluck the winges of painted butterflies, "And fanne the moon-beams from our sleeping eyes,"

respecting whom the finer portions of his existing poetry are composed. In one word, let us counsel him to abandon confessions and disclosures, and revert to an old project, that of filling up a volume with those delightful subjects which he contemplated for his MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT DREAMS.

## ART. XIX - New Bank of the United States, in Philadelphia.

[We are indebted to the publisher of that valuable manual, "The Builder's Assistant," for the annexed representations of the interior and exterior of the splendid edifice which is described in the following article. The description is from the pen of the ingenious architect, Mr. William Strickland, by whom the plan was designed.]

In the design and proportions of this edifice, we recognize the leading features of that celebrated work of antiquity, the Parthenon at Athens. In selecting this example as a model for a building such as a bank, requiring a peculiar internal arrangement and distribution of space and light, it becomes a difficult task for an architect to preserve all the characteristics of a Grecian temple, whose original and appropriation was solely for the worship of the Gods, and for the depositories of public treasure. The peripteros or flanking columns of a Grecian building produces a decidedly beautiful feature in architrave. But they cannot be applied with their proper effect to places of business, without a sacrifice of those principles which have a constant application to internal uses and economy.

The design before us is of the Grecian Doric, characterised as Hy; aetheros, having eight fluted columns 4 feet 6 inches in diameter, embracing the whole front, taken from the Parthenon, or temple of Minerva, Hecatompedon at Athens, being divested of the columns of the peripteros and pronaus, of the sculptured

metopes of the freize, and the basso-relievo figures in the Hympanum of the pediment.

The columns rise from a basement 6 feet in elevation supporting a plain entablature, extending along the sides of a parallelogram 86 by 160 feet including the body of the building and porticos that project 10 feet 6 inches from each of the fronts. The vertical angle of the pediment is 152° forming an uninterrupted line from end to end of the ridge or apex of the roof.

The ascent to the porticos from the street is by a flight of six steps, to a terrace or platform, extending 16 feet on each flank, and in front of the edifice.

It is on this terrace that the building is reared, and from which it derives a great portion of its effect. The gateways on the right and left, open into paved avenues, which extend from Chesnut to Library streets, along each of the flanks serving to insulate the building from surrounding objects, it being inclosed along these avenues by a return of the iron railing exhibited in the front elevation.

This edifice is situated in a north and south direction fronting on Chesnut and Library streets.

Its length including the portico, is 161 feet, and breadth in front 87 feet. The floor of the principal or ground story is elevated 9 feet, surrounded on all sides by a terrace 14 feet wide, rising 3 feet wide, and paved with large flag stones jointed together. The main entrance is from Chesnut street, by a flight of marble steps extending along the whole front of the portico.

The door in the centre opens into a large vestibule with circular ends embracing the Transfer and Loan offices on the right and left, together with a commodious lobby leading to the banking room.

The vestibule ceiling is a prolonged panneled dome divided into three compartments, by bands enriched with the Guilloches springing from a projecting impost containing a sunken frette.—

The pavement is tessilated with American and Italian marble throughout.

The Banking room occupies the centre of the building, being 48 feet wide, having its length 81 feet, in an east and west direction, and lighted exclusively from these aspects. Its leading features present a double range of six fluted marble columns 22 inches diameter, at a distance of 10 feet each from the side walls,

forming a screen or gallery for the clerks' desks which are placed within the intercolumniations.

These columns are of the Greek Ionic Order, with a full entablature, and blocking course on which the great central and lateral arches are supported; the central arch being semi-cylindrical is 28 feet in diameter, 81 feet in length, and subdivided into seven compartments with projecting concentric platbands over and of equal diameter with each column, the intervals being enriched with square sunken moulded pannels; this ceiling is 35 feet from the floor to the crown of the arch, executed with great preeision and effect.

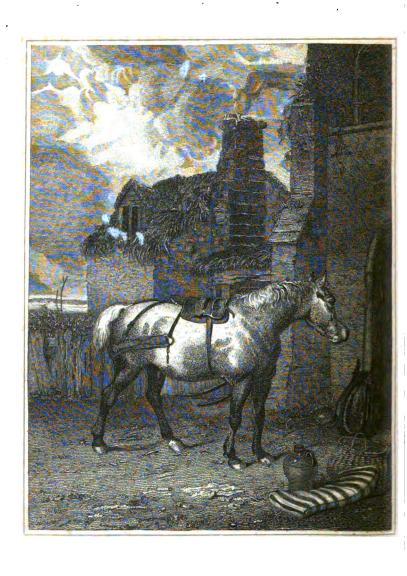
An Isthmian wreath, carved in one entire block of Pennsylvania white marble, surrounds the clock-face, which occupies the space of the first pannel over the entablature in the centre, the design of which is copied from the reverse of an antique gem, found at Corinth, and described by Stuart in his valuable work on the Antiquities of Athens.

The tellers' counters are composed of marble, forming pannelled pedestals across each end of the banking room commencing at the first column from each of the end walls.

The stockholder's room is a parallelogram of 28 feet by 50 feet, being lighted from the south front, having a groin arched ceiling, with projecting platbands, enriched with the Guilloches springing near the base of the groin angle, across the semicircular intrados of the arch. Each end of the room is ornamented with niches 8 feet wide, the heads of which form an architrave concentric with the semicircular pannels in the tympanum of the shortest diameter.

The committee rooms from the stockholders', open right and left, flanked by two flights of marble stairs, leading to the clock chamber, and other apartments in the second story. The private stairway from the banking room leads to the directors', engravers', and copper-plate printers' rooms being lighted from the roof by a plain convex glass light, 20 inches in diameter, and six inches thick, manufactured in Boston by Messrs. Jarvis & Co. the light being inserted in a marble curb, is placed on the apex of a cone which perforates the arch above the stair-way.'

All the internal door jambs, sills, and imposts are of 'marble.— The fire places are principally under the windows, and formed within the thickness of the external walls, and covered with thick east iron plates.



A CART COBB.

Engraved for the Port-Folio.

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The banking room is amply warned by two cast-iron furnaces, lined with fire-brick, being simply erected within an air chamber, through which the external atmosphere passes and becomes heated by the furnace, it then rises through the arch into a circular cast-iron pedestal, perforated on the sides, out of which it is suffered to escape into the room.

The whole body of the building is arched in a bomb-proof manmer from the cellar to the roof, which is covered with copper.— All the grois arches are girdled at the springing line with iron straps, passing round within the body of the division walls.

It may be here practically useful to observe, that all buildings of a public nature, should be thus constructed, as the only safeguard against the ravages of the incendiary, and the no less fatal but inevitable attacks of time.

\*\*\* XX.—Views of Society and Manners in America; in a Series of Letters from that Country to a friend in England, during the years 1818, 1819, and 1820. By an Englishwoman. New York, \$2.2821. pp. 387. boards \$2.

On seeing a picture of America so captivating and in many intances so just, as this lady has exhibited, we are at once led inquire into the causes which have drawn defineations from pencil so totally different from those which have been pregented by her countrymen. Shall we adopt the opinion which my men have maintained, that women have more native discernat than men; a happier tact in discovering the true features of aracter? Or shall we say that their superior candour examwithout prejudice, and their good-nature inclines them to se objects in the fairest point of view? Our self love may est all this, and our consciousness will confirm the repretation that Miss Wright, to whom these "Letters" are ascribhas given of the virtue, the intelligence, and the prosperity of country. But her brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will not let us rest in this complacent state. They will remind us that female fancies have ever the hues of the rain-bow at their command, and, with still greater truth, that this votary of liberty would have lauded a republic had she found it in the frozen wilds of Siberia! It is very evident indeed, that a disgust with the policy of her own government, and an enlightened sense of the rights of man had prepared her to sympathise with a people who had successfully resisted their oppressions and to admire their institutions. They have all the excellence she ascribes to them.

This lady is a great politician, but we shall not quarrel with her; much as we dislike a democrat in petticoats. We agree that women who are to be the companions of husbands, and the instructors of sons, ought to possess every kind of knowledge, which opportunity places within their reach, so far as it is compatible with a due attention to the peculiar duties of their own department. We regret, however, that this lady has devoted so large a portion of her work to our political institutions and our wars: things, which have been so often treated, and are every where to be found. If her countrymen are yet to learn the great principles of our republic, they are more ignorant than we had supposed them to be. But in the United States, the leaves which contain these discussions will seldom be opened.

We are the less surprised at the masculine choice of her subjects since we have heard of the Amazonian character of the lady. Without a male protector and accompanied only by a sister, she dashes across the Ocean, perambulates our cities,--clambers over the rocky sides of our mountains-and looks down upon the roaring Genesee from the excavated root of an old pine, whilst the earth beneath, crumbling under her weight, fell into the water-and the blood of a spectator on the opposite shore, "ran cold" at the perilous situation of the intrepid traveller! So little have we been accustomed to praise from British writers, that we seem to be very ungracious in repelling the statements that now deal it out in ample measure, full, and running over. She is indeed the only one who has done us iustice. She has seen the bearing of our political institutions on the personal character of our citizens with a philosophic eye, and we accept her eulogium with due homage to her discernment and good-nature. But that very probity which she ascribes to us, forbids that we should receive what is not our own. Miss Wright has fallen into many errors, some of which are so derogatory to the honour of a great portion of our citizens, that we should be wanting in duty to them, and to a cause for which we have endured much, if we should suffer them to pass unreproved. We shall at once be understood by our home-readers, to allude to the aspersed Federalists; whilst those abroad-if any such there be, will require to be told that there are yet such men amongst us.

At other mis-statements of this Author we do but smile while

we correct. Philadelphia is proverbially clean, and of course, she was to commend our neatness;—an army of brooms therefore springs out of her creative imagination, and the pavement is washed before each door, every morning! Alas! if this were true our printers would lose many a complaining paragraph about our dirty streets. The fronts of our houses have a bright, orderly, and substantial aspect; therefore, they are painted anew, both brick and wood, every year! Now the honest truth is, that the brick houses are very rarely painted, and not a single one is thus adorned every year! Still our city is comparatively a very clean city, and Miss Wright had heard so, many a time and oft; but the good lady walked about in such entertaining company, that her ears alone were employed while her eyes forgot their office! For such blunders as these she is herself responsible; for her tales about our political parties, our anger falls rather on the deceivers who misled her. As water finds its level, so does a stranger generally fall into that society for which his own prejudices or education has prepared him. But this rule would seem to have been reversed in the case of our traveller. The colouring she has given to all her discussions of party questions, could have been obtained alone from the democratic party, yet we know that she conversed much amongst the federalists. Mr. A. M. to whose "kindness and hospitality she was so much indebted," and whom she introduces as f'a most amiable specimen of the American country gentleman," is a federalist-The lady who is understood to be described in page 94as educating her young family in the morning and entertaining the literati in the evening—is a federalist,—(that is to say, her husband is a federalist-for men and their wives, usually hold the same political opinions,) and we have heard of other families of the same description to which Miss W. was introduced in Philadelphia. Mr. H. to whom she carried a letter from the gifted lady above described, and through whose politeness she obtained a view of the "pretty villa" of "the Ex-King" at Bordentown, is one of our most illustrious federalists. To these respectable names we could add several others who are mentioned in this " View of Society in America," and very confidently aver, that the writer did not obtain from any one of them such a "view" as the following:

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We never before heard of the "diplomacy" of Mr. M. 47

"Among the first Federals, there were men no less respectable for their virtues, than their talents; but these had gradually fallen off from the minority, to mingle themselves with the bulk of the nation, leaving only the old tories, and some disappointed politicians, to disgrace a title which patriots had worn and under its specious mask to attempt the ruin of their country." p. 261. Did Fearon ever write any thing more outrageous than this? Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Pickering, the destroyers of their country! And again,

"The name of a party once respectable, but now disgraced by ftself, became universally odious; and its members to rise from the contempt into which they had fallen, found it advisable to declare their own conversion to the principles of popular government and federal union." p 262. This was a conversion with a witness!-federalists converted to federalism! But Miss W. is not without documents to prove her extraordinary assertions. "It is difficult now," she says, " to a find a Federalist absolutely so called. A certain soreness upon some political topics, a coldness of manner in pronouncing the name of Jefferson, and I have observed, of Franklin, is what may sometimes enable you to detect a cidevant member of the fallen party!" p. 279. There is much of this sort of stuff scattered through her volume, too ridiculous for serious indignation; and only laughed at by sensible men of all parties. That there is less asperity now than formerly between the great political parties of the Union, is very true, but names have not ceased to be distinctive appellations, although there is little to keep them in existence. "In the quiet exercise of their powers" (this lady tells us) " the sovereign people set all things to rights." p. 247. How were they set to rights? By the adoption of all the measures for which the federalists had contended, by their successors in power. Forgetting that she had ascribed all the prosperity of the country to her favourite politicians, she herself in another page thus speaks of Hamilton-" The measures of that able statesman restored the credit of the nation, revived commerce, invigorated agriculture, and created a revenue!" "Whatever might be the political opinions of the former (Hamilton) whether purely republican, or leaning, as was suspected, towards aristocracy, it was soon universally acknowledged, that his measures had promoted the prosperity and lasting interests of his country." p 245. It is idle to waste words in proving that which is self evident, but document for document is the fair argument: at the moment we are writing, a newspaper of the day, containing a notice of a *Foderal meeting* lies before us. Parties exist, and according to the most approved recipe they ought to exist—they are the palladium of liberty—the healthful diet of the body politic, which would sicken and die without the proper aliment.

It is true that the number of Federalists has so greatly diminished that they can scarcely be regarded as a distinct party, with reference to the general government. Nor is this to be regretted. since all the principles by which they were distinguished from their opponents are now fully recognized in the administration of our national affairs. When Washington, Hamilton, Ames, Harper, Otis, Sedgwick, Sitgreaves, Bayard, and the train of worthies who stood in the front rank of federalism, devised the measures which are now admitted by every man of sound understanding to be the very buttresses of our civil polity, they knew that they were making an experiment upon the good sense of the people which would shake their own popularity. In Jefferson, Madison, Giles, Gallatin, Livingston and Nicholas they had wary adversaries who readily availed themselves of the advantages which they possessed in having the popular side of the argument. The Federalists are no longer in power, but we hazard nothing in saying that they are highly respected by those of their adversaries whose good epinions are desirable. As to the persons who have " fallen off from the minority,30 we shall only say of them that so far from, being " respectable for their virtues," they are men who will hang loosely wherever they go. They are destitute of principle and love none but themselves. Tergiversators are not very bountifully rewarded in any country, and of ours, with a very few exceptions, we may say " they are small among the heathen, and despis ed among MEH."

Although our author has succeeded better than her predecessors in discovering the true character of America, in the general, yet like them, she has imagined that she could discern every thing at a glance. She has drawn inferences from single facts, and has been misled by her own prejudices. Amongst the society of Friends she probably heard the sage of Monticello-denominated Thomas Jefferson, and she therefore concludes that this is our common style. She hears a story of "a master who was dismissed from a public school for having struck a boy." The little rebel turns upon

his teacher. "Do you dare to strike nie?-You are my teacher, but not my tyrant." The school-room made common cause in a moment: the fact was inquired into and the master dismissed. No apology for the punishment was sought in the nature of the offence which might have provoked it." From this instance disgraceful to our understanding if true-she argues that "violence is positively forbidden in the schools," and observes, to the honour of our independent spirit "By this early exemption from arbitrary power the boy acquires feelings and habits which abide with him through life." Change the word exemption in her sentence to assumption, and we shall have the boy acquiring the feelings of an outlaw, and the habits of a despot! No, no, we have not vet abandoned the rules of the good old Book. The Bible is still read in our schools, and there the boy recognizes the prerogative of his master. "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." But this is not the only place, where we are sorry to find this lady setting her Bible at defiance. Speaking of the penal code of William Penn, she says, "In retaining the punishment of death, even for the murderer, his mild spirit seems rather to have issued the sentence of "blood for blood" in conformity to the divine law, as given in the Old Testament, than from the argued conviction of its propriety." The reasoning then of fallible men, is a better test of propriety than the divine law! She found herself however in some difficulty, and she adroidly throws it off, by telling us that " the law of Moses is not the law of christians, nor the law of nations; and if we dispense with it in other cases, we may be allowed to do so in this." From several remarks about Unitarianism, fanaticism, and so on, we indeed perceive that she is not deeply read in the law of christians. We shall therefore lay her under an obligation by informing her, that the morai law of Moses is the broad basis on which both the law of christians, and the law of nations, is predicated. We dispense with his ritual law because the new Testament has abolished it. Pursuing her argument against capital punishment in cases of murder, she says-p. 43.

"On the other hand, where executions are rare, they as naturally excite unmixed horror; the alrocity of the crime and of the criminal are lost in this one overpowering sensation; he whom the heart cursed, and at whose sight the blood ran cold, is changed in a moment to an object of compassion; his deeds of darkness are

forgotten when his life's blood is poured at our feet ;-the murderer in our eyes is no longer the lifeless wretch, it is the hired executioner. Can the law be wise which thus trifles with our moral feelings? and that it does so, we need not look to the specutations of philanthropists. I have the testimony of many citizens of these republics for asserting, that when executions, rare and far between, as they are in this happy country, occur, they have no other effect than to excite amazement and horror at the suffering, and commiseration for the sufferer. Nay, so much is this the case, that the execution of a pirate, convicted of the most atrocious crimes, has, upon one cr two occasions, assumed the appearance of a martyrdom; multitudes crowding to gaze upon him, as led from the prison, with all the respect that the citizens of Rome might have seen a victorious general enter their gates under the honours of an ovation. The criminal himself has caught the enthusiasm of the hour, and ascended the scaffold with the majestv of Kemble in Coriolanus, seeking the hearth of his enemy; the scene closing with a funeral procession, and all the solemnities of Christian interment."

"Ascended the stage with the majesty of a Kemble!" sheer shodomontade—" a funeral procession, and all the solemnities of christian interment!" In a single instance, and in a city notorious for its manifold iniquities, the unfortunate culprit was honoured with "christian interment;" but is this to stigmatize us with habitual mockery of the laws of every civilized nation? Even here the scandalous proceeding was very generally disapproved, although it was not carried so far as to erect a stage for the poor wretch to emulate "the majesty of a Kemble." But perhaps Miss W. who is very fond of stage effect, intended no more than to exalt a cart into a stage!

Some sage or other, has advised us to profit by what our enemies say of us. Now we are not so ungracious as to call this writer our enemy—she is our very hearty friend—but let her mistakes instruct us. She says, "marriages are usually solemnized at the paternal mansion of the bride, in which the young couple continue to reside for six or twelve months." Now this we think, would be a great improvement on our plan. Let the young couple remain for a year in the paternal mansion. The lady would in that time take more efficient lessons from her mother's housekeeping than she had done while surrounded by admiring beaux, and the ambition to shine in a house of their own, would give way to sober calculation: a house and furniture in moderation would then suffice, and perhaps we should hear less of great establishments broken up in a few years!

At page 60, we are told-" The legislature now meets in Lancaster about 60 miles west from hence (Philadelphia,) but this also has already grown out of the centre of the fast spreading circle of population, and by an act of the assembly the capital is ordained to travel yet farther west to Harrisburgh, on the east branch of the Susquehannah. This town, the definitive seat of the state-government, is, I am informed, laid out with great care, much on the same plan as Philadelphia, and promises in the grandeur of its public buildings to outstrip the parent city." Harrisburgh is beautifully situated on the main river, at least fifty miles below the east branch. The legislature had been fixed there ten or twelve years before the date of this letter. The State is now erecting a superb capitol at the seat of government, but we know of no other public buildings, to make us tremble for "the parent Mind, not metter, was the nobler pursuit of our sage traveller. While she walked our streets with the celebrated de Serra, our splendid edifices scarcely caught her eye-the intelligent conversation of its inhabitants filled her whole soul with the beau ideal, and our walls are adorned with fresh paint every year !

In the same manner while she talked with King Joseph, and sought excuses for the atrocious "drama of his brother's life," the majestic Delaware and its cultivated shores—a scene for which an English nobleman would give uncounted guineas, is coldly called a "fine prospect"—and his extensive improvements sink into a " pretty villa." In a descant on the neatness of our city-to which, much praise is really due-poor Water-street fares hardly. stead of leaving a sloping bank of verdure rising gradually from the river, which would have left the city open to the view of its magnificent waters, as well as to wholesome and refreshing breezes, it is choked up with wharfs and ugly ruinous-looking buildings, the nest of infection during the summer. Fortunately these are of wood, and must soon run their time"-Leaving the debatiable ground of yellow fever and the utility of Mr. Beck's plan of improving the shore of our majestic river, to wiser heads, we shall only contradict one assertion in this statement. Wooden buildings are scarcely seen in Water-street; they are all of brick, and many of them are large and convenient houses. Like other things of ancient fabrication, houses, furniture, and clothing, they are more substantial than those of modern date, and will not "soon run out their time." We may lament this fact, as it concerns the beauty and salubrity of our city—but it is nevertheless true.

The day is well remembered by citizens not much beyond the middle age, when they were inhabited by some of our wealthiest merchants; and several still remain.

In September 1818 our traveller landed at N. York and there received her first impressions of the sublime features of our country. from " the broad and silver waters of her bay, and the heights of Neversink opposing a black screen to the crimson glories of the evening sky." Here too, she first felt the kind-heartedness of our citizens in the mutual gratulations of the numerous boats which darted from the different shores, and their returning friends on board the Amity. In New York, she saw " not a public building worth noticing except the City Hall!" We have always understood that New York contained many handsome Churches, but this lady did not come to look for Churches-accordingly, they are every where passed without notice, excepting only the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Unitarian edifice in Baltimore. From hence she comes to Philadelphia, where the descendants of William Penn, and the negroes—we mean no disrespect in placing them side by side-claim her chief regards. The vast number of benevolent institutions with their commodious buildings are passed by, to make room for politics and jurisprudence—certainly much better known to the people for whose information her letters were ostensibly intended, than the former. Our University-at least among the oldest seminaries in America, and containing a Medical school, unquestionably the first in celebrity, is not even named! An enthusiast for freedom, however, could not behold the State-house where the first American Congress sat, without a merited encomium on that august body. We next trace her on the spacious bosom of the Hudson, enraptured with the romantic. scenery of the Highlands-we have a word or two on the Academy at West Point-and then in detail the well-known story of Arnold and Andre. From Albany she struck across the State to the far-famed falls of Niagara. The following passages will show the good humour and spirit with which she made her journeysometimes smooth, and sometimes rough:-p. 127.

"In this journey, as I have often found before, the better half of our entertainment was afforded by the intelligence of our companions. It was our good fortune on leaving Albany to find ourselves seated immediately by a gentleman and his lady returning from Washington to this their residence. He was a native of Scotland, but came to this country in his early youth, followed the profes-

sion of the law, settled himself many years since in affluence on his farm; (which seems rather to furnish his amusement than his business,) married into a family that had emigrated from New-England, and settled down in the neighbourhood, and lives surrounded not only by all the comforts, but the luxuries of life. We were variously joined and abandoned by citizens of differing appearance and professions, country gentlemen, lawyers, members of congress, naval officers, farmers, mechanics, &c. There were two characteristics in which these our fellow travellers generally more or less, resembled each other,—good humour and intelligence. Wherever chance has as yet thrown me into a public conveyance in this country, I have met with more of these, the best articles of exchange that I am acquainted with, than I ever remember to have found elsewhere.

Our second day's journey was long and fatiguing, but withal very interesting; the weather delightful, and the scenery pleasing. The road bore every where heavy marks of the flagellations inflicted by the recent storms. It seemed often as if not only the rain but the lightning had tern up the ground, and scooped out the soil, now on this side, and now on that; into which holes, first the right wheel of our vehicle, and anon the left making a sudden plump, did all but spill us out on the highway. To do justice to ourselves, we bore the bruises that were in this manner most plentifully inflicted, with very tolerable stoicism and unbroken good humour.

Gaining the banks of the Mohawk, we traced its course for sixty miles, which, between the lower cataract of the Cohoes and the upper falls, flows placidly through a country finely varied, rich with cultivation, and sprinkled with neat and broad-roofed cottages and villas, shadowed with trees, and backed with an undulating line of hills, now advancing and narrowing the strath, and then receding and leaving vistas into opening glades, down which the tributaries of the Mohawk pour their waters. Massy woods every where crown and usually clothe these ridges; but indeed, as yet, there are few districts throughout this vast country where the forest, or some remnants of it, stand not within the horizon.

The valley of the Mohawk is chiefly peopled by old Dutch settlers; a primitive race, who retain for generations the character, customs, and often the language of their ancient country. Of all European emigrants, the Dutch and the German invariably thrive best, locate themselves, as the phrase is here, with wonderful sagacity, and this being once done, is done for ever. Great must be the penury from which this harmless people fly, who are thus attached to the ways of their fathers, and who, once removed to a land yielding sustenance to the swart hand of industry, plant so peacefully their penates, and root themselves so fixedly in the soil. As a settler next best to the German, thrives the Scot; the Frenchman is given to turn hunter; the Irishman, drunkard, and the Englishman, speculator. Amusement rules the first, pleasure

ruins the second, and self-sufficient obstinacy drives headlong the third. There are many exceptions, doubtless, to this rule; and the number of these increases daily,—and for this reason it is a higher class that is at present emigrating. I speak now more particularly of England. It is men of substance, possessed in clear property of from five hundred to five thousand pounds, who now attempt the passage of the Atlantic. I know of thirteen families who lately arrived in these states from the Thames, not one of which is possessed of less than the former sum, and some of more than the latter. I fear that the policy of England's rulers is cutting away the sinews of the state. Why are her yeomen disappearing from the soil, dwindling into paupers, or flying as Tithes, taxes, and poor rates—these things must be looked into, or her population will gradually approach to that of Spain, beggars and princes; the shaft of the fair column reft away." P. 127.

The tremendous cataract of Niagara—one of the wonders of the world, is an object of curiosity to all who have heard its name; language must fail to give a complete idea of its grandeur. Our readers shall judge for themselves how Miss W. has succeeded in description.—P. 173.

"Next morning we set off in a little wagon, under a glorious sun, and a refreshing breeze. Seven miles of a pleasant road which ran up the ridge we had observed the preceeding night, brought us to the cataract. In the way we alighted to look down from a broad platform of rock, on the edge of the precipice, at a fine bend of the river. From hence the blue expanse of the Ontario bounded a third of the horizon; fort Niagara on the American shore; fort George on the Canadian, guarding the mouth of the river, where it opens into the lake; the banks, rising as they approached us, finely wooded, and winding, now hiding and now revealing the majestic waters of the channel Never shall I forget the moment when, throwing down my eyes, I first beheld the deep, slow, solemn tide, clear as crystal, and green as the ocean, sweeping through its channel of rocks with a sullen dignity of motion and sound, far beyond all that I had heard, or could ever have conceived. You saw and felt immediately that it was no river you beheld, but an imprisoned sea; for such indeed are the lakes of these regions. The velocity of the waters, after the leap, until they issue from the chasm at Queenston, flowing over a rough and shelving bed, must actually be great; but, from their vast depth they move with an apparent majesty, that seems to temper their vehemence, rolling onwards in heavy volumes, and with a hollow sound, as if labouring and groaning with their own weight. I can convey to you no idea of the solemnity of this moving ocean. Our eyes followed its waves until they ached with gazing; and had not our little guide and wagoner startled us, by hurling a frag-

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ment of rock from the precipice, I know not when we should have awakened from our dream.

A mile farther, we caught a first and partial glimpse of the cataract, on which the opposing sun flashed for a moment, as on a silvery screen that hung suspended in the sky. It disappeared again behind the forest, all save the white cloud that rose far up into the air, and marked the spot from whence the thunder came. We now pressed forward with increasing impatience, and after a few miles reaching a small inn, we left our rude equipage, and hastened in the direction that was pointed to us.

Two foot-bridges have latterly been thrown, by daring and dexterous hands, from island to island across the American side of the channel, some hundred of feet above the brink of the fall; gaining in this manner the great island which divides the cataract into two unequal parts, we made its circuit at our leisure. From its lower point, we obtained partial and imperfect views of the falling river; from the higher, we commanded a fine prospect of the upper channel. Nothing here denotes the dreadful commotion so soon about to take place; the thunder, indeed, is behind you, and the rapids are rolling and dashing on either hand; but, before, the vast river comes sweeping down its broad and smooth waters between banks low and gentle as those of the Thames.— Returning, we again stood long on the bridges, gazing on the rapids that rolled above and beneath us; the waters of the deepest sea-green, crested with silver, shooting under our feet with the velocity of lightning, till, reaching the brink, the vast waves seemed to pause, as if gathering their strength for the tremendous plunge. Formerly it was not unusual for the more adventurous traveller to drop down to the island in a well manned and well This was done by keeping between the currents, as they rush on either side of the island, thus leaving a narrow stream, which flows gently to its point, and has to the eye, contrasted with the rapidity of the tide, where to right and left the water is sucked to the falls, the appearance of a strong back current.

It is but an inconsiderable portion of this imprisoned sea which flows on the American side; but even this were sufficient to fix the eye in admiration. Descending the ladder (now easy steps) and approaching to the foot of this lesser Fall, we were driven away blinded, breathless, and smarting, the wind being high and blowing right against us. A young gentleman, who incautiously ventured a few steps farther, was thrown upon his back, and I had some apprehension, from the nature of the ground upon which he fell, was seriously hurt; he escaped, however, from the blast, upon hands and knees, with a few slight bruises. Turning a corner of the rock (where, descending less precipitously, it is wooded to the bottom) to recover our breath, and wring the water from our hair and clothes, we saw, on lifting our eyes, a corner of the summit of this graceful division of the cataract hanging above the pro-

jecting mass of trees, as it were in mid air, like the snowy top of a mountain. Above, the dazzling white of the shivered water was thrown into contrast with the deep blue of the unspotted heavens; below, with the living green of the summer foliage, fresh and sparkling in the eternal shower of the rising and falling spray.--The wind, which, for the space of an hour, blew with some fury, rushing down with the river, flung showers of spray from the crest of the fall. The sun's rays glancing on these big drops, and sometimes on feathery streams thrown fantastically from the main body of the water, transformed them into silvery stars, or beams of light; while the graceful rainbow, now arching over our heads, and now circling in the vapour at our feet, still flew before us as The greater division of the cataract was here concealed from our sight by the dense volumes of vapour which the wind drove with fury across the immense basin directly towards us; sometimes indeed a veering gust parted for a moment the thick clouds, and partially revealed the heavy columns, that seemed more like fixed pillars of moving emerald than living sheets of water Here, seating ourselves at the brink of this troubled ocean. beneath the gaze of the sun, we had the full advantage of a vapour bath; the fervid rays drying our garments one moment, and a blast from the basin drenching them the next. The wind at length having somewhat abated, and the ferryman being willing to attempt the passage, we here crossed in a little boat to the Canada The nervous arm of a single rower stemmed this heavy current, just below the basin of the Falls, and yet in the whirl occasioned by them; the stormy northwest at this moment chafing the waters yet more. Blinded as we were by the columns of vapour which were driven upon us, we lost the panoramic view of the cataract, which, in calmer hours, or with other winds, may be seen in this passage. The angry waters, and the angry winds together, drove us farther down the channel than was quite agreeable, seeing that a few roods more, and our shallop must have been whirled into breakers, from which ten such arms as those of its skilful conductor could not have redeemed it.

Being landed two-thirds of a mile below the cataract, a scramble, at first very intricate, through, and over, and under huge masses of rock, which occasionally seemed to deny all passage, and among which our guide often disappeared from our wandering eyes, placed us at the foot of the ladder by which the traveller descends on the Canada side. From hence a rough walk along a shelving ledge of loose stones brought us to the cavern formed by the projection of the ledge over which the water rolls, and which is known by the name of the Table Rock.

The gloom of this vast cavern, the whirlwind that ever plays in it, the deafening roar, the vast abyss of convulsed waters beneath you, the falling columns that hang over your head, all strike, not upon the ears and eyes only, but upon the heart For the first few moments, the sublime is wrought to the terrible. This posi-

tion indisputably the finest, is no longer one of safety. A part of the Table Rock fell last year, and in that still remaining, the eye traces an alarming fissure, from the very summit of the projecting ledge over which the water rolls; so that the ceiling of this dark cavern seems rent from the precipice, and whatever be its hold, it is evidently fast yielding to the pressure of the water. You cannot look up to this crevice, and down upon the enormous masses which lately fell, with a shock mistaken by the neighbouring inhabitants for that of an earthquake, without shrinking at the dreadful possibility which might crush you beneath ruins, yet more enormous than those which lie at your feet.

The cavern formed by the projection of this rock, extends some feet behind the water, and, could you breathe, to stand behind the edge of the sheet were perfectly easy. I have seen those who have told me they have done so: for myself, when I descended within a few paces of this dark recess, I was obliged to hurry back some yards to draw breath. Mine to be sure are not the best of lungs, but theirs must be little short of miraculous, that can play in the wind and foam that gush from the hidden depths of this watery cave. It is probable, however, that the late fracture of the rock has considerably narrowed this recess; and thus increased the

force of the blast that meets the intruder.

From this spot, (beneath the Table Rock,) you feel, more than from any other, the height of the cataract, and the weight of its waters. It seems a tumbling ocean; and you yourself what a helpless atom amid these vast and and eternal workings of gigan-The wind had now abated, and what was better, we tic nature! were now under the lee, and could admire its sport with the vapour, instead of being blinded by it. From the enormous basin into which the waters precipitate themselves in a clear leap of 140 feet, the clouds of smoke rose in white volumes, like the roundheaded clouds you have sometimes seen in the evening horizon of a summer sky, and then shot up in pointed pinnacles, like the ice of mountain glaciers. Caught by the wind, it was now borne down the channel, then, re-collecting its strength, the tremulous vapour again sought the upper air, till, broken and dispersed in the blue serene, it spread against it the only silvery veil which spotted the pure azure. In the centre of the Fall, where the water is the heaviest, it takes the leap in an unbroken mass of the deepest green, and in many places reaches the bottom in crystal columns of the same hue, till they meet the snow-white foam that heaves and rolls convulsedly in the enormous basin. But for the deafening roar, the darkness and the stormy whirlwind in which we stood, I could have fancied these massy volumes the walls of some fairy palace—living emeralds chased in silver. Never surely did nature throw together so fantastically so much beauty with such terrific grandeur. Nor let me pass without notice the lovely rainbow that, at this moment, hung over the opposing division of the cataract as parted by the island, embracing the whole breadth in its span. Midway of this silvery screen of shivered

water, stretched a broad belt of blazing gold and crimson, into which the rainbow dropped its hues, and seemed to have based its arch. Different from all other scenes of nature that have come under my observation, the cataract of Niagara is seen to most advantage under a powerful and opposing sun: the hues assumed by the vapour are then by far the most varied and brilliant; and of the beauty of these hues I can give you no idea. The gloom of the cavern (for I speak always as if under the Table Rock) needs no assistance from the shade of evening; and the terrible grandeur of the whole is not felt the less for being distictly seen. We now ascended the precipice on the Canada side, and having taken a long gaze from the Table Rock, sought dry clothes and refreshment at a neighbouring inn.

We have again visited this wonder of nature in our return from lake Erie; and have now gazed upon it in all lights, and at all hours,—under the rising, meridian, and setting sun, and unden the pale moon when

"Riding in her highest noon."

The edge of the Table Rock is not approached without terror at the latter hour. The fairy hues are now all gone; excepting, indeed, the rainbow, which, the ghost of what it was, now spans a dark impervious abyss. The rays of the sweet planet but feebly pierce the chill dense vapour that clogs the atmosphere; they only kiss, and coldly kiss, the waters at the brink, and faintly show the upper half of the columns, now black as ebony, plunging into a storm-tossed sea of murky clouds, whose depth and boundaries are alike unseen. It is the storm of the elements in chaos. The shivering mortal stands on the brink, like the startled fiend

"On the bare outside of this world,
"Uncertain which, in ocean or in air."

"La buja campagna

"Tremô si forte, che dello spavento
"La mente di sudore ancor mi bagna."

Standing on the very theatre of our last war it was not to be supposed that our fair advocate would avoid the subject. She apologises for the burning of Newark in Canada, by our people, and seems to consider it as an act of "blind vengeance" for the horrible massacre of our prisoners at the River Raisin. She tells this story, which should be blotted from the annals of the British nation—and declaims with proper indignation against a government which had conferred rewards upon the officer, who had thus dared to disgrace his profession and his nation."

• Miss W. has committed another error in locating the philanthrophic deeds of M4ntosh at the River Raisin. Cape Francois, during the insurrection of the negroes, was the place where he so highly distinguished himself.

By land, on the Canada shore, our traveller passed from the cataract to Kingston, and thence in a batteau down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Returning she finds herself "on classic ground" at Plattsburg on Lake Champlain.

We should be unjust to this writer, after having made pretty free with her faults, did we neglect to give her very eloquent account of the victory of Mac Donough, and the burning of the steam-boat Phænix. p. 211.

"The enemy soon advanced up the shores of the lake to the river Saranac, at the mouth of which stands the village of Plattsburgh, backed and flanked by the forest, whose dark interminable line it sweetly breaks with its neat and cheerful dwellings, over-. looking the silver bosom of a circular bay, which receives the waters of the river. Continual skirmishes now took place between the enemy and flying parties of militia, seven hundred of which soon collected from the surrounding forests. The state of Vermont, which lines the opposite shores of the lake, then poured forth her mountaineers. Scattered through a mountainous country, it might have been thought difficult to collect the scanty population; but the cry of invasion echoed from hill to hill, from village to village; some caught their horses from the plough, others ran off on foot, leaving their herds in the pastures, and scarce exchanging a parting blessing with their wives and mothers as they handed to them their muskets.

"From the grey sire, whose trembling hand Could hardly buckle on his brand, To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow Were yet scarce terror to the crow, Each valley, each sequester'd glen, Muster'd his little horde of men, That met, as torrents from the height, In highland dale their streams unite; Still gathering as they pour along, A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

Their guns on their shoulders, a powder-flask at their sides, sometimes a ration in their pockets, crowd after crowd poured into Burlington, and all, as a friend who had witnessed the scene, described it to me, "came at a run, whether on their own legs or their horses."

The beautiful little town of Burlington covers the breast of a hill on the opposite shore, and somewhat higher up the lake than Plattsburgh. Here every boat and canoe was in requisition; troop after troop hurried to the shore, and as the scattered crowds poured into Plattsburgh, they collected in lines on the Saranac to resist the passage of the enemy, or struck into the woods, with orders to harass their rear.

The fleet was now equipped; and, when that of the enemy appeared in sight, moored in line across the entrance of the bay,

with such breathless alacrity had the Americans prepared to meet this encounter, that one of the vessels which then entered into action, had been built and equipped in the space of a fortnight; eighteen days previous to the engagement, the timber of which it was constructed, had been actually growing in the forest upon the shores of the lake.

The British flotilla, under the command of Captain Downie, mounted ninety-five guns, and upwards of a thousand men; the American, under Commodore M. Donough, eighty-six guns, and acarly eight hundred men. The first exchange of cannon between the flects was the signal of the armies on land. A desperate contest ensued. The British, with daring bravery, twice attempted to force the bridges, and twice were driven back; then, filing up the river, a detachment attempted to ford; but here a volley of musketry suddenly assailed them from the woods, and forced them to retreat, with loss.

The issue of the day was felt by both parties to depend upon the naval engagement then raging in the sight of both armies. Many an anxious glance was cast upon the waters by those stationed near the shore. For two hours the conflict remained doubtful; the vessels on either side were stript of their sails and rigging; staggering and reeling hulks, they still gave and received the shocks which threatened to submerge them. The vessel of the American Commodore was twice on fire; her cannon dismounted, and her sides leaking; the enemy was in the same condition. The battle for a moment seemed a drawn one, when both attempted a manœuvre which was to decide the day. With infinite difficulty. the American ship veered about; the enemy attempted the same in vain; a fresh fire poured upon her, and she struck. A shout then awoke upon the shore; and ringing along the American lines. swelled for a moment above the roar of the battle. For a short space the British efforts relaxed; but then, as if nerved rather than dismayed by misfortune, the experienced veterans stood their ground. and continued the fight until darkness constrained its suspension.

The little town of Burlington, during these busy hours, displayed a far different, but not less interesting scene; all occupation was interrupted; the anxious inhabitants; lining the heights, and straining their eyes and ears to catch some signal that might speak the fate of a combat upon which so much depended. The distant firing and smoke told when the fleets were engaged. The minutes and the hours dragged on heavily; hopes and fears alternately prevailing; when, at length, the cannonading suddenly ceased; but still, with the help of the telescope, nothing could be distinguished across the vast waters, save that the last wreath of smoke had died away, and that life, honour, and property were lost or saved.

Not a sound was heard, the citizens looked at each other without speaking; women and children wandered along the beach, with many of the men of Vermont, who had continued to drop in during the day, but found no means of crossing the lake. Every boat was on the other shore, and all were still too busy there to ferry over tidings of the naval combat. The evening fell, and still no moving speck appeared upon the waters. A dark night, heavy with fogs, closed in, and some with saddened hearts slowly sought their homes; while others still lingered, hearkening to every breath, pacing to and fro distractedly, and wildly imagining all the probable and possible causes which might occasion this suspense. Were they defeated—some would have taken to the boats: were they successful-some would have burned to bring the tidings .-At eleven at night, a shout broke in the darkness from the waters. It was one of triumph.—Was it from friends or enemies? Again it broke louder; it was recognized and re-echoed by the listeners on the beach, swelled up the hill, and "Victory! victory!" range through the village. I could not describe the scene as it was described to me; but you will suppose how the blood eddied from the heart; how young and old ran about frantic; how they laughed, wept, and sang, and wept again.—In half an hour, the little town was in a blaze of light.

The brunt of the battle was now over; but it still remained doubtful, whether the invaders would attempt to push forward, in despite of the loss of their fleet, and of the opposing ranks of militia, now doubly inspirited by patriotism and good fortune. At daybreak the next morning, were found only the sick, the wounded, and the dead, with the military stores and munitions of war. The siege had been raised during the night; and the baggage and artillery having been sent back, the army were already some miles on their way towards the frontier. The skirmishing that harassed their retreat, thinned their numbers less than the sudden desertion of five hundred men, who threw down their muskets, and sprang into the woods. A few of these sons of Mars are now thriving farmers in the state of Vermont; others fared, with more or less success, according to their industry and morals." p. 215.

"One of the finest steamboats ever built in the United States lately ran upon this inland sea, and was destroyed, ten days since, by fire, in a manner truly terrible. The captain of the vessel had fallen sick, and entrusted its management to his son, a young man just turned of one-and-twenty. Making for St. John's with upwards of forty passengers, they encountered the equinoctial gale which blew with violence right ahead. The fine vessel, however, encountered it bravely, and dashed onwards through the storm, until an hour after midnight, she had gained the broadest part of the lake. Some careless mortal, who had been to seek his supper in the pantry, left a candle burning on a shelf, which, after some time, caught another which was ranged above.

The passengers were asleep or at least quiet in their births, when a man at the engine perceived, in some dark recess, of the vessel an unusual light. Approaching the spot, he heard the crackling of fire, and found the door of the pantry a glowing and tre-

mulous wall of embers. He had scarcely time to turn himself, ere he was enveloped in flames; rushing past them, he attempted to burst into the ladies' apartment by a small door which opened into the interior of the vessel: it was locked on the inside, and the noise of the storm seemed to drown all his cries and blows. Hurrying upon the deck, he gave the alarm to the captain, and flew to the women's cabin. Ere he leaped down the stairs, the flames had burst through the inner door, and had already seized upon the curtains of the bed next to it. You may conceive the scene which followed.

In the mean time the young captain roused his crew and his male passengers, warning the pilot to make for the nearest inland. Summoning his men around him, and stating to them that all the lives on board could not be saved in the boats, he asked their consent to save the passengers, and take death with him. quiesced unanimously; and hastened to let down the boats. While thus engaged, the flames burst through the decks, and shrouded the pilot, the mast, and the chimney, in a column of flames. helmsman, however, held to the wheel, until his limbs were scorch-The unusual ed and his clothes half consumed upon his back. heat round the boiler gave double impetus to the engine. vessel dashed madly through the waters, until she was within a few roods of land. The boats were down, and the captain and his men held the shrieking women and children in their arms, when the helm gave way, and the vessel, turning from the wind, flew backwards, whirling round and round from the shore. None could approach to stop the engine; its fury, however, soon spent itself, and left the flaming wreck to the mercy only of the winds and waves. With dreadful struggles, the naked passengers got into the boats, and received the women and children from the hands of the captain and the crew, who, while the flames whirled over their heads, refused the solicitations to enter the overburdened barks, and pushed them off from the fire which had nearly caught their sides. It was now discovered that one woman and a youth of sixteen had been forgotten. Hurrying them to the windward of the flames, the youth was bound to a plank, and a skilful swimmer of the crew leapt with him into the lake. The captain, holding the frantic woman in his arms, stood upon the edge of the scorching and crackling wreck, until he saw the last of his companions provided with a spar, and committed to the waters; then, throwing from him with one arm a table which he had before secured for the purpose, and with the other grasping his charge, he sprang into the waves. The poor woman, mad with terror, seized his throat as he placed and held her upon the table; forced to disengage himself, she was borne away by the waves; he tried to follow, and saw her for the last time, clinging to a burning mass of the vessel. One last shrick, and the poor creature was whelmed in flood and fire. Swimming round the blazing hulk, and calling aloud to such of his companions as might be within hearing,

29

to keep near it, he watched for the falling of a spar. He seized one while yet on fire, and, quenching it, continued to float round the wreck, deeming that the light might be a signal, should the boats be able to return; but these had to row, heavily laden, six miles through a mountainous sea. It was long before they could make the land, and that, leaving their helpless freight naked on the shore of a desert island, in the dark and tempestuous night,

they turned to seek the drowning heroes.

The day broke while they were labouring against the roaring elements, seeking in vain the extinguished beacon that was to guide their search; at length a blackened atom appeared upon the top of a wave; stretched upon it was a human figure. It was, I rejoice to say, the young captain—senseless, but the generous soul not quite departed. He is alive and doing well. One other of these devoted men was picked up late in the morning, and wondrously restored to life, after having been eight hours swimming and floating on the water. Seven perished.

The citizens of Burlington hastened with clothing and provisions to the sufferers on the island; took them to their homes;

and nursed them with affectionate solicitude.

The blackened wreck of the Phoenix is now lying, in the midst of the lake, upon a reef of rocks, to which it was drifted by the storm."

We must close our extracts from this popular work by another passage which is full of truth and good sense. p. 232.

" If \*\*\* will study the history of this country, he will find it teeming with business. America was not asleep during the thirty years that Europe had forgotten her; she was actively employed in her education;—in framing and trying systems of government; in eradicating prejudices; in vanquishing internal enemies; in replenishing her treasury; in liquidating her debts; in amending her laws; in correcting her policy; in fitting herself to enjoy that liberty which she had purchased with her blood; -in founding seminaries of learning; in facilitating the spread of knowledge;—to say nothing of the revival of commerce; the reclaiming of wilderness after wilderness; the facilitating of internal navigation; the doubling and tripling of a population trained to exercise the rights of freemen, and to respect institutions adopted by the voice of their country. Such have been the occupations of America. She bears the works of her genius about her; we must not seek them in volumes piled on the shelves of a library. All her knowledge is put forth in action; lives in her institutions, in her laws; speaks in her senate; acts in her cabinet; breathes even from the walls of her cities, and the sides of her ships. Look on all she has done, on that which she is; count the sum of her years; and then pronounce sentence on her genius. Her politicians are not ingenious theorists, but practical statesmen; her soldiers have been conquerors, but patriots; her philosophers not wise reasoners, but

wise legislators. Their country has been and is their field of action; every able head and nervous arm is pressed into its service. The foreign world hears nothing of their exploits, and reads none of their lucubrations; but their country reaps the fruits of their wisdom, and feels the aid of their service; and it is in the wealth, the strength, the peace, the prosperity, the good government, and the well administered laws of that country that we must discover and admire their energy and genius." p. 233.

Upon the whole we consider these "Views of Society and Manners in America," as the product of more than common intellect. It is a very entertaining book, although, to us, it contains nothing new. We are gratified by her approbation, while we smile at her mistakes. Many of them, are evidently misrepresentions to which she vielded. Her own observation could not have told her that " Baltimore" (now an opulent and beautiful metropolis,) " at the time of the revolution comprised some thirty houses of painted or unpainted frame, with perhaps as many of logs scattered in their vicinity." "If this does not confound your understanding," (she exclaims,) "it has well nigh confounded mine." The dwellings of wealthy merchants, who had already made ample fortunes in that city, were of brick, at the date above mentioned. vast number of villages and towns in the West, which have sprung up, since our Independence, and are now ornamented by large mansions, and splendid furniture, been mentioned to her, her understanding might have been confounded indeed! came to be pleased—and pleased she was. She pre-determined to praise and she praises indiscriminately. Perhaps she had got a little seasoning from the British Journals, which call us a vain and self-sufficient people; and by way of trying what potions of flattery we can swallow, she tells us, that our servants, the very plagues of a suffering country—are good, honest, high-minded souls, that " will not receive an insulting word!" What we ourselves, either lament or ridicule, are with her among the most delectable points of our system. She somewhere sees a ragged troop of militia going through their exercise, "the blacksmith from his forge, the mechanic, his coat marked with saw-dust; the farmer, with the soil yet upon his hands," and being asked, what she thought of our soldiers—she "secretly brushed a tear from her eye!" This was singularly pathetic, yet it mischievously brings a story to our recollection of an old lady in a neighbouring village who allowed a militia company to provide themselves with arms from her wood-pile, provided they would dismiss and "stack arms" at her door when the parade was over. But after all, if her book should prove an antidote to the tribes that have gone before her, she will have done us "good service." Let her applause be flattery, we take it all in good part, for while we would respectfully recommend a little of the same sort of sensibility to Miss Wright, we all profess to feel that inimitable apostrophe of Sir Walter Scot-

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own my native land! Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned, From wandering on a foreign strand! If such there breathe, go, mark him well; For him no Minstrel raptures swell; High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown. And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

H.

ART. XXI .- Italy. By Lady Morgan. 2 Vols. 4to. London, 1821.

Lady Morgan, as a female, is, to a certain degree, exempt from the severity of criticism: were it not so, many of her offences are of so masculine a character, that she could hardly escape, what she perhaps would call ultra-castigation. We are unfortunately unenlightened enough to dislike petticoated patriots and frilled philosophers. Nothing fatigues us sooner than rhapsodies ten thousand times repeated, which signalize the pseudo illumination the present day; and nothing disgusts us more, especially in women, than the jargon of doctrines inimical to the peace and happiness of social life. What Lady Morgan's religious principles are, we cannot take upon us to say; but we are sorry to observe in the writings of a person of her lively talents, a constant disposition to turn into ridicule what so many of mankind consider sacred, and so scoff at what the wisest and the best of human beings have thought essential to felicity on earth, and to beatitude in heaven. As for-

the political tenets of this author, we have nothing to do with them. It is of very little consequence to the relations of Europe, whether she be a liberal or a republican; it only occurs to us, that for a democrat, she appears to be very fond of quoting the sristocratic company to which she was admitted on her travels.

With much of eleverness, she has, however, gone over oft-trodden grounds, and were it not for the everlasting boring us with party opinions, her work would be infinitely more entertaining and agreeable. As it is, on finishing the first volume, the reader will have learnt little about the Italian cities, nothing at all about the manners and customs of their inhabitants, but a great deal about the writer's revolutionary sentiments. In short, he will have found hatred to every established government, and mockery of almost every religious institution in each page of the work, and instruction and amusement (excluded by these absurd tirades,) in scarcely one. On closing the whole, it will appear to be truly "Italy by Lady Morgan," and no other Italy whatever, either in description or in reality!

The statements of this lady are throughout so notoriously loose and incorrect as to invalidate all her assertions; while the flippant and dogmatical way in which she writes aggravates the evil by adding what is unpleasant in tone to what is not precise in fact.—
There is no reliance on the rhodomontading sketches of ancient history, and, if it were possible, less on the views of modern events.

In the very first page we hear of the "vast" territories of the Etruscans—of Rome becoming "the destiny of mankind:" and these are fair examples of the style to which we allude—the Etruscans never possessing a vast territory, nor Rome having ever been (if it means any thing) the destiny of mankind, though in a comparative degree, the former were powerful in Italy, and the latter bore a prominent rank among mighty empires.

The second page (for we will not go far in quest of our reasons) affords an equally strong example of this lady's style—we had almost said click. She tells us most grandiloquently:—"The dissolution of the mightiest social combination which had ever existed, stands foremost among those rare events that serve as beaces rocks, in the ocean of time, to break up its vastness, and give to the eye of philosophy a point of concentration and repose.—When Rome fell, the elements of existing society separated, to

recombine under new forms, and to unite in new proportions. A race of another mould and fibre from that with which the redundant population of the east had colonized the more temperate regions of Europe, swarmed over the cultivated plains of Italy, and violated its luxurious cities. An unknown product from the foundery of a new creation thinned the ranks of refined degeneracy."

We are really amazed at her ladyship's language, about moulds and fibres and founderies of new creations: probably it belongs to the modern school of feminine philosophy, probably it may be borrowed professionally from Sir Charles, who takes a share in the production of these volumes. But, indeed, this historical sketch of the Roman empire is unique in its kind. For illustration sake : " On the fall of the Roman empire, the social and political organization of Europe, her master language and universal laws, alike submitted to change, or to extinction. Every trace of the Asiatic characteristics, which distinguished her southern regions, was effaced; and the brilliant mythology she had adopted and naturalized, which had so long peopled her temperate climes with the bright imagery of more fervid zones, faded away like the fantasms of a gay dream. Then arose a system to govern the minds of men, remote alike from the divine revelation of Jehovah, as from the splendid rites of Jove. Founded in sacrifice, enforced by persecution, with terror for its spring, and human degradation for its object, dark, despotic, exclusive, and sanguinary, it rose above all temporal power; and arrogating a divine origin, called itself-The Church.

"The northern hordes were well adapted to receive and propogate a doctrine, gloomy and powerful as the creed of their fathers; and while the altars of Odin still smoked, his followers presented themselves, smeared with the blood of victims, at the baptismal font, whence they went forth to plunder, and to kill; to

When the bands of the fierce and petty chieftain Clovis were flying before the Germans in the plain of Tolbach, he, having in vain invoked the sid of his own battle-god, exclaimed, in his despair, "God of Clotilda, I vow, if thou gainest the battle for me, to have none other god but thee." The battle was won. Clotilda, who was carrying on the war in the south, hastened to her husband's christening, burning some towns in Burgundy on her way, which belonged to her own uncle. Clovis was baptized at Rheims, with three thousand of his followers, for whose faith he pledged himself to St. Remi; de-

propagate doctrines by the sword, and to punish resistance by the faggot."

It would puzzle a plain man to tell what the dickons this note had to do with the fall of Rome; but legitimacy, and the church, and religion, are prejudices which her ladyship never spares; and is sure to lug in a hit at them, however foreign the question and inconvenient the place. Her notions on these points are peculiar—for instance, she goes on to affirm—"The town of Lombardy demanded permission of the emperor to defend themselves; and political necessity produced their enfranchisement. The immunity became universal; the effect was electric. Every town had its charter, every village its diploma, to use the right given by the God of nature, the true and only right divine, the right of self-defence."

This is the drollest limitation of the right divine we ever met with; but we will wade no farther into this absurd cento of writers, whose meanings are almost always twisted, misrepresented, or misunderstood, and only quote one other passage to indicate the author's purpose:—"To trace the result of this European revolution in Italy, which broke up for ever the stale institutes of feudality, and the power of the Church, is the object of the following pages; to which the foregoing brief sketch of Italian story has been deemed necessary."

At Rome, Lady M. says,—" We were one day returning from visiting the galleries of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, and were issuing from its portico, when a dirty stable-boy, a sieve of oats in one hand, and a bunch of keys in the other, asked us, as he passed, if we wanted to see the Tarpeian Rock, (or, as he familiarly called it, "Nostra Rupe Tarpeja,") which is said to lie behind the palace of the Conservators, commanding the Piazza della Consolazionne. Although I had no greater desire to see this Tyburn or Place de Grève of antiquity) than any other place of execution, yet there was something in a stable-boy Cicerone leading the way to this great shrine of classic homage, which was irresistible; and we accepted his invitation. As he led us through a dirty yard

claring, that when he had time, he would inform them what the ceremony meant. It was upon this occasion that Clovis received the St. Ampoule, which has conferred divine right upon all his successors. An angel descended from heaven with the holy ointment to St. Remi, which lasted till the Revolution, when it emigrated with the other legitimate relics, to return with them at the Restoration.

over piles of rubbish and heaps of manure, I could scarcely help exclaiming with the Manlius of an Irish tragedy, when at the brink of this precipice, "Oh! Jasus, where am I going to?" We leaned over a broken wall, and our whituoso of the stables pointing to a projecting clump of rock, exclaimed, "Ecco nostra Rupe Tarpeja!" He then held out his hand for a paolo, and whistled as out of the Succetuary, to the tune of Fra tenti palphti."

" It were vain under such unfavourable circumstances, to conjure up one classical association, to affect one of those thrills which vibrate in the hearts of all true Corimas, when the very sound of the Tarfician Rock meets their ear; but even had it been seen under the consecrated authority of those arch-mistagogues of all classic lore, Signori Fea and Nebbi, to the heart of an unlearned woman it could bring no throb of pleasure; nor could its view increase the sum of interest or respect which the Capitoline heroes still awaken in the minds of the most erudite. One of the most prominent landmarks of human civilization, is the mode of punishment ordained by judicial laws. Public executions are not acts of vengeance—they are, at best, but fatal necessities; intended more to admonish the survivors, than to torture the criminal. In general they are the remains of great barbarism not yet reformed, and they are found even in that country where they are most frequent (England,) to be sources of crime rather than its retributions or preventatives. The heart of him who returns from witnessing an execution is rarely the better for the spectacle.-But the English gallows, terrible as it is (and infinitely less humane than the French guillotine,) is still a merciful refinement, compared to the wild horses, wheels, thumb-screws, holes dug for living burials, and all the horrible devices of tortures which Christian governments and Christian sects have invented or employed to agonize that dupe and victim of all systems-man!"

## ART. XXI .- Memoirs of Anacreon; by J. E. HALL.

(Continued from Vol. XI. p. 277.)

The hymn by Sappho, being the best that had been written upon the occasion, the laurel, as I have before said, was unanimously decreed to her. She received, also, a brass discus upon which an artist had engraved, an exquisite picture of the mother of Love-This divinity was represented at that period so intesesting to the

<sup>\*</sup> This exclamation could only proceed from a mind habitually vulgar. En P. F.

world, when she was partly risen from the waves. The Loves were seen striving to facilitate her splendid emergence and fluttering their wings to testify their joy at her natal hour But I will not continue a description in dull prose, when it can be given so vividly in the lines of Anacreon.

## ON A DISCUS REPRESENTING VENUS.

And whose immortal hand could shed Upon this disk the ocean's bed? And, in a frenzied flight of soul Sublime as heaven's eternal pole. Imagine thus, in semblance warm. The Queen of Love's voluptuous form; Floating along the silv'ry sea In beauty's naked majesty! Oh! he has given the raptur'd sight A witching banquet of delight; And all those sacred scenes of love, Where only hallow'd eyes may rove,‡ Lie faintly glowing, half-conceal'd. Within the lucid billows veil'd. Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze Has wafted o'er the glassy seas, She floats upon the ocean's breast, Which undulates in sleepy rest, And stealing on, she gently pillows Her bosom on the amorous billows.

So when bright Venus rises from the flood Around in thongs the wond'ring Nereids crowd; The Tritons gaze, and tune the vocal shell, And every Grace unsung the waves conceal.

Dispensary B. 6.

‡ The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which is like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

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<sup>\*</sup>The abruptness of apa vis vegues corres, is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties, which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become languid and unimpressive.

<sup>†</sup> Dr Garth has caught this idea.

Her bosom, like the humid rose,\* Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows, Illume the liquid path she traces, And burn within the stream's embraces! In languid luxury soft she glides, Encircled by the azure tides, Like some fair lily faint with weeping, Upon a bed of violets sleeping! Beneath their queen's inspiring glance, The dolphins o'er the green sea dance, Bearing in triumph young Desire, And baby Love with smiles of fire! While, sparkling on the silver waves, The tenants of the briny caves Around the pomp in eddies play, And gleam along the watery way.

It having been resolved to bestow some additional testimony of respect upon Anacreon, similar to that which Sappho had received, an artist, who from his skill, was surnamed Vulcan, waited upon him, in order to know what would be most congenial with his wishes. Anacreon would have declined an honour which was to be purchased at the expense of an established custom and in favour of a stranger. But the Lesbians, insisted upon his acceptance of some token of their friendship and admiration, and he then adjutessed the following lines to the graver.

TO VULCAN.

Vulcan! hear your glorious task; I do not from your labours ask. In gorgeous panoply to shine, For war was ne'er a sport of mine. No—let me have a silver bowl, Where I may cradle all my soul;

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Crottus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague an use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: "e roseis oculis."

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Podeso" (says an anonymous annotator) "is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

But let not o'er its simple frame Your mimic constellations flame; Nor grave upon the swelling side Orion, scowling o'er the tide. I care not for the glitt'ring wane, Nor yet the weeping sister train. But oh! let vines luxuriant roll Their blushing tendrils round the bowl While many a rose-lip'd bacchant makit Is culling clusters in their shade. Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes, Wildly press the gushing grapes; And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets, Flit around on golden winglets: While Venus, to her mystic bower, Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

Alcoeus, who became uneasy at the success of Anacreon, for which he had long exerted all the arts of persuasion in vain, one day reproached him for lavishing so much of his time and talents upon frivolous pursuits.

Anacreon answered him, that there was a time when he avoided the society of women, and devoted himself to the composition of poetry of a more exalted kind, than amatory effusions. But Cupid and Bacchus he said, had conquered him and taught him how to live.

"I remember," he continued, "the day that I felt, for the first time, the passion of love. I composed, on the occasion a song which I will give you."

## THE RACE.\*

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod, (Arms enough for such a god,) Cupid bade me wing my pace, And try with him the rapid race. O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep, By tangled brake and pendent steep,

<sup>\*</sup>The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram (I do not know where he found it), which has some similitude to this ode:

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis

Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam; &c.

With weary foot I panting flew, My brow was chill with drops of dew. And now my soul, exhausted, dying, To my lip was faintly flying:\* And now I thought the spark had fled, When Cupid hover'd o'er my head. And fanning light his breezy plume, Recall'd me from my languid gloom; † Then said, in accents half-reproving, "Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

Since that time I have unceasingly worshipped at the shrines I would hold no communion with him of love and wine. whose heart cannot be warmed by wine and cheered by the smiles of beauty. And if you, my friend, would convert all these war-

Upon my couch I lay, at night protound. My languid eyes in magic slumber bound, When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed, And forced me many a weary way to tread. "What!" said the god, "shall you, whose vows are known, "Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?" I rise and follow; all the night I stray, Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way. Tracing with naked foot the painful track. Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back. Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd, Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard; I, I alone, a fugitive from rest, Passion my guide, and madness in my breast, Wander the world around, unknowing where. The slave of love, the victim of despair!

M.

\* In the original, he says his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich, quoted by Aulus Gellius:

> Την ψυχην Αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον. HADO JAR & TANKET OF BIRCOTOKOTO.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip, And drink thy breath, in melting twine, My soul then flutters to my lip, Ready to fly and mix with thine.

†" The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes which he may occasion." La Fosse.

like instruments, which terrify the Graces from your walls, into goblets and lyres, you would live happier and longer."

With these words he left him and repaired to Sappho.

"I am glad you have come," said the nymph. "Lo! I am trying an ode on your new instrument. Its tones are so sweet, that they make even my poetry melodious. Will you listen to me?"

"I will," said Anacreon, "for to hear your voice and to see your beaming eyes are my chief delights."

ON ANACREON.

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure, The minstrel of the Teian measure: Twas in a vision of the night. He beam'd upon my wondering sight; I heard his voice, and warmly prest The dear enthusiast to my breast. His tresses wore a silvery die, But beauty sparkled in his eye; Sparkled in his eyes of fire, Through the mist of soft desire. His lip exhal'd, whene'er he sigh'd, The fragrance of the racy tide; And, as with weak and reeling feet He came my cordial kiss to meet, An infant, of the Cyprian band, Guided him on with tender hand. Quick from his glowing brows he drew His braid, of many a wanton hue; I took the braid of wanton twine, It breath'd of him and blush'd with wine! I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow. And ah! I feel its magic now! I feel that even his garland's touch Can make the bosom love too much!

As she concluded she placed a wreath of roses upon the head of the enraptured bard. He pressed her hand and thanked her for the elegant compliment.

"I will sing in return;" said he "but I must henceforth yield the lyre to your superior hand."

ON THE ROSE.
Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep

Twine the rose, the garland twine. Every leaf distilling wine; Drink and smile, and learn to think That we were born to smile and drink. Rose! thou art the sweetest flower That ever drank the amber shower: Rose! thou art the fondest child Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild! Even the Gods, who walk the sky. Are amorous of thy scented sigh, Cupid too, in Paphian shades, His hair with rosy fillet braids, When with the blushing, naked Graces, The wanton winding dance he traces.\* Then bring me, showers of roses bring, And shed them round me while I sing: Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade. With some celestial, glowing maid,† While gales of roses round me rise, In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs, I'll bill and twine in airy dance, Commingling soul with every glance!

"The flowers bloom so fragrantly in your ode, dear Anacreon" said Sappho "that I fear to give you one which I had intended to send with this chaplet."

Sappho then took his lyre and sung a fragment of an ode.

#### ON THE ROSE.

Would Jove appoint some flow'r to reign, In matchless beauty on the plain, The Rose, mankind will all agree The rose, the queen of flowers should be. The pride of plants, the grace of bowers The blush of meads, the eye of flowers. Its beauties charm the Gods above Its fragrance is the breath of love; Its foliage wantons in the air Luxuriant, like the flowing hair.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." Degen.

<sup>†</sup> The epithet βαθυπολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed:" if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See the Koran, cap. 72.

It shines in blooming splendour gay While zephyrs on its bosom play \*

Such was the intercourse between these congenial minds! The Loves and the Graces smiled, and Apollo delighted to contemplate their union. One evening when we were about to enjoy a carousal at her house, Sappho sang for us an invitation to Venus to preside over the festival.

TO VENUS.

Hither Venus! queen or kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses!
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush!
Venus hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not thine!

She then sent the lyre to Anacreon who amused us with several songs, two of which I shall here insert.

CUPID.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid aleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.
OLD AGE.

The women tell me, every day, That all my bloom has past away,

<sup>•</sup> This ode, which is generally ascribed to Sappho, has been preserved by Achilles Tatius. In the beginning of the second book of that romancer, Clitophron, he informs us that his mistress sung this eulogy on the rose at an entertainment. Fawhes has placed it among the fragments of Sappho.

<sup>†</sup> See Mr. Moore's note on ode xxxii.

"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,

"Behold this mirror with a sigh;

"The locks upon thy brow are few,

"And, like the rest, they're withering too!"

Whether decline has thinn d my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer.
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give!

While Anacreon was thus enjoying himself with Sappho, I was sedulously engaged in the study of the Greek poets who had formerly flourished, and improving my knowledge by conversing with those of the present time. When the thoughts of the lovely Myrilla obtruded upon my mind, I regarded her as either dead or faithless, and strove to assuage the poignancy of my feelings in the society of the companions of Sappho. Her genius and charms had collected around her a number of females, among whom were some of the most tender and impassioned poetesses that Greece could boast. Seven of them in particular were so distinguisded by the elegant symmetry of their persons and the splendour of their talents, that Antipater of Thessalonica, who then wooed the fair Anyta, with not less gallantry than truth, bestowed upon the captivating assemblage the title of THE BARTHLY MUSES. From these my heart involuntarily selected the youthful Erinna, as one whose genius and beauty recalled the image of the lost Myrilla. She possessed that heavenly beauty which seemed scarcely to belong to a mortal frame. The fire that enlightened her eye, and the glow which burnished her cheek, bespoke the high source from which she derived her origin. From it she inherited that eloquent blood which overspread a countenance ever fair and ever lovely; from that inspiring influence arose the admiration and awe which bent in adoration of her extatic charms.

Why do you scorn my want of youth, And with a smile my brow behold? Lady dear! believe this truth, That he who loves cannot be old.

<sup>\*</sup>Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age:

Quid rides, Matrona! senem quid temnis amantem?

Quisquis amat, null est conditione, senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth

With that retired modesty which is ever the companion of superior genius, she was regardless of the splendour of wealth, and unambitious of the wreath of fame. Her principal occupation was at the loom and the distaff, and her chief delight was experienced in the endearments of a domestic circle. But as her talents were brilliant, so was her life distinguished by its brevity. She died in the spring of youth, and the muses scattered violets around the tomb of their favourite child.

#### ON ERINNA.

Scarce nineteen summer suns had shed Youth's roses o'er Erinna's head While by a guardian mother's side Her customary tasks she plied—Bade her fine silk the loom prepare, Or watch'd the distaff's humble care; Her modest worth the muses knew Brought her rich talents forth to view; With their own fires they fill'd her soul, Bade her young eyes in transports roll, And ah! too soon from human eyes Bore her their handmaid, to the skies.\*

Several of her poems, which are not less remarkable for their tender and impressive pathos, than from the resemblance which they bear to the mournful circumstances of her own fate, remain to soothe the sorrows of her friends. I shall insert the following epitaph upon her friend Baucis who died the night of her marriage.

Strangers! who with silent steps pass by,
Revere the spot where Baucis' ashes lie;
And call the monarch of the shades severe,
Who doom'd to early death a maid so dear.
These mystic ornaments too sadly show
'Th' unhappy fate of her who sleeps below.
With the same torch that joyous Hymen led
The blushing virgin to the nuptial bed,
Her sorrowing friends did touch the fun'ral pyre
And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.
Thou too, oh hymen! bad'st the jocund day,
That hail'd the festive season pass away
Chang'd for the sigh of wo and deep dismay.†

On the reverse of the marble around which she lingered in all the despondence of unaffected grief, and the tender fondness of

\* Anthol. anon.

† Anon.

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female friendship, she has thus feelingly addressed the silent emblems of mortality.

Say, thou cold marble, and weeping urn
And sculptur'd Syrens that appear to mourn,
And guard within, the poor and senseless dusts
Consign'd, by fond affection, to thy trust:
Say, to the stranger, as he muses nigh
That Baucis' ashes here lamented lie:
Of noble lineage—that Erinna's love
Thus mourns the partner of her joys above.\*

I well remember the sad vicissitude of that night which the husband of Baucis had long anticipated as the era of felicity. The guests were assembled to participate in the ceremony. The young women were crowned with chaplets of the gayest flowers that are sacred to Venus. They commenced the nuptial song

"I have chang'd my former state for one more happy," and the dancers whose light robes were variegated with sprigs of myrtle, were entwining their delicate limbs; the priest presented to the impatient bridegroom and the blushing bride, the hymeneal ivy, the symbol of their union; when some demon who regarded the blissful scene with a malignant eye, suddenly cast dismay through the circle. The bride swooned—her thrilling transports were succeeded by a passive languor, a livid paleness expelled the bluoming roses from her cheek; she closed her eyes and sunk in the silence of death!

Oh! melancholy reverse! oh! relentless death! The emblems of joy that but a moment before were seen in every part of the house were torn away, and with trembling hands and sorrowful countenances, her former companions suspended the laurel and the mournful acanthus in their places. Some united with the unhappy family in their weeping prayers to Mercury, the conductor of departed spirits, and others endeavoured to console the afflicted husband. We reminded him of the lessons which he had received at the Academy; those lessons so specious in prosperity, but so impertinent when the soul is saddened with grief.

"Oh philosophy!" he exclaimed, "but a few moments are elapsed since you commanded me to love my wife, now you forbid me to lament her."

"But," said we, " pour tears caused restore her to life."

\* Anthology.

"Alia," he replied, "that reflection only makes them flow more rapidly."

As soon as it was known that she had expired, the whole house resounded with ories and lamentations. The body was washed, perfumed with odoriferous essences and clothed in a costly garment; on her head, which was covered with a veil, was placed a chaplet of flowers; in her hands a cake of flour and honey to appease Cerberus, and in her mouth a piece of money to pay Charon. In this state she was exposed a whole day in the vestibule of the house. At the door stood a vessel of lustral water to purify those who might touch the body.

This exposure is always deemed necessary to ascertain that the person is really deceased, and died a natural death. It is sometimes continued to the third day.

The time of the funeral approached. The Nour appeared was before the rising of the sun, a practice which the laws wisely directed in order that a ceremony so sad flight not be converted into a scene of estentations magnificence. The friends and relations were invited. We found the coffin surrounded by women who were making load lamentations; some of them out off locks of their hair, and laid them by the side of Bauchs, as piedges of their affection and grief. The body was placed upon a car, in a coffin of cypress wood. The women followed the corpse; the men went before it, some with their heads shaved and all were diothed in black and inclined their eyes stedfaulty upon the ground. They were preceded by a band of musicians, who played and sing mehancholy sirs. We repaired to a spot which belonged to Automobion, the husband, where the ashes of his sweeters were deposited.

Although it is very immaterial whether our bodies be committed to the flames or returned to their original olay, when death has deprived them of animation, much alterestion had recently arisen respecting their proper disposition. To so great a length was the spirit of opposition carried that some persons would have been almost willing to undergo the ceremony, that they might display the sincerity of their opinion. Automedon, being one of the innovators upon the ancient custom of interment, the fair form of his wife was laid upon a funeral pyre; and when it was consumed, the nearest relations collected the ashes and buried the urn, which contained them, in the earth.

We were next summoned to the funeral repast, where the con-

vereation turned upon the beauties, the talents, and the virtues of Baucis. On the ninth and thirtieth days after, her relations habited in white and crowned with flowers, again assembled to pay new honours to her manes: and it was resolved that they should meet annually, on her birth day, to lament her loss, as if it were still recent. This affectionate anniversary is frequently perpetuated in a family, in a society of friends, and among the disciples of the same philosopher. The regret testified on these occasions is renewed at a general festival of the dead which is celebrated in the month Anthesterion.\* I have more than once, seen individuals approach a tomb, leave there a part of their hair, and pour around it libations of water, wine, milk and honey.

The curious stranger who is attentive, not only to the origin of these rites, but, to the sentiments by which they are preserved, must admire the wisdom of the ancient legislators, who taught that sepulture and its attendant ceremonies are to be considered as things sacred. They encouraged the old opinion, that the soul, having left its habitation, the body, is stopped on the banks of the Styx, tormented by the desire of reaching the place of its destination; and that it appears in dreams to the survivors, who should interest themselves in its fate, until they shall have withdrawn its mortal relicks from the eye of day and the injuries of the weather.

Hence that anxiety to procure it the desired repose; hence the injunction imposed upon the traveller to cover with earth a corpse which he may find on the road; and hence the profound veneration in which tombs are held, and the severity of the laws which protect them from violation.

Hence also the ceremonies practised with respect to those who are swallowed up in the waves, or die in foreign countries when it is impossible to recover their bodies. Their companions previous to their departure, thrice invoke them with a loud voice, and, by sacrifices and libations, flatter themselves that they have brought back their manes; to which they sometimes erect cenotaphs, a kind of funeral monuments which are held in almost equal veneration with tombs.

Among the citizens who enjoyed an easy fortune when alive, some, conformably with ancient usage, have only a small column

\* Corresponding with our months of February and March. Meuss. Græc. Fer. in Nieve.

crected over their ashes, with their names inscribed upon it: others, in contempt of the laws which condemn ostentation and all pretensions to fictitious sorrow, perpetuate the memory of their deceased relatives by elegant and magnificent structures, which are ornamented with statues, and embellished by the arts. I have known a freed man expend two talents for a monument to his wife.

The premature death of Erinna, which happened shortly after the death of her friend Baucis, and while I remained at Mytilene, was severely felt by those who admired her talents and the many who revered her virtues. Among the poets who did honour at once to their own feelings and to the subject of their lays, Antipater Sidonius, deserves to be remembered. The epitaph which he composed and which was afterwards engraved upon her tomb was in these words:

#### ON ERINNA.

Few were thy notes, Erinna! short thy lay,
But thy short lay the muse herself has giv'n;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor night obscure that fame which lives in heav'u:

While we, the unnumber'd bards of after-time, Sink in the solitary grave unseen, Unkonour'd reach Avernus' fabled clime, And leave no record that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays
Though but a moment heard before they die;
But the long clatt'ring of discordant jays
The winds of April scatter through the sky.\*

\*Anthol.

To be continued.

# ART. XXII.—Poetry. EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

[To this quaint monumental inscription we are unable to prefix the name of its author. It may perhaps be referred to old Godfrey of Winchester, the epigrammatical poet.]

Beneath this little stone
Doth the dear reliques lie
Of my beloved son,
Whoever passeth bye
Let them awhile reflect,
Their own mortality;

And spend a sigh at least,
Or else a tear let fall
On my sweet blooming son,
Whom God so soon did call.
Crush'd by too cruel death,
In his most hopeful bud:
Blasting almost with all
The stock whereon it stood.

To Miss S. on her singing a Scottch song.

Lady, the muse whose varied song,
Through Scotia's blooming vales has rang,
To thee, shall bend her raptur'd ear,
Again those magic sounds to hear,
Which fall from thy inspired tongue!

And Oh, should Scotia's wand ring child,
Who strays afar from his native wild;
Catch the soft strain he lov'd to hear,
Among his native glens so dear,
Where, in his youth, his harp he strung;—

The blooming birk, the summy bow'r,
Where gowan gay and mountain flow'r,
In native grace and beauty smil'd;
The rippling burn, the Trosach wild,
Again on faded mem'ry fall!

To these will fond remembrance fly,
And dwell with ardent extacy,
On those lov'd scenes forever flows.
And youthful sports forever gone,
Whose transient dream thy lay recals.

Folerius.

Chloe declares that the my heart Trembles its passion to impart, Her piercing eyes can view it; She says I love her,—'twould affect her, Should I presume to contradict her; But hang me if I knew it!

## ALEXANDER IN LONDON.

By J. Smith, Esq.

[Tupe "Charley over the water."]

1

I have seen, lucky me, what you all want to see,
Good people give ear to my sonnet,
I have been in the ring with the Muscovy King,
And I have peeped at the Oldenburgh bonnet.
At his sister's approach to get into her coach
Her brother steps forward to hand her;
What extacies throb in the hearts of the mob—
To behold the renowned Alexander.

2

On each bracelet and seal you behold his profile,
In the shops too of "Laurie and Whittle,"
Nat Lee hold your prate, Alexander the great,
Is now Alexander the little.
At Lord Williams dell, near the Pulteney Hotel,
What multitudes every day wander—
They scamper like imps to indulge in a glimpse

Of the mighty renowned Alexander.

3

He dresses with taste, he is small in the waist,
I have seen him with Blucher and Platoff,
The Hetman appears with his cap o'er his ears,
But the emperor rides with his hat off;
He sits on his throne with a leg on each zone,
No monarch on earth can be grander,
Half an hour after dark all the pales in the park
Are scaled to behold Alexander.

4

"Have you seen him" 's the talk, Piccadilly's the walk, I suppose if it is so, it must be,
And nobody thinks of that musical sphinx
Catalini, or great doctor Busby,
Anxiety burns every bosom by turns,
To flirt with this royal Philander;
Even Kean is forgot, we are all on the trot
To behold the renown'd Alexander.

Poor Madame de Stael is quite pushed to the wall Chasseed by the czar and the duchess,
And since his retreat even Louis Dixhuit,
Has been claw'd in oblivion's clutches.
Clerks run from their quills, haberdashers their tills,
John Bull is a great goosy gander,
And happy the wight who can utter at night
"This morning I saw Alexander."—

6

When the town was illumed, how his residence bloom'd
With lamps to the balcony fitted,
I've heard, the Cossacks made eleven attacks
To drink up the oil ere they lit it.
The chronicle says that he laces in stays,
But perhaps this is nothing but slander,
As his stay was not long, I will shorten my song
With huzza for the great Alexander!

London, 1818.

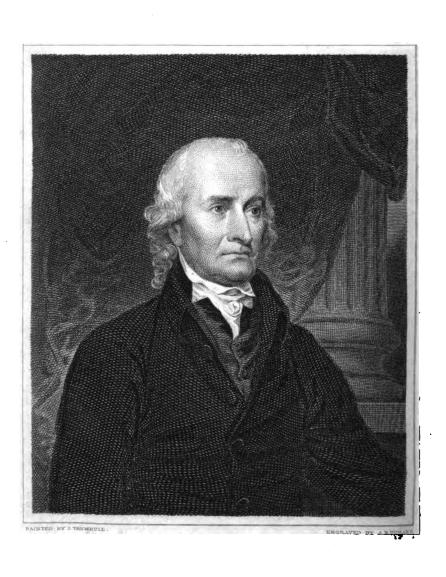
### FRIENDSHIP.

Tho' friendship's a flower, that by many is cherished,
'Twill fade, when the blast of suspicion blows cold;
And the one that has rear'd it, will find it has perish'd
Before all its beauties had time to unfold.

The hearts-ease with this plant, in the bosom combining May seem to live on, tho? the soil round is dry, But we know from its roots with the other entwining When friendship is gone, 'twill wither and die.

Then why should we thus labour, so long broken-hearted,
To cherish a feeling whose joys are soon flown,
Whose deep root, when its blossoms have long since departed
Will canker the bosom in which it was sown?





HTGH WILLIAMSON, M.D. LI.D.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

# CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—Cowpen.

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DECEMBER, 1821.

No. II.

ART. I.—Memoirs of Anacreon; By J. E. Hall.

(Continued from page 245.)

The fate of Anyta, another of the companions of Sappho, was not less melancholy. She had attained such a rank among the poets of her time, that she was saluted with the distinguished title of the female Homer. She was betrothed in marriage to Antipater. But death robbed the Thessalonican of a wife and Greece lost one of its brightest ornaments, while her days were yet few and her thoughts were unclouded by care. Her compositions were sublime, beautiful and picturesque. I regret that I have preserved so few of her effusions. The following lines were written by her to be inscribed

ON A STATUE OF VENUS ON THE SEA COAST.

Cythera, from this craggy steep,
Looks downward on the glassy deep;
And hither calls the vernal gale
Propitious to the distant sail,
While ocean flows beneath serene
Sooth'd by the smiles of beauty's queen.

The following epigrams were occasioned by the death of two of her young companions whom she tenderly loved.

ON PHILLIDA.

In this sad tomb where Phillida is laid, Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade.

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And calls, in hopeless grief, on her who died, In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride. Who left, a virgin, these bright realms of day, On dark Acheron's gloomy coasts to stray.

#### ON ANTIBIA.

Unblest Antibia calls this mournful strain—A lovelier maid than all Diana's train.
Gay gallant youths ador'd her as their God And noble suitors waited on her nod;
But to resist the pow'r of fate, how vain
Is beauty? Flow afresh my mournful strain!

While the sensibility of Sappho was bewailing the loss of two of the most lovely in her train, Anacreon endeavoured to console the unfortunate lover of Anyta by an ode, which he sung as he presented to him a cup of sparkling wine:

#### TO ANTIPATER.

Within a goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep,
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

The brevity of life is a subject so trite, that it would be superfluous in me to dilate upon its melancholy effects in the breasts of those who survive an early friend. Mimnermus, in common with many of our poets, has urged it, as a forcible reason for hilarit; and his strains, though lively enough for the mirth of the bacchant,

at the same time infuse a portion of the sad seriousness of the philosopher.

Drink and rejoice! what comes to-morrow,
Or what the future can bestow,
Of pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow,
Men are never wise to know.

Oh! bid farewell to care and labour, Enjoy your life while yet you may; Impart your blessings to your neighbour, And give your hours to frolick play.

Life is not life if free from passion,

From the wild transports love can give:
Indulge your liveliest inclination

Thus life is worth the pains to live.

But if you pass the fleeting pleasure,
And leave the luscious draught unknown,
Another claims the slighted treasure
And you have nothing of your own.

To her friend Anyta, Sappho had endeavoured by every artifice of persuasion to transfer the love of her brother, Charaxus. This young man, while he was travelling in Egypt, for the purpose of investigating its curiosities, was ensuared by the wiles of a female of Eressus named Sappho.\* In order to disentangle him

Is it possible, says an acute critic, who is actuated by a laudable wish to rescue the memory of an amiable and lovely woman from unmerited indignity, is it possible, says he, that such a woman was a hypocrite, or that while she was reproving the vice and folly of a beloved brother, she was conscious of being the most dissolute and abandoned of her sex? No author, earlier than the Augustan age, alludes to those infamous stories which the writings of Ovid have circulated to her prejudice. Must the character of this divine poetess be loaded with every species of obloquy and reproach on so slight a foundation as the weak fancy of a profligate

<sup>•</sup> According to some writers, the name of this lady was Dorica. Madame Dacier has ably vindicated the character of the poetess, by transferring the obloquy that has attended her, to another of the same name. Every generous feeling conspires to add strength to her plausible hypothesis.

from this ruinous connection she addressed him in a letter which was replete with the most tender and prudent expostulations; and she at the same time painted in glowing language the charms of Anyta with all those captivating graces of style in which she excelled. But deaf to the remonstrances of affection and the reproaches of virtue, he persevered in a series of irregularity which finally terminated his existence. From the coincidence between the names, those who envied her genius have since endeavoured to confound the courtezan with the poetess, and thus to diminish the fame of one by charging it with all the vices of the other. But, if the poetess had merited the odious picture which has been daubed by the hands of ignorance and envy, the inhabitants of Mytilene, however they might have admired the fire and animation of her genius, would never have perpetuated her memory and their own disgrace, by stamping an impression of her head upon their coin; nor would her picture have been thus honoured by the virtuous muse of Democharis:

#### ON A PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

Whoe'er he was whose art this picture plann'd,
'Twas plastick nature taught his skilful hand.
The glist'ning moisture of the eye is seen,
As if the power of fancy dwelt within;
The warm carnation of the features glows
With nature's roses, shines with nature's snows;
While the bright smiles and lips' nectareous dews
Tremble with love and glisten with the muse.

And again, in the epigram on her leading the train of virgins at a festival in the temple of Juno:

Come, Lesbian maids, to Juno's stately dome, With steps, that scarcely touch the pavement, come, Let your own Sappho lead the lovely choir, And to the altar bear her golden lyre.

Roman? That such a woman as the courtezan Sappho was cotemporary with the Lesbian maid, is a fact that cannot be doubted, and to her, as the biographer suggests, belongs the infamy which is usually attached to another.

Then first in graceful order slow advance
And weave the mazes of the mystick dance:
While, plac'd on high, the heav'n rapt maid shall pour
Such strains, that men shall wonder and adore.

I have preserved a few remarks which Anacreon made about this time on the subject of poetry; and as every thing that he said upon this topick is worthy to be remembered, his observations are here inserted.

He said it had been well remarked by Aristotle, that the expression should be very much laboured in the inactive parts of a poem; as in descriptions, similes, and narratives, in which the opinions, manners and passions of men, are not represented.\*

"Aristotle says that a poet ought to prefer things that are impossible, provided they be probable, to those which are possible though improbable. This rule is involved in some obscurity; but I will endeavour to explain it. A thing may be impossible and yet probable. Thus when a poet introduces a Divinity, any incident, humanly impossible, receives a full probability, by being ascribed to the skill and power of a God—thus is it that we re-

Et tragicus plerumq, dolet sermone pedestri Telephus, et Peleus, cum pauper, et exul uterq, Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.

In the descriptions of Paradise, Milton has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction where the fable is not supported by beauty of sentiment and energy of character. It may be observed that in such parts, the expressions are more florid and elaborate than in most other passages of the poem; and the exuberance of his imagination has produced such a redundancy of ornament on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless, as Addison remarks, to point out each particular. See Longinus,  $\delta$ . 17.

This rule is still more necessary for the orator. He who would conquer in the conflicts of debate must supply all those parts where his argument is defective, by those dazzling expressions, which, like the apple of gold, seduce the opponent from the path of success.

<sup>\*</sup> Horace, who copied most of his criticisms from Aristotle, had his eye on this rule when he wrote these lines:

concile the story of the transformation of the ship of the Phœacians into a rock, and the fleet of Æneas into sea nymphs. such relations ought not to be too frequent in a poem; for it is an established rule, that all incidents which require the intervention of divinity to give them an air of probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that they might be entirely expunged without destroying its integrity. For instance, if we omit the transformation of the ship, the action of the Odyssey will retain its perfection. And therefore those episodes which are necessary, and constitute essential parts of the poem, should be founded upon human probability. Now the episodes of Circe, Polypheme, the Syrens, &c. are necessary to the action of the Odyssey; but no one will say they are within the bounds of human probability. How then shall we solve this difficulty? Homer has artificially brought them within the bounds of it. He makes Ulysses relate them before a credulous and ignorant assembly. He lets us into the character of the Phœacians by saying they were a very dull nation. Odyss. 6. v. 8.

"It is thus that the poet artfully gives probability to his fables, by reciting them to a people who believed them; and yet, even here, he is not unmindful of his intelligent readers. He gives them all the pleasure that can be derived from physical or moral truths disguised under miraculous allegories, and by this method, he reconciles them with poetical probability."

"There are several heads to which probability may be reduced. Either to divinity, and then nothing is improbable, for every thing is possible to a Deity: or to our ideas of things, whether they be true or false. Thus in the descent of Ulysses into the infernal regions, there is not one word of probability or historical truth; but if we examine it by the ideas that were then entertained it becomes probable: or lastly, we may have respect to vulgar opinion or fame; for a poet is at liberty to relate a falsehood, provided it be commonly believed to be true."\*

De Art. Poet.

<sup>\*</sup> Horace calls these stories specious miracles.

<sup>---</sup>ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat, Antiphaten, Scyllamq. et cum Cyclope, Charybdim.

As we returned one evening to our chambers a little incident occurred, which I must relate as it is illustrative of one of Anacreon's odes. We met a Doric youth who was playing with a waxen image of Cupid. Anacreon, whose imagination at the moment was all love, asked the boy if he would dispose of it. To this he willingly consented, saying, with a simplicity which we could not but admire, that he did not wish to keep it, as it made him think too much of other things than his studies. Anacreon gave him some money for the image, which he placed over his bed. The circumstance is commemorated in a few lines.

# ON AN IMAGE OF CUPID\*

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee, What in purchase shall I pay thee For this little waxen toy. Image of the Paphian boy?" Thus I said the other day, To a youth who pass'd my way: "Sir," (he answer'd, and the while Answer'd all in Doric style,) "Take it, for a trifle take it; Think not yet that I could make it: Pray, believe it was not I; No-it cost me many a sigh, And I can no longer keep Little gods, who murder sleep!" "Here, then, here," (I said with joy,) " Here is silver for the boy: He shall be my bosom guest, Idol of my pious breast!" Little Love! thou now art mine,

Longinus calls them dreams, but adds, that they are the dreams of Jupiter. To ALGE STUTTIE. Sect. 9. See also Le Clerc's observations upon this passage in the Parhasiana. p. 26.

<sup>\*</sup> It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel that the translation must appear very vapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

M.

Warm me with that toroh of thine; Make me feel as I have felt, Or thy waxen frame shall melt. I must burn in warm desire, Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!\*

About the same time, too, another circumstance happened which I shall also relate in this place. Anacreon had purchased an Athenian dove, for the purpose of sending it to Eurypyle. He accordingly despatched the faithful bird with a letter under its wing which enclosed this ode:

#### TO EURYPYLE.

When gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion, Escapes like any faithless minion,† And flies me (as he flies me ever),‡ Do I pursue him? never, never!

- \* Monsieur Longepierre conjectures from this, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he sometimes felt the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from nature.

  M.
- † In the original 'O Sparetre o Xprove. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.
- † Au P, au pe very u. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charms in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia.

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa, Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam, Plus quam se atque suos amavet omnes, Nunc, &c. No. let the false deserter go. For who would court his direct foe? But, when I feel my lighten'd mind No more by ties of gold confin'd, I loosen all my clinging cares, And cast them to the vagrant airs. Then, then I feel the muse's spell, And wake to life the dulcet shell; The dulcet shell to beauty sings. And love dissolves along the strings! Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught How little gold deserves a thought, The winged slave returns once more, And with him wafts delicious store Of racy wine, whose balmy art In slumber seals the anxious heart! Again he tries my soul to sever From love and song, perhaps forever! Away, deceiver! why pursuing Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing? Sweet is the song of amorous fire; Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre; Oh! sweeter far than all the gold The waftage of thy wings can hold. I well remember all thy wiles; They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles, And o'er his harp such garbage shed, I thought its angel breath was fled! They tainted all his bowl of blisses, His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.

Si sic omnia dixisset! but the rest does not bear citation.

M.

Horace having imitated this passage is adduced as a proof of the authenticity of the ode. Lib. 1. od. 26.

\* DINBHATOR SO ROTOR,
Holor RUTCHAR RIPER.

Horace has "Desiderique temperare poculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:

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Oh! fly to haunts of sordid men,†
But rove not near the bard again;
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;
And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away! away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And with thy gay, fallacious blaze,
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

After some days had elapsed, his letter was brought to him by a person who said he had caught the bird without knowing it had been despatched on any special purpose; but that it had escaped from him; and in the violence of its agitation had dropped the letter, which he had opened, and now restored to the author of it, with many apologies for the inconvenience he might have occasioned.

This incident gave rise to an ode, in which Anacreon fancies a dialogue to have passed between the dove and the stranger who intercepted its passage. It is so exquisite that we can scarcely suppose it to have been written by a man; but regard it as the joint production of the Muses and Graces.

"Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask for wine."

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "Ira nas wirs; and nas quine," "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

† "The haunts of sordid men" are in *Phrygia* according to the original. Anacreon applies the epithet faithless, to the Phrygians, because, as Mad. Dacier supposes, their king Laomedon had defrauded Neptune and Apollo of their reward for building the walls of Troy—and Hercules for rescuing Hesione the daughter of the king from the fangs of a seamonster.

#### THE DOVES

Tell me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.
Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song,
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of szure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove, f

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the elegant author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius has a similar sentiment, speaking of Douss, who adopted this method at the seige of Le7den:

Quo patrice non tendit amor? Mandata referre Postquam hominem nequiit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us, that at the seige of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter, tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian emperor promised assistance to the beseiged. See Fuller's Holy war, cap. 24. book. i.

† "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man, from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!" Longepierre.

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a license for praising themselves, which with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

M.

('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,) Gave me to the bard away. See me now his faithful minion. Thus with softly-gliding pinion, To his lovely girl I bear Songs of passion through the air. Oft he blandly whispers me, "Soon, my bird, I'll set you free." But in vain he'll bid me fly, I shall serve him till I die. Never could my plumes sustain Ruffling winds and chilling rain. O'er the plains, or in the dell, On the mountain's savage swell; Seeking in the desert wood Gloomy shelter, rustic food. Now I lead a life of ease, Far from such retreats as these From Anacreon's hand I eat Food delicious, viands sweet; Flutter o'er his goblet's brim, Sip the foamy wine with him. Then I dance and wanton round To the lyre's beguiling sound; Or with gently-fanning wings Shade the minstrel while he sings: On his harp then sink in slumbers, Dreaming still of dulcet numbers! This is all-away-away-You have made me waste the day. How I've chatter'd! prating crow Never yet did chatter so.\*

<sup>\*</sup> Longepierre has a quotation from Ælian lib. 6. cap. 7. to prove that the croto, xopers, was sometimes employed in this office.

<sup>&</sup>quot;In Egypt, near the lake Myris, the natives show the monument of a crow of which they give the following account: that it was brought by one of their kings called Marrhes, whose epistles it carried, wheresoever he pleased, with greater expedition than the swiftest messenger: that, when he gave his orders, it immediately understood which way to direct its flight, through what countries to pass, and where to stop. To preserve the memory of these services, Marrhes bonoured the bird with a monument, and an epitaph."

Anacreon resumed his remarks on poetry, some of which I shall here insert without regard to the chain of the conversation.

He said that "the first rule with respect to the manners and characters of the persons introduced into a play, is, that they should be good: that is, the poet should take particular care not to represent them worse, or more immoral than his subject necessarily demands: an instance of the violation of this rule occurs in the Orestes of Euripides, where the poet makes Menelaus appear exceedingly bad, without any necessity for it. Is I want house &c.\*

"Homer, to preserve the unity of his action hastens into the midst of things. Had he gone up to Leda's egg or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen or the investment of Troy, it is evident that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore commences with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the successive parts of his poem, an account of every thing material that relates to them, and had occured before the dissention."

"In the same manner Æneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of the shores of Italy; because the action proposed to be celebrated was his settlement in Latium. But as it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him at the taking of Troy, Virgil makes his hero relate it in an episode in the second and third books of the Æneid, the contents of which precede those of the first in the thread of the narrative, though they follow it in the disposition of the poem, in order to preserve the unity of action."

<sup>•</sup> In justice to the ancients it must be observed, that they very rarely erred in this particular; for though indeed it is not strictly true, that every thing they said upon the stage had an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue, yet it is very seldom that they allowed of vile obscenity or prophanity, or indulged in any expressions which were offensive to good manners: faults which are too frequent among the most admired of modern writers.

The passage in the text, which is principally taken from Aristotle is well explained and illustrated by Bishop Hare, in the dedication prefixed to his Terence.

<sup>†</sup> Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his Paradise Lost with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he

"The author of an Epic poem should seldom speak in his own person, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. For the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears Achilles or Æneas than when he listens to Homer or Virgil. Besides, the very impression that we are speaking the language of an eminent hero exalts and expands the imagination of the author.\* It is really surprizing to remark in the Iliad and Æneid, how little proceeds from the mouths of the writers."

"The great secret of heroick poetry, according to Aristotle, is, to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment: or, in other words, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. But while the poet excites our astonishment he should be cautious not to overstep the bounds of nature so far, that reason would revolt

proposed to celebrate. And, as for those great actions, the battle of the angels and the creation of the world, which preceded in point of time, but which would have entirely destroyed the unity of his principal action had he related there in the same order in which they happened, he gives them in the fifth, sixth and seventh books, by way of Episode.

It may be observed here also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the origin of the Roman Empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with similar art, in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of the angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an Episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem, hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so near an affinity with the principal subject.

\* Tully tells us, in speaking of his celebrated Dialogue on Old Age, in which Cato is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it, he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied it really was Cato, and not himself, who uttered his thoughts upon the subject!

Milton appears to have paid very particular attention to this rule. There is scarcely a third part of the whole of his poem which proceeds apparently from him; the rest is spoken by Adam or Eve or some good or evil spirit, who is engaged either in their destruction or defence. His querulousness about his own blindness, the reflections on the nakedness of Adam and Eve, on the angels cating, and some other passages which might be cited are exceptions, it is true—but who would lose a line of Milton?

from the dominion which his genius enforces. Because, by carrying nature into exigencies in which she cannot exist, he prevents himself from making those observations on her conduct which even extraordinary circumstances would justify. He thus becomes a poet to the eye, but not to the heart. Wonder is a quality which cannot be kept constantly in action. We may contemplate the objects which his fertile imagination has presented to our view, but we forget the man."\*\*

"I think the Dithyrambick is the only proper metre for hymns in honour of Bacchus. This sort of poem is strictly imitative, because the poet endeavours to exhibit the sentiments and delirium which should be felt by a Dithyramb or chaunter of Dithyrambicks. Its peculiar quality is a sort of enthusiastic wildness which, spurning at the trammels of the laws of poetry, admits of any boldness and irregularity of expression, and the utmost extravagance of metaphor. The thoughts and the words are not confined to a connected chain, and the versification flows according to the inspiration of the muse."

Anacreon then concluded his entertaining remarks, but before we retired to rest, he wrote the following lines, on a dish, which be had received from our friend Stratocles.

ON THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

Methinks, the pictur'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!

Seu per audaces nova Dithyrambos Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur Lege solutis.

The learned are not agreed as to the etymology of the word, but they have amused us with a variety of uncertain conjectures.

<sup>\*</sup> Millon's fable is a master-piece of this nature. The rebellion in Heaven, the miserable condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence in which our first parents lived, the temptations of the serpent, the fall of man, &c. though very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but they are actually articles of faith.

<sup>†</sup> Horace expressively describes the Dithyrambick of the Theban.

<sup>†</sup> This ode may perhaps be considered as a description of one of those coias, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a

How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phænician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast, of vulgar vein,
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

The next day we repaired to a rich carousal at the house of Sappho, who strove to forget the disdain of Phaon in the lyre of Anacreon and the merriment of convivial society. Her love for that beautiful youth must have been of a very exalted nature, for instead of those feelings which are usually excited by disdain or treachery in the female breast, Sappho still cherished a fondness for the memory of the insensate Phaon. She dwelt with a mournful pensiveness on the graces which adorned his person, and she delighted to contemplate with fancy's eye the smiles which irradiated his countenance. Love, which acts with such violence in some, had softened her feelings, added dignity to her mind, and vigour to her genius. So calm and resigned did she now appear, that her friends were flattered with the hope that her former love had subsided, and that in the genius of Anacreon she would forget the irresitible charms of the scornful youth. seductive graces of Anacreon's conversation and the bewitching allurements of his lyre, had done much towards removing from her breast the impressions of other attachments; and, could he have remained longer at Mytilene, I have no doubt but that he would have prevented the melancholy catastrophe which terminated the life and misfortunes of the Lesbian Muse.

But while they were plunged in revelry and delight, when all Mytilene seemed, in the intoxication of festivals to have abstracted herself from the world, and to have forgotten the existence of other

woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23. "Sidonii numismata cum fœmina tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante, cuderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarte, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

countries, events of a sad and solemn portent agitated the political borizon of the Athenian republic.

By what means soever of stratagem or violence, Pisistratus had acquired the sovereignty of Athens, the indignation of his countrymen had long been lost in admiration of his talents, his justice, and his moderation. The tyrant was known only by name when they saw Pisistratus rejecting the adventitious aid of royalty, and appearing before the Areopagi, with no other protection than the shield of innocence, to answer a criminal charge. When they saw him not only pardon, but distinguish by enviable honours, the youth whose excessive love had driven him to such desperation, as to induce him to attempt to carry off the daughter of the king from a public procession, they beheld one who had not lost the feelings of a man in the pride of power. When they saw him striving by all the arts of solicitation to acquire the friendship of Solon, and to enlist the wisdom of that venerable legislator in support of his administration, they contemplated a rival who had the magnanimity to esteem his opponent, and a sovereign whose greatest solicitude was for the welfare and dignity of his subjects.

Yet, as always has happened, and ever will happen, where the people are flattered with notions of their own importance by the specious bawling of the patriot, or dazzled by the more open designs of the ambitious usurper, the mild government of Pisistratus became obnoxious. Twice was he obliged to resign an ungrateful authority and fly from the city, and twice did he resume his authority.

The people, by which term I mean a large majority of the population of every country, are ever credulous and ignorant. They are deceived by the flattery of the artful, and seduced by the splendid talents of the ambitious. It is the aim of a vicious set of men, who would disturb the tranquillity of society, to inculcate the most dangerous maxims, and circulate the most flagrant falsehoods: in this they persevere with a tenacity which no punishments can wholly subdue, and nothing can divert, but the allurements of wealth.\*

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<sup>\*</sup> To such men how justly may we apply the vigorous lines of Beaumont:

Pisistratus, with the exception of these temporary interruptions, enjoyed a peaceable reign. He saw the Athenian power exalted by his talents, and a visible and rapid improvement in literature and the sciences under his fostering hand. He fell quietly to the earth like the lofty oak which long withstands the assailing blast, and at length yields to the destroying tooth of age!

Hipparchus and Hippias succeeded to the power and popularity of their father; and one of the first objects of the attention of Hipparchus, was to regain the presence of the poet whom he had formerly admired. He despatched a barge to Samos for Anacreon; but not finding him there, the Captain set sail for Mytilene, and interrupted our merriment by a letter to the poet, in which the young king-informed him of all the events which had occurred during his absence, and concluded by affectionately pressing him to return to Athens. He said he wanted a counsellor, such as the sage Anacreon, to assist him in a task so arduous for youth and inexperience, and a friend such as the poet, with whom he could unbend his mind, and enjoy the pleasures of refined and social intercourse.

This letter was very embarrassing to Anacreon. He felt it at once his duty and his wish to fly to his friend, surrounded, as he was, by all the difficulties and dangers that are incident to a new administration over a fickle people; but it was death to part from the lovely Sappho. She perceived a change in his deportment; and after some days of anxiety she tenderly inquired whether he had received unpleasant intelligence by the courier from Athens. He could only reply by showing his letter to her, when she dissolved into tears and prayed him not to leave her.

"No, said the lover, as he pressed the weeping fair to his bosom, never will I quit thee, I would embrace thee as the ivy twines around the oak—I would be the zone that encircles thy bosom, and beats responsive to its throb."

They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams
And make them truths: they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings: grow upon disgraces;
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly, above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast about to sink it.

# TO SAPPHO.\* The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,

\* Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites: this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness however of a very graceful Muse; ludit amabiliter. The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select an epigram of Dionysius:

Eil'arenos peroner, ou de pe seixuon mag' nuyas, &c.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest,
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,

And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,

And place me on that breast of snow,

Where I should bloom, a wintery flower.

I wish I were the lily's leaf,

To fade upon that bosom warm;

There I should wither, pale and brief, 
The trophy of thy fairer form!

Allow me to add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius!

Acepas escabpeic, acing epoc. este yerospini Ougaroc, me workers opparer est or frame.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?

Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,

Was once a weeping matron's form;\* And Progne, hapless, frantic maid, Is now a swallow in the shade. Oh! that a mirror's form were mine, To sparkle with that smile divine; And like my heart I then should be, Reflecting thee, and only thee! Or, were I, love, the robe which flows O'er every charm that secret glows, In many a lucid fold to swim, And cling and grow to every limb! Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave, Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave, Or float as perfume on thine hair, And breathe my soul in fragrance there! I wish I were the zone, that lies Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!†

And every star should be an eye, To wonder on thy beauties here!

M.

\* Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, King of Phrygia, having the vanity to prefer herself to Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, her children, upon which she principally prided herself, were all slain by the offspring of the goddess. The melancholy catastrophe so affected the unfortunate mother, that her powers were benumed by grief, and she became stupid. The license of Poets has transformed her into stone, and Moore elegantly terms her "The Phrygian Rock." The story is finely told by Ovid. Vid. Met. lib. 6. But see Pope in the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad.

There are two Epigrams in the Anthologia on Niobe, one of which has all the quaintness of Cowley.

'Οτυμζος ετος, &c.

This weeping tomb within no corse contains; This weeping corse without a tomb remains: For, by a strange irrevocable doom, This image is the carcase and the tomb.

Ħ

† This Tallin was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial:

Fascia crescentes dominæ compesce papillas.



Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow,
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! any thing that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

"But, alas, my Sappho, the call of Hipparchus must be obeyed. You know not the obligations I owe to that excellent sovereign; and I should be ungrateful to him, and unworthy of you, were I to forget them. I will depart but for a short time, and then return with fresh ardor to bask in the sunshine of your smiles."

"No Anacreon—among the brighter damsels of Athens you will soon forget the unfortunate Sappho. Miserable woman that I am! The God of Love wounds my heart only to sport in the pang that

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders, for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

M.

\* The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought; a adors: arodec. a ranne consulered. a tringularium eya rai marapioc sai arotes e sa. "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakspeare Romeo desires to be a glove:

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand, 'That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with an idea semewhat like that of the thirteenth line:

He, spying her, bounc'd in, where as he stood, "O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, that whimsical farrage of "all such reading as was never read," there is a very old translation of this ode, before 1632. "Englished by Mr. B. Holiday in his Technog. act. 1. scene 7."

he occasions. Go, unkind Anacreon, and in the splendor of the Athenian court forget the sighs of Sappho!"

"Oh! how cruel are your words, lovely maiden. I can never lose the remembrance of your charms. I solemnly vow I will return as soon as I can quit Hipparchus, for I prefer the bowers of love to the courts of Kings."

With these words he strung his lyre and bade her adieu-

#### TO SAPPHO.

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn The stream of Amalthea's horn! Nor should I ask to call the throne Of the Tartessian prince my own; To totter through his train of years, The victim of declining fears. One little hour of joy to me Is worth a dull eternity! (To be continued.)

ART. II .- The Hyrshire Legatees; or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.

(Continued from vol. xii. p. 58.)

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.

Windsor Castle Inn.

My DEAR FRIEND, - I have all my life been strangely susceptible of pleasing impressions from public spectacles where great crowds are assembled. This, perhaps you will say, is but another way of confessing, that, like the common vulgar, I am fond of sights and shows. It may be so, but it is not from the pageants that I derive my enjoyment. A multitude, in fact, is to me as it were a strain of music, which, with an inestimable and magical influence, calls up from the unknown abyss of the feelings, new combinations of fancy, which, though vague and obscure, as those nebulæ of light that astronomers have supposed to be the rudiments of unformed stars, afterwards become distinct and brilliant acquisitions. In a crowd, I am like the somnambulist in the highest degree of the luminous crisis, when it is said a new world is unfolded to his contemplation, wherein all things have an intimate affinity with the state of man, and yet bear no resemblance to the objects that address themselves to his corporeal faculties. This delightful experience, as it may be called, I have enjoyed this evening to an exquisite degree, at the funeral of the king; but, although the whole succession of incidents is indelibly imprinted on my recollection, I am still so much affected by the emotion that they excited, as to be incapable of conveying to you any intelligible description of what I saw It was indeed a scene witnessed through the medium of the feelings, and the effect partakes of the nature of a dream.

I was within the walls of an ancient castle,

"So old as if they had for ever stood, So strong as if they would for ever stand,"

and it was almost midnight. The towers, like the vast spectres of departed ages, raised their embattled heads to the skies, monumental witnesses of the strength and antiquity of a great monarchy. A prodigious multitude filled the courts of that venerable edifice, surrounding on all sides a dark embossed structure, the sarcophagus, as it seemed to me at the moment, of the heroism of chivalry.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and I beheld the scene suddenly illuminated, and the blaze of torches, the glimmering of arms, and warriors and horses, while a mosaic of human faces, covered like a pavement the courts. A deep low under sound pealed from a distance; in the same moment, a trumpet answered with a single mournful note from the stateliest and darkest portion of the fabric, and it was whispered in every ear, "it is coming." Then an awful cadence of solemn music, that affected the heart like silence, was heard at intervals, and a numerous retinue of grave and venerable men,

"The fathers of their time,
Those mighty master spirits, that withstood
The fall of monarchies, and high upheld
Their country's standard, glorious in the storm,"

passed slowly before me, bearing the emblems and trophies of a king. They were as a series of great historical events, and I beheld behind them, following and followed, an awful and indistinct image, like the vision of Job. It moved on, and I could not discern the form thereof; but there were honours, and heraldries, and

sorrow, and silence; and I heard the stir of a profound homage performing within the breasts of all the witnesses. But I must not indulge myself farther on this subject. I cannot hope to excite in you the emotions with which I was so profoundly affected. In the visible objects of the funeral of George the Third, there was but little magnificence; all its sublimity was derived from the trains of thought and currents of feeling, which the sight of so many illustrious characters, surrounded by circumstances associated with the greatness and antiquity of the kingdom, was necessarily calculated to call forth. In this respect, however, it was perhaps the sublimest spectacle ever witnessed in this island; and I am sure that I cannot live so long as ever again to behold another, that will equally interest me to the same depth and extent. Yours,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

We should ill perform the part of faithful historians, did we omit to record the sentiments expressed by the company on this occasion. Mrs. Glibbans, whose knowledge of the points of orthodoxy had not their equal in the three adjacent parishes, roundly declared, that Mr. Andrew Pringle's letter was nothing but a peasemeal of clishmaclavers; that there was no sense in it; and that it was just like the writer, a canary idiot, a touch here and a touch there, without any thing in the shape of cordiality or satisfaction. Miss Isabella Todd answered this objection with that sweetness of manner and virgin diffidence which so well becomes a youthful female member of the establishment, controverting the dogmas of a stoop of the relief persuasion, by saying, that she thought Mr. Andrew had shown a fine sensibility. "What is sensibility without judgment," cried her adversary, "but a thrashing in the water, and a raising of bells?-could na the fallow, without a' his parleyvoos, have said that such and such was the case, and that the lord giveth and the lord taketh away-but his clouds, and his spectres, and his visions of Job-O! an he could but think like Job!-O! an he would but think like the patient man!-and was obliged to claut his flesh with a bit of a broken crock or porrenger, we might have some hope of a repentance unto life. But Andrew Pringle, he's a gone dick; I never had comfort or expectation of the freethinker, since I heard that he was infected with the blue and yellow calamity of the Edinburgh Review in

the which, I am credibly told, it is set forth, that women have not souls, but only a gut, and a gaw, and a gizzard, like a pigeon-dove, or a raven-crow, or any other outcast and abominated quadruped."

Here Miss Mally Glencairn interposed her effectual mediation. and said, "It is very true that Andrew deals in the diplomatics of obscurity; but it is well known that he has a nerve for genius. and that, in his own way, he kens the loan from the crown of the causeway, as well as the duck does the midden from the adle dib." To this proverb, which we never heard before, our correspondent, Mr. M'Gruel, subjoins an erudite note, in which he states, that middens were of great magnitude, and often of no less antiquity in the west of Scotland; insomuch, that the Trongate of Glasgow owes all its magnitude and grandeur to them—it being within the recollection of persons yet living, that the aforesaid spacious and magnificent street, was at one time an open road, or highway, leading to the Trone, or market-cross, with thatched houses on each side, such as may still be seen in that pure immaculate royal borough of Ruthergien; and that before each house stood a luxuriant midden, by the removal of which, in the progress of modern degeneracy, the stately architecture of Argyle-Street was formed. But not to insist at too great length on such topics of antiquarian lore, we shall now insert the Doctor's account of the funeral, and which, patly enough, follows our digression concerning the middens and magnificence of Glasgow, as it contains an authentic anecdote of a manufacturer from that city, drinking champaign at the king's dirgie.

The Rev. Z. Pringle, D. D. to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session Clerk of Garnock.

London.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and it is a great pleasure to me to hear that my people were all so much concerned at our distress in the Leith smack; but what gave me the most contentment, was the repentance of Tam Glen. I hope, poor fellow, he will prove a good husband; but I have my doubts; for the wife has really but a small share of common sense, and no married man can do well unless his wife will let. I am, however, not overly pleased with Mr. Craig on the occasion, for he should have

considered frail human nature, and accepted of poor Tam's confession of a fault, and allowed the bairn to be baptised without any more ado. I think, honest Mr. Daff has acted like himself, and, I trust and hope, there will be a great gathering at the christening, and, that my mite may not be wanting, you will slip in a guinea note when the dish goes round, but in such a manner, that it may not be jealoused from whose hand it comes.

Since my last letter, we have been very thrang in the way of seeing the curiosities of London; but I must go on regular, and tell you all which, I think, it is my duty to do, that you may let my people know. First, then, we have been to Windsor Castle, to see the king lying in state, and afterwards, his interment; and sorry am I to say, it was not a sight that could satisfy any godly mind on such an occasion. We went in a coach of our own, by ourselves, and found the town of Windsor like a fair. We were then directed to the castle gate, where a terrible crowd was gathered together; and we had not been long in that crowd, till a pocket-picker, as I thought, cutted off the tail of my coat, with my pocket-book in the pocket, which I never missed at the time. But it seems the coat tail was found, and a policeman got it, and held it up on the end of his stick, and cried, whose pocket is this? showing the book that was therein, in his hand. I was confounded to see my pocket-book there, and could scarcely believe my own eyes, but Mrs. Pringle knew it at the first glance, and said, "it's my gudeman's;" at the which there was a great shout of derision among the multitude, and we would baith have then been glad to disown the pocket-book, but it was returned to us, I may almost say, against our will; but the scorners, when they saw on confusion, behaved with great civility towards us, so that we got into the castle-yard with no other damage than the loss of the flap of my coat-tail.

Being in the castle-yard, we followed the crowd into another gate, and up a stair, and saw the king lying in state, which was a very dismal sight—and I thought of Solomon in all his glory, when I saw the coffin, and the mutes, and the mourners, and reflecting on the long infirmity of mind of the good old king, I said to myself, in the words of the book of Job, "Doth they not die even without wisdom."

When we had seen the sight, we came out of the castle, and went to an inns to get a chack of dinner; but there was such a crowd, that no resting-place could for a time be found for us; gentle and semple were there, all mingled, and no respect of persons, only there was, at a table nigh unto ours, a fat Glasgow manufacturer, who ordered a bottle of champaign wine, and did all he could in the drinking of it by himself, to show that he was a man in well doing circumstances. While he was talking over his wine, a great peer of the realm, with a star on his heart, came into the room, and ordered a glass of brandy and water; and I could see, when he saw the Glasgow manufacturer drinking champaign wine on that occasion, that he greatly marvelled thereat.

When we had taken our dinner, we went out to walk and see the town of Windsor, but there was such a mob of coaches going and coming, and men and horses, that we left the streets, and went to inspect the king's policy, which is of great compass, but in a careless order, though it costs a world of money to keep it up. Afterwards, we went back to the inns, to get tea for Mrs. Pringle and her daughter, while Andrew Pringle, my son, was seeing if he could get tickets to buy, to let us into the inside of the castle, to see the burial-but he came back without luck, and I went out myself, being more experienced in the world, and I saw a gentleman's servant with a ticket in his hand, and I asked him to sell it to me, which the man did with thankfulness, for five shillings, although the price was said to be golden guineas. But as this ticket admitted only one person, it was hard to say what should be done with it when I got back to my family. However, as by this time we were all very much fatigued, I gave it to Andrew Pringle, my son, and Mrs. Pringle, and her daughter Rachel, agreed to bide with me in the inns.

Andrew Pringle, my son, having got the ticket, left us sitting, when shortly after in came a nobleman, high in the cabinet, as I think he must have been, and he having politely asked leave to take his tea at our table, because of the great throng in the house, we fell into conversation together, and he understanding thereby that I was a minister of the church of Scotland, said he thought he could help us into a place to see the funeral; so, after he had drank his tea, he took us with him, and got us into the castle-yard

where we had an excellent place, near to the Glasgow manufacturer that drank the champaign. The drink by this time, however, had got into that poor's man's head, and he talked so loud, and so little to the purpose, that the soldiers who were guarding were obliged to make him hold his peace, at which he was not a little nettled, and told the soldiers that he had himself been a soldier, and served the king without pay, having been a volunteer officer. But this had no more effect than to make the soldiers laugh at him, which was not a decent thing at the interment of their master, our most gracious sovereign that was.

However, in this situation we saw all; and I can assure you it was a very edifying sight; and the people demeaned themselves with so much propriety that there was no need for any guards at all; indeed, for that matter, of the two, the guards who had eaten the king's bread, were the only ones there, saving and excepting the Glasgow manufacturer, that manifested an irreverent spirit towards the royal obsequies. But they are men familiar with the king of terrors on the field of battle, and it was not to be expected that their hearts would be daunted like those of others by a doing of a civil character.

When all was over, we returned to the inns, to get our chaise, to go back to London that night, for beds were not to be had for love or money at Windsor, and we reached our temporary home in Norfolk street about four o'clock in the morning, well satisfied with what we had seen,—but all the mean time I had forgotten the loss of the flap of my coat, which caused no little sport when I came to recollect what a pookit like body I must have been, walking about in the king's policy like a peacock without my tail. But I must conclude, for Mrs. Pringle has a letter to put in the frank, for Miss Nanny Eydent, which you will send to her by one of your scholars, as it contains information that may be serviceable to Miss Nanny in her business, both as a mantua maker, and superintendant of the genteeler sort of burials at Irvine and our vicinity. So that this is all from your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE

"I think," said Miss Isabella Todd, as Mr. Micklewam finished the reading of the doctor's epistle, "that my friend Rachel might have given me some account of the ceremony, but Capt. Sabre

seems to have been a much more interesting object to her than all the pride and pomp that so bewildered her brother, or even the Glasgow manufacturer to her father." In saying these words, the young lady took the following letter from her pocket, and was on the point of beginning to read it, when Miss Becky Glibbans exclaimed: "I had ay my fears that Rachel was but light headed, and I'll no be surprised to hear more about her and the dragoon or a's done." Mr. Snodgrass looked at Becky, as if he had been afflicted at the moment with unpleasant ideas, and perhaps he would have rebuked the spitefulness of her insinuations, had not her mother sharply snubbed the uncongenial maiden, in terms at least as pungent as any which the reverend gentleman would have employed. "I'm sure," replied Miss Becky, pertly, "I meant no ill, but if Rachel Pringle can write about nothing but this captain Sabre, she might as well let it alone, and her letter canna be worth the hearing." "Upon that," said the clergyman, "we can form a judgment when we have heard it, and I beg that Miss Isabella may proceed," which she did accordingly.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.

London.

## MY DEAR BELL.

I take up my pen with a feeling of disappointment such as I never felt before. Yesterday was the day appointed for the funeral of the good old king, and it was agreed that we should go to Windsor, to pour the tribute of our tears upon the royal bier, captain Sabre promised to go with us, as he is well acquainted with the town, and the interesting objects around the castle, so dear to chivalry, and embalmed by the genius of Shakspeare, and many a minor bard, and I promised myself a day of unclouded felicitybut the captain was ordered to be on duty,—and the crowd was so rude and riotous, that I had no enjoyment whatever, but pining with chagrin at the little respect paid by the rabble to the virtues of departed monarchy. I would fainly have retired into some solemn and sequestered grove, and breathed my sorrows to the listening waste. Nor was the loss of the captain, to explain and illuminate the different baronial circumstances around the castle, the only thing that I had to regret in this ever-memorable excursion-my tender and affectionate mother was so desirous to see every thing in the most particular manner, in order that she might give an account of the funeral to Nanny Eydent, that she had no mercy either upon me or my father, but obliged us to go with her to the most difficult and inaccessible places. How vain was all this meritorious assiduity, for of what avail can the ceremonies of a royal funeral be to Miss Nanny, at Irvine, where kings never die, and where, if they did, it is not at all probable that Miss Nanny would be employed to direct their solemn obsequies. for my brother, he was so entranced with his own enthusiasm, that he paid but little attention to us, which made me the more sensible of the want we suffered from the absence of captain Sabre. In a word, my dear Bell, never did I pass a more unsatisfactory day, and I wish it blotted for ever from my remembrance. Let it therefore be consigned to the abysses of oblivion, while I recall the more pleasing incidents that have happened since I wrote you last.

On Sunday according to invitation, as I told you, we dined with the Argents—and were entertained by them in a style at once most splendid, and on the most easy footing. I shall not attempt to describe the consumeable materials of the table, but call your attention, my dear friend, to the intellectual portion of the entertainment, a subject much more congenial to your delicate and refined character.

Mrs. Argent is a lady of considerable personal magnitude, of an open and affable disposition; in this respect, indeed, she bears a striking resemblance to her nephew, captain Sabre, with whose relationship to her we were unacquainted before that day. She received us as friends in whom she felt a peculiar interest, for when she heard that my mother had got her dress and mine from Cranburn Alley, she expressed the greatest astonishment, and told us, that it was not at all a place where persons of fashion could expect to be properly served. Nor can I disguise the fact, that the flounced and gorgeous garniture of our dresses was in shocking contrast to the amiable simplicity of her's and the fair Arabella, her daughter, a charming girl, who notwithstanding the fashionable splendour in which she has been educated, displays a delightful sprightliness of manner, that, I have some notion, has not been altogether lost on the heart of my brother.

When we returned up stairs to the drawing room, after dinner, Miss Arabella took her harp, and was on the point of favouring us with a Mozart; but her mother, recollecting that we were Presbyterians, thought it might not be agreeable, and she desisted—which I was sinful enough to regret; but my mother was so evidently alarmed at the idea of playing on the harp on a Sunday night, that I suppressed my own wishes, in filial veneration for those of that respected parent. Indeed, fortunate it was that the music was not performed, for, when we returned home, my father remarked with great solemnity, that such a way of passing the lord's night as we had passed it, would have been a great sin in Scotland.

Captain Sabre, who called on us next morning, was so delighted when he understood that we were acquainted with his aunt; that he lamented he had not happened to know it before, as he would, in that case, have met us there. He is, indeed, very attentive, but I assure you, that I feel no particular interest about him, for although he is certainly a very handsome young man, he is not such a genius as my brother, and has no literary partialities. But literary accomplishments are, you know, foreign to the military profession, and if the captain has not distinguished himself by cutting up authors in the reviews, he has acquired an honourable medal, by overcoming the enemies of the civilized world at Waterloo.

To-night the play-houses open again, and we are going to the Oratorio, and the captain goes with us, a circumstance which I am the more pleased at, as we are strangers, and he will tell us the names of the performers. My father made some scruple of consenting to be of the party, but when he heard that an Oratorio was a concert of sacred music, he thought it would be only a sinless deviation if he did, so he goes likewise. The captain, therefore, takes an early dinner with us at five o'clock.—Alas! to what changes am I doomed,—that was the tea hour at the manse, of Garnock. O when shall I revisit the primitive simplicities of my native scenes again. But time nor distance, my dear Bell, cannot change the affection with which I subscribe myself, ever affectionately, yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

At the conclusion of this letter, the countenance of Mrs. Glibbans was evidently so darkened, that it daunted the company like an eclipse of the sun, under which all nature is saddened. " What think you, Mr. Snodgrass," said that spirit-stricken lady, "what think you of this dining on the Lord's day,-this playing on the harp; the carnal Mozarting of that ungodly family, with whom the corrupt human nature of our friends has been chambering." Snodgrass was at some loss for an answer, and hesitated, but Miss Mally Glencairn relieved him from his embarrassment, by remarking, that "the harp was a holy instrument," which somewhat troubled the settled orthodoxy of Mrs Glibbans' visage. been an organ," said Mr. Snodgrass, dryly, "there might have been, perhaps, more reason to doubt; but, as Miss Mally justly remarks, the harp has been used from the days of king David in the performances of sacred music, together with the psalter, the timbrel, the sackbut, and the cymbal." The wrath of the polemical Deborah of the Relief-kirk was somewhat appeased by this explanation, and she inquired in a more diffident tone, "whether a Mozart was not a metrical paraphrase of the song of Moses after the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, in which case, I must own," she observed, "that the sin and guilt of the thing is less grievous in the sight of Him before whom all the actions of men are abominations." Miss Isabella Todd, availing herself of this break in the conversation, turned round to Miss Nanny Eydent, and begged that she would read her letter from Mrs. Pringle. We should do injustice, however, to honest worth and patient industry, were we, in thus introducing Miss Nanny to our readers, not to give them some account of her lowly and virtuous character.

Miss Nanny was the eldest of three sisters, the daughters of a shipmaster, who was lost at sea when they were very young; and his all having perished with him, they were indeed, as their mother said, the children of poverty and sorrow. By the help of a little credit, the widow contrived, in a small shop, to eke out her days till Nanny was able to assist her. It was the intention of the poor woman to take up a girl's school for reading and knitting, and Nanny was destined to instruct the pupils in that higher branch of accomplishment—the different stitches of the sampler. But about the time that Nanny was advancing to the requisite de-

gree of perfection in chain steek and pie-holes-indeed had made some progress in the Lord's prayer between two yew trees-tambouring was introduced at Irvine, and Nanny was sent to acquire a competent knowledge of that classic art. In this she instructed her sisters; and such was the fruit of their application and constant industry, that her mother abandoned the design of keeping school, and continued to ply her little huxtry in more easy circumstances. The fluctuations of trade in time taught them that it would not be wise to trust to the loom, and accordingly Nanny was at some pains to learn mantua-making; and it was fortunate that she did so-for the tambouring gradually went out of fashion, and the flowering which followed suited less the infirm constitution of poor Nanny. The making of gowns for ordinary occasions led to the making of mournings, and the making of mournings naturally often caused Nanny to be called in at deaths, which, in process of time, promoted her to have the management of burials: and in this line of business she has now a large proportion of the genteelest in Irvine and its vicinity; and in all her various engagements her behaviour has been as blameless and obliging as her assiduity has been uniform—in so much, that the numerous ladies to whom she is known, take a particular pleasure in supplying her with the newest patterns, and earliest information, respecting the varieties and changes of fashions; and to the influence of the same good feelings in the breast of Mrs. Pringle, Nanny was indebted for the following letter. How far the information which it contains may be deemed exactly suitable to the circumstances in which Miss Nanny's lot is cast, our readers may judge for themselves; but, on the authority of Mr. M'Gruel, we are happy to state that it has proved of no small advantage to her: for since it has been known that she had received a full, true, and particular account of all manner of London fashions, from so managing and notable a woman as the minister's wife of Garnock, her consideration has been so augmented in the opinion of the neighbouring gentlewomen, that she is not only in the present season consulted as to funerals, but is often called in to assist in the decoration and arrangement of wedding dinners, and other occasions of sumptuous banqueting; by which she is enabled, during the present suspension of the flowering trade, to earn a lowly but a respected livelihood. VOL XII. 36

Mrs. Pringle to Miss Nanny Eydent, Mantua-maker, Seagatehead, Irvine.

London.

DEAR MISS NANNY.

Miss Mally Glencairn would tell you all how it happent that I was disabled, by our misfortunes in the ship, from riting to you konserning the London fashons as I promist; for I wantit to be pertikylor, and to say nothing but what I saw with my own eyes, that it might be servisable to you in your bizness—so now I will begin with the old king's burial, as you have sometimes okashon to lend a helping hand in that way at Irvine, and nothing could be more genteeler of the kind than a royal obsakew for a patron; but no living sole can give a distink account of this matter, for you know the old king was the father of his piple, and the croud was so great. Howsomever we got into our oun hired shaze at daylight; and when we were let out at the castel yet of Windsor, we went into the mob, and by-and-by we got within the castel walls, when great was the lamentation for the purdition of shawls and shoos, and the doctor's coat pouch was clippit off by a pocketpicker. We then ran to a wicket gate, and up an old timber-stair with a rope ravel, and then we got to a great pentit chamber called king George's Hall: After that we were allowt to go into another room full of guns and guards, that told us all to be silent: so then we all went like sawlies, holding our tongues in an awful manner, into a dysmal room hung with black cloth, and lighted with dum wax candles in silver skonses, and men in a row all in melancholic posters. At length and last we came to the coffin; but although I was as partikylor as possible, I could see nothing that I would recommend. As for the interment, there was nothing but even down wastrie-wax candles blowing away in the wind, and flunkies as fou as pipers, and an unreverent mob that scarsly could demean themselves with decency as the bodie was going by; only the duke of York, who carrit the head, had on no hat, which I think was the newest identical thing in the affair: but really there was nothing that could be recommended. Howsomever I understood that there was no dragie, which was a saving; for the bread and wine for such a multitude would have been a distruction to a lord's

living: and this is the only point that the fashon set in the king's feuneral may be follot in Irvine.

Since the burial we have been to see the play, where the leddies were all in deep murning; but excepting that some had black gumfloors on their heads, I saw leetil for admiration-only that bugles, I can ashure you, are not worn at all this season; and surely this murning must be a vast detromint to bizness—for where there is no verietie, there can be but leetel to do in your line. But one thing I should not forget, and that is that in the vera best houses, after tea and coffee after dinner, a cordial dram is handed about; but likewise I could observe, that the fruit is not set on with the cheese, as in our part of the country, but comes, after the cloth is drawn, with the wine; and no such a thing as a punch-bowl is to be heard of within the four walls of London. Howsomever what I principaly notised was, that the tea and coffee is not made by the lady of the house, but out of the room, and brought in without sugar or milk on servors, every one helping himself, and only plain flimsy loaf and butter is served-no such thing as short-bread, seedcake, bun, marmlet, or jeelly to be seen, which is an okonomical plan, and well worthy of adaptation in ginteel families with narrow incomes, in Irvine or elsewhere.

But when I tell you what I am now going to say, you will not be surprizt at the great wealth in London. I paid for a bumbeseen-gown, not a bit better than the one that was made by you that the sore calamity befell, and no so fine neither, more than three times the price; so you see, Miss Nanny, if you were going to spouse your fortune, you could not do better than pack up your ends and your awls and come to London. But ye're far better at home—for this is not a town for any creditable young woman like you to live in by herself, and I am wearying to be back, though it's hard to say when the doctor will get his counts settlet. I wish you, howsomever, to mind the patches for the bed-cover that I was going to patch, for a licht afternoon seam, as the murning for the king will no be so general with you, and the spring fashons will be coming on to help my gathering—so no more at present from your friend and well-wisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

On Sunday morning, before going to church, Mr. Micklewham called at the Manse, and said that he wished particularly to speak to Mr. Snodgrass. Upon being admitted, he found the young helper engaged at breakfast, with a book lying on his table, very like a volume of a new novel called Ivanhoe, in its appearance, but of course it must have been sermons done up in that manner to attract fashionable readers. As soon, however, as Mr. Snodgrass saw his visiter he hastily removed the book, and put it into the table-drawer. The precentor having taken a seat at the opposite side of the fire, began somewhat diffidently to mention, that he had received a letter from the doctor, that made him at a loss whether or not he ought to read it to the elders, as usual, after worship, and therefore was desirous of consulting Mr. Snodgrass on the subject, for it recorded, among other things, that the doctor had been at the playhouse, and Mr. Micklewham was quite sure that Mr. Craig would be neither to bind nor to hold when he heard that, although the transgression was certainly mollified by the nature of the performance. As the clergyman, however, could offer no opinion until he saw the letter, the precentor took it out of his pocket, and Mr. Snodgrass found the contents, as Mr. M'Gruel has fairly and entirely transcribed it, to be as follows:-

The Rev. Z. Pringle, D. D. to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session-clerk, Garnock.

London.

Dear Sir,—You will recollect that about twenty years ago, there was a great sound throughout all the West that a playhouse in Glasgow had been converted into a tabernacle of religion. I remember it was glad tidings to our ears in the parish of Garnock; and that Mr. Craig, who had just been ta'en in for an elder that fall, was for having a thanksgiving-day on the account thereof, holding it to be a signal manifestation of a new birth in the of-old-godly town of Glasgow, which had become slack in the way of well-doing, and the church therein lukewarm, like that of Laodicea. It was then said, as I well remember, that when the tabernacle was opened, there had not been seen, since the Kaimslang wark, such a congregation as was there assembled, which was a great proof that it's the matter handled, and not the place that

maketh pure; so that when you and the elders hear that I have been at the theatre of Drury Lane, in London, you must not think that I was there to see a carnal stage play, whether tragical or comical, or that I would so far demean myself and my cloth, as to be a witness to the chambering and wantonness of ne'er-du-weel playactors. No. Mr. Micklewham, what I went to see was an Oratorio, a most edifying exercise of psalmody and prayer, under the management of a pious gentleman, of the name of Sir George Smart, who is, as I am informed, at the greatest pains to instruct the exhibitioners, they being, for the most part, before they get into his hands, poor uncultivated creatures, from Italy, France, and Germany, and other atheistical and popish countries. They first sung a hymn together very decently, and really with as much civilized harmony as could be expected from novices; indeed so well, that I thought them almost as melodious as your own singing class of the trades lads from Kilwinning. Then there was a Mr. Braham, a Jewish proselyte, that was set forth to show us a specimen of his proficiency. In the praying part, what he said was no objectionable as to the matter, but he drawled in his manner to such a pitch, that I thought he would have broken out into an even down song, as I sometimes think of yourself when you spin out the last word in reading out the line in a warm summer afternoon. In the hymn by himself, he did better; he was, however, sometimes like to lose the tune, but the people gave him great encouragement when he got back again. Upon the whole, I had no notion that there was any such Christianity in practice among the Londoners, and I am happy to tell you, that the house was very well filled, and the congregation wonderful attentive. No doubt that excellent man, Mr. W\*\*\*\*\*\*\*, has a hand in these public strainings after grace, but he was not there that night; or I have seen him; and surely at the sight I could not but say to myself, that it's beyond the compass of the understanding of man to see what great things Providence worketh with small means; for Mr. W. is a small creature. When I beheld his diminutive stature, and thought of what he had achieved for the poor negroes and others in the house of bondage, I said to myself, that here the hand of wisdom is visible, for the load of perishable mortality is laid lightly on his spirit, by which it is enabled to clap its wings and crow so crously on the dunghill top of this world, yea even in the House of Parliament.

I was taken last Thursday morning to breakfast with him in his house at Kensington, by an East India director, who is likewise surely a great saint. It was a heart-healing meeting of many of the godly, which he holds weekly in the season; and we had such a warsle of the spirit among us that the like cannot be told. I was called upon to pray, and a worthy gentleman said, when I was done, that he never had met with more apostolic simplicity—indeed, I could see with the tail of my eye, while I was praying, that the chief saint himself was listening with a pleasant satisfaction.

As for our doings here anent the legacy, things are going forward in the regular manner, but the expense is terrible, and I have been obliged to take up money on account; but as it was freely given by the agents, I am in hopes all will end well; for considering that we are but strangers to them, they would not have awarded us in this matter had they not been sure of the means of payment in their own hands.

The people of London are surprising kind to us; we need not, if we thought proper ourselves, eat a dinner in our own lodgings; but it would ill become me, at my time of life, and with the character for sobriety that I have maintained, to show an example in my latter days of riotous living, therefore Mrs. Pringle and her daughter and me have made a point of going no where three times in the week; but as for Andrew Pringle, my son, he has forgathered with some acquaintance, and I fancy we will be obliged to let him take the length of his tether for a while. But not altogether without a curb neither, for the agent's son, young Mr. Argent, had almost persuaded him to become a member of Parliament, which he said he could get him made, for more than a thousand pounds less than the common price, the state of the new king's health having lowered the commodity of seats. But this I would by no means hear of; he is not yet come to years of discretion enough to sit in council, and moreover, he has not been tried, and no mas till he has out of doors shown something of what he is, should be entitled to power and honour within. Mrs. Pringle, however, thought he might do as well as young Dunure, but Andrew Pringle, my son, has not the solidity of head that Mr. K\*\*\*\*\*\*dy has, and is over free and out spoken, and cannot take such pains to make his little go a great way, like that well-behaved young gentleman. But you will be grieved to hear that Mr. K\*\*\*\*\*dy is in opposition to the government, and truly I am at a loss to understand how a man of whig principles can be an adversary to the House of Hanover. But I never meddled much in politick affairs except at this time, when I prohibited Andrew Pringle, my son, from offering to be a member of Parliament, notwithstanding the great bargain that he would have had of the place.

And since we are on public concerns, I should tell you, that I was minded to send you a newspaper at the second hand, every day when we were done with it. But when we came to inquire, we found that we could get the newspaper for a shilling a week every morning but Sunday, to our breakfast, which was so much cheaper than buying a whole paper, that Mrs. Pringle thought it would be a great extravagance, and indeed when I came to think of the loss of time a newspaper every day would occasion to my people, I considered it would be very wrong of me to send you any at all. For I do not think that honest folks in a far-off country parish, should make or meddle with the things that pertain to government—the more especially, as it is well known, that there is as much falsehood as truth in newspapers, and they have not the means of testing the statements. Not, however, that I am an advocate for passive obedience, God forbid, on the contrary, if ever the time should come, in my day, of a saint-slaying tyrant attempting to bind the burden of prelatic abominations on our backs, such a blast of the gospel trumpet would be heard in Garnock, as it does not become me to say, but I leave it to you and others, who have experienced my capacity, as a soldier of the word, so long, to think what it would then be. Meanwhile, I remain, my dear sir, your friend and pastor, Z. PRINGLE.

When Mr. Snodgrass had perused this epistle, he paused some time, seemingly in doubt, and then he said to Mr. Micklewham, that, considering the view which the doctor had taken of the matter, and that he had not gone to the playhouse for the motives which usually take bad people to such places, he thought there could be no possible harm in reading the letter to the elders, and

that Mr. Craig, so far from being displeased, would, doubtless, be exceedingly rejoiced to learn, that the playhouses of London were occasionally so well employed, as on the night when the doctor was there.

Mr. Micklewham then inquired if Mr. Snodgrass had heard from Mr. Andrew, and was answered in the affirmative; but the letter was not read. Why it was withheld, our readers must guess for themselves; but the following copy was obtained by Mr. McGruel, when, in the course of the week, he called at the manse, to inquire respecting the health and welfare of the reverend doctor, and his worthy family.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev. Mr. Charles Snodgrass.

London.

## My DEAR FRIEND.

As the season advances London gradually unfolds, like nature, all the variety of her powers and pleasures. By the Argents we have been introduced effectually into society, and have now only to choose our acquaintance among those whom we like best. I should employ another word than choose, for I am convinced that there is no choice in the matter. In his friendships and affections, man is subject to some inscrutable moral law, similar in its effects to what the chemists call affinity. While under the blind influence of this sympathy, we, forsooth, suppose ourselves free agents! But a truce with philosophy.

The amount of the legacy is now ascertained. The stock, however, in which a great part of the money is vested, being shut, the transfer to my father cannot be made for some time; and till this is done, my mother cannot be persuaded that we have yet got any thing to trust to—an unfortunate notion, which renders her very unhappy. The old gentleman himself takes no interest now in the business. He has got his mind at ease by the payment of all the legacies; and having fallen in with some of the members of that political junto, the saints, who are worldly enough to link, as often as they can, into their association, the powerful by wealth or talent, his whole time is occupied in assisting to promote their bumbug; and he has absolutely taken it into his head, that the attention he receives from them, for his subscriptions, is on account

of his eloquence as a preacher, and that hitherto he has been altogether in an error with respect to his own abilities. The effect of this is abundantly amusing; but the source of it is very evident. Like most people who pass a sequestered life, he had formed an exaggerated opinion of public characters; and on seeing them in reality so little superior to the generality of mankind, he imagines that he was all their nearer to their level than he had ventured to suppose; and the discovery has placed him on the happiest terms with himself. It is impossible that I can respect his manifold excellent qualities and goodness of heart more than I do; but there is an innocency in this simplicity which, while it often compels me to smile, makes me feel towards him a degree of tenderness somewhat too familiar for that filial reverence that is due from a son.

Perhaps, however, you will think me scarcely less under the influence of a similar delusion when I tell you, that I have been, somehow or other, drawn also into an association, not indeed so public or potent as that of the saints, but equally persevering in the objects for which it has been formed. The drift of the saints, as far as I can comprehend the matter, is to procure the advancement to political power of men distinguished for the purity of their lives and the integrity of their conduct; and in that way, I presume, they expect to effect the accomplishment of that blessed epoch, the millenium, when the saints are to rule the whole earth. I do not mean to say that this is their decided and determined object; I only infer, that it is the necessary tendency of their proceedings: and I say it with all possible respect and sincerity, that, as a public party, the saints are not only, perhaps, the most powerful, but the party which, at present, best deserves power.

The association, however, with which I have happened to become connected, is of a very different description. Their object is, to pass through life with as much pleasure as they can obtain, without doing any thing unbecoming the rank of gentlemen, and the character of men of honour. We do not assemble such numerous meetings as the saints, the whigs, or the radicals, nor are our speeches delivered with so much vehemence. We even, I think; tacitly exclude oratory. In a word, our meetings seldom exceed the perfect number of the muses; and our object on these occasions vol. XII.

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is not so much to deliberate on plans of prospective benefits to mankind, as to enjoy the present time for ourselves, under the temperate inspiration of a well-cooked dinner, flavoured with elegant wine, and just so much of mind as suits the fleeting topics of the day. T-, whom I formerly mentioned, introduced me to this delightful society. The members consist of about fifty gentlemen, who dine occasionally at each other's houses; the company being chiefly selected from the brotherhood, if that term can be applied to a circle of acquaintance, who, without any formal institution of rules, have gradually acquired a consistency that approximates to organization.—But the universe of this vast city contains a plurality of systems, and the one into which I have been attracted may be described as that of the idle intellects. In a general society, the members of our party are looked up to as men of taste and refinement, and are received with a degree of deference that bears some resemblance to the respect paid to the hereditary endowment of rank. They consist either of young men who have acquired distinction at college; or gentlemen of fortune who have a relish for intellectual pleasures, free from the ascerbities of politics, or the dull formalities which so many of the pious think essential to their religious pretensions. The wealthy furnish the entertainments, which are always in a superior style, and the ingredient of birth is not requisite in the qualifications of a member, although some jealousy is entertained of professional men, and not a little of merchants. T-, to whom I am also indebted for this view of that circle, of which he is the brightest ornament, gives a felicitous explanation of the reason. He says, professional men, who are worth any thing at all, are always ambitious, and endeavour to make their acquaintance subservient to their own advancement; while merchants are liable to such casualties, that their friends are constantly exposed to the risk of being obliged to sink them below their wonted equality, by granting them favours in times of difficulty, or, what is worse, by refusing to grant them.

I am much indebted to you for the introduction to your friend G.———. He is one of us, or, rather, he moves in an eccentric sphere of his own, which crosses, I believe, almost all the orbits of all the classed and classifiable systems of London. I found him ex-

actly what you described; and we were on the frankest footing of old friends in the course of the first quarter of an hour. He did me the honour to fancy that I belonged, as a matter of course, to some one of the literary fraternities of Edinburgh, and that I would be curious to see the associations of the learned here. What he said respecting them was highly characteristic of the man. "They are," said he, "the dullest things possible. On my return from abroad I visited them all, expecting to find something of that easy disengaged mind which constitutes the charm of those of France and Italy. But in London, among those who have a character to keep up, there is such a vigilant circumspection that I should as soon expect to find nature in the ballets of the Operahouse, as genius at the established haunts of authors, artists, and men of science. B-k gives, I suppose officially, a public breakfast weekly, and opens his house for conversation on the Sundays. I found at his breakfast, tea and coffee, with hot rolls, and men of celebrity afraid to speak. At the conversations there was something even worse. A few plausible talking fellows created a buzz in the room, and the merits of some paltry nick-nack of mechanism or science was discussed. The party consisted, undoubtedly, of the most eminent men of their respective lines in the world; but they were each and all so apprehensive of having their ideas purloined, that they took the most guarded care never to speak of any thing that they deemed of the slightest consequence, or to hazard an opinion that might be called in question. The man who either wishes to augment his knowledge or to pass his time agreeably, will never expose himself to a repetition of the fastidious exhibitions of engineers and artists who have their talents at market. But such things are among the curiosities of London, and if you have any inclination to undergo the initiating mortification of being treated as a young man who may be likely to interfere with their professional interests. I can easily get you introduced."

I do not know whether to ascribe these strictures of your friend to humour or misanthropy; but they were said without bitterness, indeed so much as matters of course, that at the moment, I could not but feel persuaded they were just. I spoke of them to T.——,

who says, that undoubtedly G——'s account of the exhibitions is true in substance, but that it is his own sharp-sightedness which causes him to see them so offensively; for that ninety-nine out of the hundred in the world, would deem an evening spent at the conversations of Sir J—— a very high intellectual treat.

G——has invited me to dinner, and I expect some amusement; for T——, who is acquainted with him, says that it is his fault to employ his mind too much on all occasions, and that in all probability, there will be something, either in the fare or the company, that I shall remember as long as I live. However, you shall hear all about it in my next. Yours,

## Andrew Pringle.

On the same Sunday on which Mr. Micklewham consulted Mr. Snodgrass as to the propriety of reading the doctor's letter to the elders, the following epistle reached the post office of Irvine, and was delivered by Saunders Dickie himself, at the door of Mrs. Glibbans, to her servan lassie, who, as her mistress had gone to the relief church told him, that he would have to come for the postage the morn's morning. "O," said Saunders, "there's naething to pay but my ain trouble, for it's frankit, but aiblins the mistress will gie me a bit drappie, and so I'll come betimes i'the morning."

## Mrs. Pringle to Mrs. Glibbans.

London.

MY DEAR MRS. GLIBBANS,—The breking up of the old parlament, has been the cause why I did not right you before, it having taken it out of my poor to get a frank for my letter till yesterday, and I do ashure you, that I was most extraordinar uneasy at the great delay, wishing much to let you know the decayt state of the gospel in thir perts, which is the pleasure of your life to study by day, and meditate on in the watches of the night.

There is no want of going to church, and, if that was a sign of grease and peese in the kingdom of Christ, the toun of London might hold a high head in the tabernacles of the faithful and true witnesses. But saving Dr. Nichol of Swallo street, and Dr. Manuel of Londonwall, there is nothing sound in the way of preeching here, and when I tell you that Mr. John Gant, your friend, and

some other flea-lugged fallows, have set up a Heelon congregation, and got a young man to preach Erse to the English, ye maun think in what a state sinful souls are left in London. But what I have been the most consarned about, is the state of the dead. I am no meaning those wha are dead in trespasses and sins, but wha are dead to this world, and all the miseries thereof. Ye will hardly think, that they are buried in a popish-like manner, with prayers, and white gowns, and ministers, and spadefuls of yerd cast upon them, and laid in yauts, like kists of orangers in a grocery siller, and I am told, that after a time, they are taken out when the vaut is shurfeeted, and their bones brunt, if they are no made into lamp-black by a secret wark—which is a clean proof to me that a right doctrine cannot be established in this land—there being so little respec shone to the dead.

The wase point, howsomever, of all is, what is done with the prayers, and I have heard you say, that although there was nothing more to objec to the wonderful Doctor Chammers of Glasgou, that his reading of his sermons was testimony against him in the great controversy of sound doctrine; but what will you say to reading of prayers, and no only reading of prayers, but printed prayers, as if the contreet heart of the sinner had no more to say to the Lord in the hour of fasting and humiliation, than what a bishop can indite, and a bookseller make profit o'. "Verily," as I may say, in a word of scripter, I doobt if the glad tidings of salvation have yet been preeched in this land of London; but the ministers have good stipends, and where the ground is well manured, it may in time bring forth fruit meet for repentance.

There is another thing that behoves me to mention, and that is, that an elder is not to be seen in the churches of London, which is a sore signal that the piple are left to themselves; and in what state the morality can be, you may guess with an eye of pity. But on the Sabbeth nights, there is such a going and coming, that it's mae like a cried fair, than the Lord's night—all sats of poor people, instead of meditating on their by-gane toil and misery of the week, making the Sunday their own day, as if they had not a greater master to serve on that day than the earthly man whom they served in the week days. It is, howsomever, past the poor of nature to tell you of the sinfulness of London—and you may well think

what is to be the end of all things, when I ashure you, that there is a newspaper sold levery Sabbath morning, and read by those that never look at their Bibles. Our landlady asked us if we would take one, but I thought the doctor would have fired the house, and you know it is not a small thing that kindles his passion. In short, London is not a place to come to hear the tidings of salvation preeched, no that I mean to deny that there is not herine more than five righteous persons in it, and I trust the Cornal's hagent is one, for if he is not, we are undone, having been obligated to take on already more than a hundred pounds of debt, to the account of our living, and the legacy yet in the dead thraws. But as I mean this for a spiritual letter. I will say no more about the root of all evil, as it is called in the creeds of truth and holiness, so referring you to what I have told Miss Mally Glencairn about the legacy and other things nearest my heart, I remain, my dear Mrs. Glibbans, your fellou christian and sinner.-

JANET PRINGLE.

Mrs. Glibbans received this letter between the preachings—and it was observed by all her acquaintance, during the afternoon service, that she was a laden woman. Instead of standing up at the prayers, as her wont was, she kept her seat, sitting with downcast eyes, and ever and anon her left hand, which was laid over her book on the reading board of the pew, was raised and allowed to drop with a particular moral emphasis, bespeaking the mournful cogitations of her spirit. On leaving the church, somebody whispered to Mr. R-n, the minister, that surely Mrs. Glibbans had heard some sore news, upon which that meek, mild, and modest good soul hastened towards her, and inquired, with more than his usual kindness, how she was-her answer was brief and mysterious-and she shook her head in such a manner, that Mr. R-n perceived all was not right.-" Have you heard lately of your friends, the Pringles?" said he, in his sedate manner-" when do they think of leaving London?" "I wish they may ever get out o't;" was the agitated reply of the afflicted Lady. "I'm very sorry to hear you say so," responded the minister; "I thought all was in a fair way to an issue of the settlement-I'm very sorry to hear this."" Mr. R \_\_\_\_n, "said the mourner \_\_ "Mr. R \_\_\_\_n, don't

think that I am grieved for them and their legacy—filthy ware—no, sir; but I have had a letter that has made my hair stand on end. Be none surprised if you hear of the earth opening, and London swallowed up; and a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Wo, wo.'"

The gentle priest was not much surprised by this information; it was evident that Mrs. Glibbans had received a terrible account of the wickedness of London; and that the weight upon her pious spirit was owing to that cause. He therefore accompanied her home, and administered all the consolation he was able to give, assuring her, that it was in the power of Omnipotence to convert the stony heart into one of flesh and tenderness, and to raise the British metropolis out of the miry clay, and place it on a hill, as a city that could not be hid in the kingdom of Christ; which Mrs. Glibbans was so thankful to hear, that, as soon as he had left her, she took her tea, in a satisfactory frame of mind, and went, the same night, to Miss Mally Glencairn, to hear what Mrs. Pringle had said to her. No visit ever happened more opportunely, for, just as Mrs. Glibbans knocked at the door, Miss Isabella Todd made her appearance. She had also received a letter from Rachel, in which it will be seen, that reference was made likewise to Mrs. Pringle's epistle to Miss Mally.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.

London.

My DEAR BELL,

How delusive are the flatteries of fortune. The wealth that has been showered upon us, beyond all our hopes, has brought no pleasure to my heart, and I pour my unavailing sighs for your absence, when I would communicate the cause of my unhappiness. Captain Sabre has been most assiduous in his attentions, and I must confess to your sympathizing bosom, that I do begin to find, that he has an interest in mine. But my mother will not listen to his proposals, nor allow me to give him any encouragement, till the fatal legacy is settled. What can be her motive for this I am unable to divine, for the Captain's fortune is far beyond what I could ever have expected without the legacy, and equal to all I could hope for with it. If, therefore, there is any doubt of the le-

gacy being paid, she should allow me to accept him; and if there is none, what can I do better? In the mean time, we are going about seeing the sights, but the general mourning is a great drawback on the splendour of gayety. It ends, however, next Sunday, and then the ladies, like the spring flowers, will be all in full blossom. I was with the Argents at the opera on Saturday last, and it far surpassed my ideas of grandeur. But the singing was not good—I never could make out the end or the beginning of a song; and it was drowned with the violins; the scenery, however, was lovely, but I must not say a word about the dancers, only that the females behaved in a manner so shocking, that I could scarcely believe it was possible for the delicacy of our sex to do. They are, however, all foreigners, who are, you know, naturally of a licentious character, especially the French women.

We have taken an elegant house in Baker-Street, where we go on Monday next, and our own new carriage is to be home in the course of the week. All this, which has been done by the advice of Mrs. Argent, gives my mother great uneasiness, in case any thing should yet happen to the legacy. My brother, however, who knows the law better than her, only laughs at her fears, and my father has found such a wonderful deal to do in religion here, that he is quite delighted, and is busy from morning to night in writing letters, and giving charitable donations. I am soon to be no less busy, but in another manner. Mrs. Argent has advised us to get in accomplished masters for me, so that, as soon as we are removed into our own local habitation, I am to begin with drawing and music, and the foreign languages. I am not, however, to learn much of the piano; Mrs. A. thinks it would take up more time than I can now afford; but I am to be cultivated in my singing, and she is to try if the master that taught Miss Stephens has an hour to spare-and to use her influence to persuade him to give it to me, although he only receives pupils for perfectioning, except they belong to families of distinction.

My brother had a hankering to be made a Member of Parliament, and got Mr. Charles Argent to speak to my father about it, but neither he nor my mother would hear of such a thing, which I was very sorry for, as it would have been so convenient to me for getting franks; and I wonder my mother did not think of that

as she grudges nothing so much as the price of postage. But nothing do I grudge so little, especially when it is for a letter from you—why do you not write me oftener, and tell me what is saying about us, particularly by that spiteful toad, Becky Glibbans, who never could hear of any good happening to her acquaintance, without being as angry as if it was obtained at her expense.

I do not like Miss Argent so well on acquaintance as I did at first, not that she is not a very fine lassie, but she gives herself such airs at the harp and piano—because she can play every sort of music at the first sight, and sing, by looking at the notes, any song, although she never heard it, which may be very well in a play actor, or a governess that has to win her bread by music; but I think the education of a modest young lady might have been better conducted.

Through the civility of the Argents we have been introduced to a great number of families, and been much invited, but all the parties are so ceremonious, that I am never at my ease, which my brother says is owing to my rustic education, which I cannot understand; for, although the people are finer dressed, and the dinners and the rooms grander than what I have seen, either at Irvine or Kilmarnock, the company are no wiser; and I have not met with a single literary character among them. And what are ladies and gentlemen without mind, but a well-dressed mob! it is to mind alone that I am at all disposed to pay the homage of diffidence.

The acquaintance of the Argents are all of the first circle, and we have got an invitation to a route from the Countess of J\*\*\*\*y, in consequence of meeting her with them. She is a charming woman, and I anticipate great pleasure. Miss Argent says, however, she is ignorant and presuming; but how is it possible that she can be so, as she was an Earl's daughter, and bred up for distinction. Miss Argent may be presuming, but a Countess is necessarily above that, at least it would only become a Dutchess or Marchioness to say so. This, however, is not the only occasion in which I have seen the detractive disposition of that young lady, who, with all her simplicity of manners, and great accomplishments, is, you will perceive, just like ourselves, rustic as she, doubtless, thinks our breeding has been.

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I have observed that nobody in London inquires about who another is, and that in company every one is treated on an equality—unless when there is some remarkable personal peculiarity, so that one really knows nothing of those whom one meets. But my paper is full, and I must not take another sheet, as my mother has a letter to send in the same frank to Miss Mally Glencairn. Believe me, ever affectionately, yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE

The three ladies knew not very well what to make of this letter. They thought there was a change in Rachel's ideas, and that it was not for the better; and Miss Isabella expressed, with a sentiment of sincere sorrow, that the acquisition of fortune seemed to have brought out some unamiable traits in her character, that, perhaps, had she not been exposed to the companions and temptations of the great world, would have slumbered, unfelt by herself, and unknown to her friends.

Mrs. Glibbans declared that it was a waking of original sin, which the iniquity of London was bringing forth, as the heat of summer causes the rosin and sap to issue from the bark of the tree. In the mean time, Miss Mally had opened her letter, of which we subjoin a copy.

## Mrs. Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

London.

DEAR MISS MALLY,

I greatly stand in need of your advise and counsel at this time. The doctor's affair comes on at a fearful slow rate, and the money goes like snow off a dyke. It is not to be told what has been paid for legacy duty, and no legacy yet in hand; and we have been obligated to lift a whole hundred pounds out of the residue, and what that is to be the Lord only knows. But Miss Jenny Macbride, she has got her thousand pound, all in one bank bill, sent to her; Thomas Bowie, the doctor in Ayr, he has got his five hundred pounds; and auld Nanse Sorrel, that was nurse to the Cornal, she has got the first year of her twenty pounds a-year: but we have gotten nothing, and I jealouse, that if things go on at this rate there will be nothing to get, and what will become of us then,

after all the trubble and outlay that we have been pot too by this coming to London.

Howsomever, this is the black side of the story; for Mr. Charles Argent, in a jocose way, proposed to get Andrew made a parliament member for three thousand pounds, which he said was cheap, and surely he would not have thought of such a thing, had he not known that Andrew would have the money to pay for't; and, over and above this, Mrs. Argent has been recommending Captain Sabre to me for Rachel, and she says he is a stated gentleman, with two thousand pounds rental, and her nephew; and surely she would not think Rachel a match for him, unless she had an inkling from her gudeman of what Rachel's to get. But I have told her that we would think of nothing of the sort till the counts war settled, which she may tell to her gudeman, and if he approves the match, it will make him hasten on the settlement, for really I am growing tired of this London, whar I am just like a fish out of the water. The Englishers are sae obstinate in their own way, that I can get them to do nothing like Christians; and, what is most provoking of all, their ways are very good when you know them, but they have no instink to teach a body how to learn them. Just this very morning, I told the lass to get a jiggot of mutton for the morn's dinner, and she said there was not such a thing to he had in London, and threeppit it till I couldna stand her; and, had it not been that Mr. Argent's French servan' man happened to come with a cart, inviting us to a hall, and who understood what a jiggot was, I might have reasoned till the day of doom without redress. As for the doctor, I declare he's like an enchantit person, for he has falling in with a party of the elect here, as he says, and they have a kilfud-yocking every Thursday at the house of Mr. U-, where the doctor has been, and was asked to pray, and did it with great effec, which has made him so up in the buckle, that he does nothing but go to bible soceeyetis, and mishonary meetings, and cherity sarmons, which cost a poor of money.

But what concarns me more than all is, that the temptations of this vanity fair have turnt the head of Andrew, and he has bought two herses, with an English man-servan, which you know is an eating moth. But how he payt for them, and whar he is to keep

them, is past the compass of my understanding. In short, if the legacy does not cast up soon, I see nothing left for us but to leave the world as a legacy to you all, for my heart will be brokenand I often wish that the Cornal hadna made us his residees, but only given us a clean soom like Miss Jenny Macbride, although it had been no more: for, my dear Miss Mally, it does not doo for a woman of my time of life to be taken out of her element, and, instead of looking after her family with a thrifty eye, to be sitting dressed all day seeing the money flying like sclate stanes. what I have to tell is warse than all this; we have been persuaded to take a furnisht house, where we go on Monday; and we are to pay for it, for three months, no less than a hundred and fifty pounds, which is more than the half of the doctor's whole stipend is, when the meal is twenty-pence the peck; and we are to have three servan lasses, besides Andrew's man, and the coachman that we have hired altogether for ourselves, having been persuaded to trist a new carriage of our own by the Argents, which I trust the Argents will find money to pay for; and masters are to come in to teach Rachel the fashionable accomplishments, Mrs. Argent thinking she was rather old now to be sent to a boardingschool. But what I am to get to do for so many vorashous servants is dreadful to think, there being no such thing as a wheel within the four walls of London, and if there was, the Englishers no nothing about spinning. In short, Miss Mally, I am driven dimentit, and I wish I could get the doctor to come home with me to our manse, and leave all to Andrew and Rachel, with kurators; hut as I said, he's as mickle bye himself as ony body, and says that his candle has been hidden under a bushel at Garnock, more than thirty years, which looks as if the poor man was fey; howsomever, he's happy in his delooshon, for if he was afflictit with that forethought and wisdom that I have, I know not what would be the upshot of all this calamity. But we maun hope for the best. and, happen what will, I am, dear Miss Mally, your sinsare friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

Miss Mally sighed as she concluded, and said, riches do not always bring happiness, and poor Mrs. Pringle would have been far

better looking after her cows and her butter, and keeping her lasses at their wark, than with all this garavitching and grandeur. "Ah!" added Mrs. Glibbans, "she's now a testifyer to the truth—she's now a testifyer; happy it will be for her if she's enabled to make a sanctified use of the dispensation."

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

# ART. III.—Letters from an Englishman in the United States to his friend in Great Britain.

My Dear Sin,—A year having now elapsed since the period of my arrival in this country, I shall, agreeably to my engagement, give you some account of a country, which, in this age of emigration, cannot be too well known. Many things on which you may wish for information, I shall probably altogether omit; and of many others, speak but very imperfectly. Should I fail in my endeavours to instruct or amuse you, I hope you will take the will for the deed.

I arrived in New York, after a passage of thirty-two days, without experiencing any thing like a storm, at which I did not feel grievously disappointed. But as you know nothing of my adventures since I bade you, and our snow-wreathed hills adieu, and as you requested every information that might be useful or interesting to yourself, or your friends who may wish to follow me to the wildernesses of America, I will suppose myself once more on the banks of the Mersey, and preparing for a voyage across the Atlantic.

The first thing necessary for me to do in Liverpool was to find a vessel, which was easily accomplished, as scarcely a week passes without the sailing of ships for American ports. Vessels bound to New York or Philadelphia are in the greatest demand; Boston being too far East; and Baltimore, Norfolk, and Charleston, too far South. A friend of mine recommended the *Hector* of New York, commanded by Captain J. Gillender. Like most American vessels of the same class depending more on passengers than freight, her accommodations were excellent. Her captain is a man of amiable manners and disposition, which materially contributed towards the comfort of our voyage.

Persons emigrating to America have to pass at the Custom-house, and it is well to be provided with a certificate signed by the minister and church wardens of their parish; but this is not necessary if they have a friend who is an householder in the port from which they clear out, who can testify to their trade, profession, &c. Pamilies emigrating, ought to dispose of every thing ponderous or bulky, previous to their embarkation. Beds and bedding, household linen, and many small, portable necessaries, ought to be brought out; but furniture, of all descriptions, can be purchased in the United States nearly as cheap as in the "Old Country," as Great Britain is emphatically denominated; and some articles even cheaper. In every ship there are two prices, or rates of passage; the cabin and the steerage price. Cabin passengers have every thing provided by the captain of the vessel, and live extremely well, having plenty of fresh pork, mutton, and poultry, during the voyage, with wines and spirits whenever they choose. The passage money is from thirty to forty guineas. Steerage passengers provide every thing for themselves, have ship room, fire and water, and that is all. The passage money in the steerage is from six to twelve pounds; children much lower. When many ships are about to sail near the same time, the captains are obliged to make the best bargains they can, and, like opposition coaches, sail at reduced fares.

The duration of the voyage is uncertain, but may generally be calculated upon at from twenty-five to forty days—sometimes a little more and sometimes a little less. However, provisions for seven or eight weeks ought all ays to be provided, for landsmen would make but a poor shift to subsist on sea weed and salt water, should the voyage out-last their stores. As the generality of persons are sea-sick for two or three days it is very well to be provided with cold meat and pastry, in order to avoid the necessity of cooking. Hams are well calculated for sea voyages; but the captain is always the most proper person to apply to for advice in the laying in of provisions. A few simple medicines should be procured, which any apothecary or druggist can supply. When a family emigrates it is customary to contract for the whole, rather than for each separate individual, whereby something considerable is saved.

Having bade farewell to my Liverpool friends, I went on board the Hector, on the morning of the 13th of April, where I was introduced to seven other cabin passengers. In the steerage there were fourteen. We fell down the river with the tide, but the wind being light, the vessel was not able to make the channel off Black Rock, before the tide was out; so that we were obliged to let go our anchor, having scarcely made good three miles of our thirty-five hundred miles' voyage. We remained at anchor till the following day at noon, when a breeze sprung up, and we were quickly wasted from the lessening shores.

Fourteen days from our departure we made the eastern edge of Newfoundland great bank, when a northwest wind sprung up, and continued blowing for five days, at the end of which we found that we had been driven back about one degree. In passing the banks we saw many icebergs, or islands of ice, some of which we estimated at an hundred, or an hundred and fifty feet high. Others that we supposed aground in forty or fifty fathoms water, arose like silvery spires above the watery deep. Had it been foggy we should have been in considerable danger of running foul of the frozen wanderers; but the weather was serene and clear, which is not often the case on the banks of Newfoundland. On the morning of our twenty-eighth day we saw land, which proved to be the eastern shore of Long Island; and, had the wind been favourable, we should have breakfasted in New York the next day; whereas we were obliged to beat about for four days more, when we took a pilot on board, and arrived at the end of our voyage on the evening of the fourteenth of May,-having been at sea thirty two days.

## LETTER II.

The entrance of the narrows, and passage up to New York, is interesting and inviting to a foreigner; particularly if he delights in rural scenery. The river or bay, at that part called the narrows, where it is a little more than a mile wide, is strongly fortified. On the left stands, what is denominated the Castle, (but my ideas of a castle could draw no line of comparison) and on the opposite side the Diamond Battery. The latter is a large fort, recently built, mounting a vast number of cannon, many of which I was assured were one hundred pounders. I made an unfortunate mistake respecting this said battery, for when we first came in sight of it,

at two or three miles distance, I very innocently inquired of the captain of the ship if the building I saw on the right was a cotton manufactory; for to me it certainly had such an appearance. My ignorance quite shocked honest Gillender, and it was with some difficulty I convinced him of the perfect simplicity of my mistake; and that it was not made with the malicious intention of bringing the Diamond Battery into disrepute.

In sailing up the bay, the city, with its numerous shipping, has a striking appearance, as has the adjacent country. On the right is Long Island, with its gently sloping green fields and painted cottages, and on the left is New Jersey, with its bolder uplands, fertile corn fields, and genteel looking country residences; with the quarantine ground, and other public buildings, immediately on the margin of the bay. In the foreground are two or three islands, onone of which (Governor's Island) is a fort which commands the town, as well as the entrance to the North and East rivers. Beyond these islands you discover the city, through a forest of masts, and the streaming pennants of various nations. Towering above these are seen the tall spires of the churches and other lofty buildings, tending altogether, to produce an imposing effect.

The first persons that came on board, before we dropt anchor, were half a dozen news-men, sallow in their complexions, but otherwise very much resembling shabby, genteel Frenchmen in their dress and personal appearance. They were ravenously clamorous for English papers, and the captain being unable to supply them all with regular files, from words they almost came to blows.\*

<sup>\*</sup> Miss Wright's description of this class of news-mongers, is, like many other things in her book, quite ludicrous.

<sup>&</sup>quot;While our ship slowly moved through the still waters, pointing her course to the city,——numberless little boats, well manned with active rowers, darted from the different shores, &c. severally mooring along-side our lazy vessel, with the cry of All well? A dialogue ensued, commencing with friendly congratulations, between the crews of the boats and the various inhabitants of the ship. On one side, queries respecting the length of the voyage, the weather, the winds, and the latest news from Europe; on the other, the health of the city, the nature of the season, of the harvest, the arrival and departure of vessels, and a thousand nameless trifles interesting to men returning from a distance to their native shores. At the close of the dialogue, one or other of the boatmen would carelessly ask if any of

Next came a custom house officer, and to the credit of this country be it said, not such an harpy as would have boarded an English ship, in an English port. Some of the passengers were allowed to carry away small packages, without any questions being asked by the officer, and on the following day, when any luggage was taken on shore, no rummaging or ransacking took place.

The first peculiarity that forcibly struck me was, the great number of persons to be met with in every street, smoking segars. In passing along you are assailed by those fragrant perfumers, for this being a free country, they puff and spit, to the right and left, to the great annoyance of those who may happen to have no taste for delicacies of this description. Those nuisances, however, are confined to the low and the vulgar, and children of from ten to twelve years of age, who are allowed to do just as they please, for it would be cruel, where all are free, to lay them under any restraint.

We arrived at our hotel about nine o'clock in the evening, and found preparations making for supper, which is always on the table at that hour. But one gentleman was present, although knives and forks indicated the expectation of at least a score. He was tolerably polite, and seeing that we were strangers, answered all our inquiries, which were not a few, although as we thought somewhat oddly. Among other things we asked him by whom the house was kept—what was its character,—whether there was a good table

the passengers wished to be landed; but the request was always made in a manner which expressed a willingness to render a civility rather than a desire to obtain employment. These boats had something picturesque as well as foreign in their appearance. Built unusually long and sharp in the keel, they shot through the bright waters with a celerity that almost startled the eye. Their rowers, tall and slender, but of uncommon nerve and agility, were all cleanly dressed in the light cloathing suited to a warm climate, their large white shirt-collars unbuttoned and thrown back on their shoulders, and light hats of straw or cane, with broad brims, shading their sun-burnt faces. These faces were uncommonly intelligent. Piercing gray eyes, glancing from beneath even and projecting brows, features generally regular, and complexions, which, burnt to a deep brown, were somewhat strangely contrasted with the delicate whiteness of the clothing." Views of Society, &c. p. 7.

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kept? with fifty other questions of a similar nature, and we were not backward, as is commonly the case with English travellers, in making our remarks. In the morning we desired the waiter to inform the landlord that we wished to speak with him, when lo! who should appear but the identical personage of whom we had made our numerous inquiries, the preceding evening. We lost no time in visiting the theatre, for having regaled ourselves with a most delicious cup of tea, we hastened to witness the "Siege of Tripoli," the production of a Mr. Noah, of New York. It represents, in extravagant colours, the conduct of the American infant navy before Tripoli. I thought the performance excessively stupid, and the scenery tawdry and deficient; but such shouts of applause! Such enthusiastic nationality of feeling! I never before witnessed. The theatres have no half price,—a dollar introduces you to the boxes,-and three fourths of that sum to the pit. But alas! their theatre is no more! a few nights after my arrival, the performance being just ended, the theatre was discovered to be on fire, and in spite of every exertion, it was soon reduced to a heap of ruins.

New York is situated on the southern extremity of an island of the same name, which is about fifteen miles long, by two broad; but in that part where the city is built it does not exceed one mile in breadth. The streets, generally, are neither elegant nor commedious; but there are exceptions. Many of them are planted with rows of trees, which give them a rural and village-like appearance. but I am told that they are a great nuisance in summer, and harbour numerous troublesome insects. Broadway is the boast of the New Yorkers; and not without reason, for it is certainly one of the finest streets I ever saw. It extends in a direct line, on the top of a gentle ridge, for nearly two miles, and runs parallel with the East and North rivers, each of which is more than a mile wide. This street, as its name implies, is broad,—the houses are built of brick, ornamented with reddish free stone and white marble-Besides the churches, the city Hall, and State prison, there are but few public buildings that arrest the attention of strangers. The city Hall is a large and elegant structure; the front, sides, and supporting pillars are of white marble. The lower parts of the town near the rivers are said to be unhealthy owing to their damp situations. New York ranks as the first sea port in the United States; its situation for commerce being most admirable. Though the tides rise no more than six or seven feet, yet there is sufficient depth of water for their largest ships of war. I visited the navy yard, which is on the opposite side of the East river, where there was a seventy-four on the stocks nearly ready for lanching. But she will carry upwards of an hundred guns, and will be as handsome a vessel as ever sailed from any port. At the navy yard there was also a frigate, propelled by steam, with a bomb proof roof, and equally strong throughout, mounting guns of an extraordinary size. This frigate was built near the close of the last war, and was never in action. What an infernal machine this must be in a calm!!

In England, the term Yankee is commonly understood, as applicable to all Americans, without distinction. But this opinion is incorrect. The Yankees are natives of the New England states, which are also known as the eastern states, and are confined to six, namely;—New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont,—so that the people in the other states do not consider the appellation as at all applicable to them. The Yankees are a keen, shrewd, people; restless and wandering, and are to be found in every part of the Union.

In this country of "Liberty and Equality," nothing is more obvious than the nicest distinction in society; and here, where all are accounted equal, we find the higher, the lower, and the middle classes. To be sure they have no lords nor dukes; but notwithstanding their apparent disapprobation of titles, they have their people of family, and Boston abounds with "Honourables." If I might judge from what I saw in New York, I should say that the men were, generally, tall and thin, with dark hair, and sallow complexions: that the females were, generally, tolerably fair, with slender persons; yet few of them are tall. For some time after my arrival in that city, I saw but few handsome women, but the succeeding fine weather brought them out, and I assure you, that many of them possess great beauty and elegance.

A few warm days made the grass lands look charmingly, and some fields of grain, in the vicinity of the city, were just coming into ear. I made excursions into the country, in various directions.

and saw some pretty good farms; but there is in my opinion, a great want of quick thorn hedges, and other cultivated fences. At present the fences are made of split rails, except some few which are stone. The cultivation of live fences would beautify the country exceedingly; and I see no reason why it should not be attended to. Although seed time is later than it is in England, yet harvest is nearly a month earlier, owing to the greater warmth of the summer months.

In my next I will give you some account of Philadelphia, the rival of New York. The distance between these cities, which is travelled partly by water, and partly by land, is about one hundred miles. The aquatic part of the route is performed by steam boats, for which this country is very famous. The Americans lay claim to this valuable invention, as they do to many others that I had never dreamt of before I came among them; how far their claims may be just I shall not attempt to determine; but will leave it to those, who are more interested than myself, to settle a point of such vital importance to both nations.

### LETTER III.

The route from New York to Philadelphia lies through Newark,\* Brunswick, Trenton, and Bristol,\* all called cities, I believe, but in England they would pass for indifferent market towns. Trenton, the capital of the state of New Jersey, is situated on the Delaware river, over which there is one of the handsomest bridges in the United States. This bridge is about a quarter of a mile long; it is neatly roofed, and the sides covered in, to secure the upper parts of the structure from the bad effects of the weather. The roads through New Jersey are very indifferent; indeed, after heavy rains, they are almost impassible, which was the case when I travelled through this state.† This I attributed to a want of sufficient descent for the water, and a scarcity of road making materials. Notwithstanding these indifferent roads, the stage coaches travel at the rate of from seven to nine miles per hour. Their coaches are much lighter than ours, and carry no out-side, but

<sup>\*</sup> These are contented to be mere towns. Ed. P. F.

<sup>†</sup> The traveller should have confined this remark to the road over which he passed, part of which is sometimes very bad. Ed. P. F.

eight or ten inside passengers, who find it difficult in a rainy day to keep themselves comfortable and dry. The upper part of the sides of the carriage, is open to the four winds of heaven, for there is not a particle of glass about the whole machine; but in lieu of windows they have screens of leather, or some other less opaque material, which can be let down as a partial defence against the storm; so that in proportion to the wind and rain you exclude, you shut out the light.\* To make amends for this inconvenience, at the end of each ten or twelve miles, you hear nothing of "Remember the coachman if you please," with its echo "pray remember the guard;" and when you arrive in the cities you are carried to whatever part or street you please, and in the morning are taken up at your own door, without any additional charge on the specified fare. At the inns along the roads waiters expect no perquisites; but in the cities this good custom is changing, for should you leave-your hotel, and forget to bid John a kind good bye, his looks, at least, would betray his disappointment. I attribute the introduction of this odious tax, principally, to my own countrymen; particularly to that insufferable class of puppies, sent over here to transact their masters' business, who are known at home by the significant appellation, of, countinghouse clerks, and Birmingham bagsmen,-who possess no means of acquiring respect except what they purchase, with their masters' money, from hostlers, waiters, and shoe blacks.

Philadelphia, in point of population, is much upon a par with New York; each city containing upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants. But it is more regularly built than the latter city, all the streets being regularly straight, and crossing each other at right angles. The houses are uniform and neat, and many of them are onamented with white marble. The most conspicuous buildings are the churches, the state house, the United States and Pennsylvania banks, Girard's bank, the State prison, &c. The town is situated on a neck of land between two rivers, the Delaware and Schuykill: the ground declining slightly from the centre each way. The Delaware is navigable to the city for ships of a large size; and although its commercial situation is inferior to that of New York;

<sup>\*</sup> This is not true now. Ed. P. F.

yet being the only seaport in the large and wealthy state of Pennsylvania, its exports and imports are great. Against the city the Delaware is about a mile wide, though ninety miles distant from the sea; and the flood tides rise about six feet. I like the appearance of the Philadelphians better than that of the New Yorkers, particularly the ladies, for I assure you among them there is no lack of female charms. Their prevailing religion is the presbyterian; but all sects are tolerated. Quakers are very numerous in Philadelphia, and being generally, people of property, they have a considerable influence in political measures. In a republican country like America, one would expect to find but one political creed-but it is quite otherwise. The denominations are not whigh and tories, nor royalists and ultra royalists; but federalists and democrats. The democratic party has been in power for a number of years, and in all appearance is likely to continue so. In England you would call it the radical party, because it is composed of the people. It is the more powerful, because the more numerous, which, here, constitutes strength, but is not the more respectable; neither does it act upon principles the most noble; nor has it always pursued that line of policy, which is the most advantageous to the American nation. The federal party is composed of men of more liberal sentiments; less republican\* in their conduct, but equally independent in their principles. Endowed with generous sympathies towards Great Britain, rather than allying themselves with the French revolutionists, they were opposed to the late war between the two nations: and were, in consequence, accused of partiality towards the mother country. Between the two parties I draw this comparison; the federalists I compare to our respectable whigs; the democrats to Cartwright, Hunt, Wooler, Cobbett, &c. but to our high toned tories I find no compeers.

Some persons are always on the wrong side of the dike, and so it has ever been with me; for in England you know I espoused the cause of the party which has so long been growling for a share of the loaves and fishes; but that has long been kept at bay by its more powerful opponent; and now that I am here, I find myself

<sup>\*</sup> He should have said less democratic, the federalists being altogether republican in their principles. Ed. P. F.

in the same predicament; for should it ever become necessary for me to declare for either party, up goes my hat, with three cheers, for federalism. Some people have the knack of shaping their politics to times and circumstances, but this formed no part of my political education.

### LETTER IV.

In a former letter I forgot to tell you that I attended a review at New York, where the reviewing general was a taylor! and yet the troops appeared orderly and respectable! This would not do on your side of the Atlantic, nor will it do here fifty years hence. Another general who was present, and who "covered himself with glory" in the last war, was originally a quaker schoolmaster. But the army is no favourite, and few men of the first respectability enter into this service. It is the navy that is the darling of the American people, and it really is a promising child. The names of Truxtun, Decatur, Perry, Mac Donough, Lawrence, Hull, Jones, Biddle are as dearly beloved as are our Nelson's, our Howe's, and our Vincent's, and this is as it ought to be, for although accustomed to act on a smaller scale:

"Each gemm'd his little orb with glory bright."

Decatur fell, not long since, in a duel with another naval officer. These republicans are very tenacious of their honour, and have more gentlemanly meetings than any other people I ever heard of.

—The city of Philadelphia swarms with doctors and lawyers.

The route from New York to Philadelphia, through the state of New Jersey, presents the traveller with little that is interesting.\* The soil in this state is but little of it good, which perhaps, accounts for the wild uncultivated tracts through which the roads pass. The southern part towards the sea board, is dry and sandy, whereas the northern division is hilly and barren, and in some places even mountainous. Near the sea shore there are extensive flats of salt marsh, to reclaim which attempts have lately been



<sup>\*</sup> The traveller passed over this road too rapidly to enjoy the pleasures of a ride through New Jersey. There are a number of beautiful villages on the road, well cultivated farms, an agreeable succession of hill and dale, and every where, smiling faces and warm hearts. How could be pass the learned institutions at Princeton without remark? Ed. P. F.

made; and should the results prove favourable, so that they may be brought into a state of cultivation, the whole district will be materially benefited. At present they diffuse intermittent fevers through their vicinities, and generate millions of musquitoes to the annoyance of both man and beast. In the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, the land is by no means of the first quality; but from its proximity to a good market it rents high, though not equal to some of our English lands, situate in the neighbourhood of towns very inferior in magnitude to this city. Within the last two or three years farms, and farm produce, in all parts of the United States, have suffered a considerable reduction in value; in consequence persons in all situations are grumbling at the hard times.

As yet I have seen few places in this country which I think equal to many situations to be found among our northern hills and vallies. The main objection I find, however, is, a want of diversity of scenery. Here are few, or none, of our beautiful hedge rows; no avenues of aged oaks or spreading elms-no ruinous castle walls and mouldering towers:—and the woods are irregular reserves of the native forests, equally destitute of beauty and taste. Buildings in the country are commonly of wood, and their roofs are of the same materials. This renders them very liable to accidents by fire, and the newspapers detail many a melancholy catastrophe which could not have occurred had the buildings been of stone, and covered with tiles or slates. Agriculture, I mean systematic agriculture, has been much neglected till of late years, but at present it is becoming a very fashionable study and amusement;-perhaps the stagnation of commerce tends to direct the attention of commercial individuals towards the cultivation of land, and the breeding of cattle. There was a merino mania among the farmers of this country some years ago, when a ram would sell for ten or twelve hundred dollars; and an ewe would fetch nearly as much;—but the infection has pretty generally subsided. The common cattle of America are inferior to ours, although valuable oxen and cows are occasionally to be met with; and it is not uncommon to hear of the importation of bulls and cows, of the finest breeds, for the purpose of breeding farm stock. The horses of Pennsylvania are superior to those of New York; but here again

I must give the palm to Old England, for speed, strength and beauty.

I will not drag you with me through indifferent roads, and over inhospitable mountains, nor introduce you to the accommodation of every country tavern, (the name for all inns and public houses) but I will tell you what company I sometimes keep. Fifteen miles from the most polished city in the Union, the stage driver (coachman) sat down with me to breakfast. sans ceremonie. This class of individuals is very unlike our London and Brighton coachees, "bloods of the first water," members of the "bang up" and "four in hand" clubs; but on the contrary tawdry-looking, lank fellows, acting in the triple capacity of coachman, guard, and hostler. However, the circumstance I allude to I take to be a rare occurrence; and the accommodation of the taveras, generally, is tolerably good, if a traveller bears along with him a disposition to be pleased. To be sure in the wild and more remote parts of the country, you have not all the delicacies and officious attention to be met with at an English inn; but then you are not presented with bills of extreme longitude, nor annoyed with insolent waiters, and pert chambermaids.

## LETTER V.

You desire to have my opinion of the inducements held out by this country to British emigrants, generally. I would refer wou to Mr. R. with whom I communicated on this subject; but from my own personal observation and from information I have acquired from unquestionable sources, since my correspondence with him, I think it my duty to address you immediately on this subiect.\*

My general sentiments are in favour of emigration, provided I am allowed to select my emigrants. The indolent and profligate who have already brought themselves to want and beggary, had better remain at home, for I fear they would not be able to leave their evil propensities behind them; and nothing is more absurd than the idea of living in this country without capital, or exertion of

<sup>\*</sup> On the subject of this letter, see an excellent essay in the Port Folio for September, 1816. Ed. P. F. 40

either body or mind. To be sure a much smaller income is sufficient for the maintenance of a family, as is also a much smaller portion of manual labour, but even in this country, the one or the other is absolutely necessary. I must be understood to speak exclusively of the country, for house-keeping in the cities is quite as expensive as in England. House rents are considerably higher, whereas the wages of mechanics and handicraftsmen have been much reduced.

There are two classes of individuals, to whom more particularly, I would venture to recommend this country. Under the first of these must be understood persons possessing some capital; who would prefer a rural life; who are willing to dispense with some of the luxuries of the effeminate and wealthy; and who do not rate present prodigality above the comforts of age, and the welfare and independence of the future representatives of their family and name. The other class comprehends those who have been more familiar with the humbler walks of life, and who have been accustomed to labour, particularly in the culture of land. Although a family of this description should arrive at their destination with but slender means, and small capital, yet a trifling sum of money, accompanied with habits of industry, and propriety of moral conduct, will not fail, in a short period, to ensure respect, plenty, and content.

In the immense scope of country presented by the United States to the choice of an emigrant, and containing such a diversity of soil and climate, the great question to be solved, is, which is the most eligible situation for an Englishman? On this subject opinions will doubtless be various, and must depend on the peculiar views of the emigrant. If he come in quest of new lands, he has heard at home only of the western states or country; and the British possessions in Canada. Besides these places, however, when he arrives on this continent he may find a vast tract of country which contains much good land not yet brought into a state of cultivation, and evidently better situated for markets, than either Canada or the western states. As it respects those parts of the United States which have long since been brought into cultivation, we have been accustomed from the accounts of our travellers to believe that the whole of them have, through the ignorance and

carelessness of their owners and occupiers, been long since worn out, and the soil reduced to the most heartless and barren state from the effects of bad farming. This certainly does apply to many of the old settled parts; the general custom of the country being to seek for present profit, to the utter neglect of future advantages. But we need not wonder at the bad farming of the United States, when we consider how short a time it is since agriculture was properly systematized at home; and in how many parts of Great Britain, notwithstanding the exertions of the Board of Agriculture, the antiquated systems are still retained.—A person disposed to purchase a farm in an old settlement, can readily do so any where from Maine to Louisiana; but Englishmen, I presume, will not be willing to go to the states south of Pennsylvania, on account of the slavery which is still permitted to exist there; one great evil of which is, to disgrace industry by committing it to the blacks, and giving to idleness the character of superiority. Wherever there are black slaves, a division is drawn between those who work, and those who do not work; and a white man who would depart from the line drawn, and established by custom, by putting his hand to the labours of the field, would be considered as having abandoned his cast, and be shunned by his white neighbours as a renegado from every thing decent, respectable, and proper; and as an encourager of insubordination and sedition. Besides this, the climate of the southern states is too hot for the culture of most kinds of grain.

Wheat produces from five to twelve bushels per acre, and oats are of a quality so inferior, that they are seldom raised. Cotton and tobacco are the two great staple commodities of this portion of the country, and Indian corn, (maize) is the kind of grain generally cultivated. From these circumstances the southern states would be out of the question for English farmers. Towards the sea they are generally unhealthy, and the flat and marshy lands extend a considerable distance into the country; but in the interior, and on the heads of most of the rivers, may be found situations that are dry and healthy. I am assured that the lands on the heads of the streams in Georgia are among the most desirable in the southern states, but they are as yet occupied by the Indians.

If the slave states, as they are called, be out of the question, then the choice is left from Pennsylvania to Maine (including those two states) in which will be found great diversity of soil and climate. - Along the line of sea coast, and for a considerable distance inland, the effects of the winds, blowing from the sea, are felt much more than they are further into the interior. This has some influence on the spring vegetation, which is earlier near the sea than in the same latitude more remote from it; but there are said to be more frequent changes of temperature, and the usual disorders, especially consumption, resulting from them, are more common than in the high lands remote from the influence of damp sea breezes. In New York and Boston nearly one fourth port of the deaths are from cases of consumption. In Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania there are many pleasant and fertile sitaations. By a reference to your map of the United States you will perceive that I overstep New Jersey. I would by no means advise a settlement farther to the north than these states; as the winters in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, are long and severe; however, taking the climate of the northern states, generally, I believe it will be found as healthy as is usual in most parts of the world.

I think I ought to have omitted Connecticut, as suitable to the views of emigrants, for being an early settled part of the country little or no land remains in its wild and uncultivated state: so that cheap lands are not to be procured. As for the other two states, New York and Pennsylvania, although many parts of them are thickly settled, yet there remain millions of acres in their native wildness. The eastern part of New York is hilly; in some places there are considerable ranges of mountains, among which are the sources of those rivers that fall into the Atlantic. The western portion of this state is much more level, and the land is of a superior quality to that eastward of the mountains; but the water through a considerable range of this districties impregnated with calcareous earth, which attaches to it the reputation of being unhealthy; and the inhabitants are subject to bilious and intermittent fevers, called in the idiom of the country "lake fevers." This character extends with little exception, over all that part called the Lake country, the Genesee country, and the lands in the vicinity of Lakes Erie and Ontario. The Hudson river which is navigable for a considerable distance above the city of New York, (to Waterford) has some good lands on its borders; and in a part where it passes the Catskill mountains, displays very picturesque and romantic scenery. Of this kind there is much less in America than might be expected, owing, in some measure, to all the hills, mountains, and vallies, being in their native state covered with a continuous forest, which prevents, in a great degree, the variety and diversity of tints and outline so pleasing to a painter's eye.

The soil near the sea coast is inferior to that in the interior, except in some few instances. Long Island, constitutes a part of New York state; but it is meagre, gravelly land, with very little to attract the notice of a farmer.

### LETTER VI.

I recollect that just before I left England, our honest cobbler of O—, came to me with a long face, and intimated that he was quite tired of thumping his lapstone,—that having saved a small sum of money, he had been thinking of emigrating to America; there to invest his little all in a piece of low priced land, and so turn farmer; but having deferred his departure from time to time, he was afraid he was now too late; "for," added he, "I am inclined to think from the great numbers of persons that have gone out, within the last year or two, that every nook and corner, ere this, will have been occupied, so that I should hardly be able now to meet with a vacant situation.

Not knowing so much of this country then, as I do now, I forbore giving honest Crispin my opinion on the advantages or disadvantages of emigration, and as to replying to his doubts of want of room, an immoderate fit of laughter conveyed the whole of the information with which the good natured fellow returned to his home. I, therefore, will thank you to inform the ignoramus, when he brings home your shoes, that he might better his condition by emigrating to this country, where there is, even yet, an abundance of room;—and further oblige me by stating to him the following dimensions, and I am sure you will be amused with the perfect astonishment, which I know the honest cobbler will not fail to exhibit. From the eastern extremity of Maine, not far from the

mouth of the river St. Lawrence, to the Pacific ocean in the west, the distance is two thousand seven hundred miles; and from the upper part of the northwest territory, to the mouth of the Mississippi river, it is one thousand six hundred and fifty miles; containing two and a half millions of square miles, or fifty times the extent of England and Wales. Now as the population of this vast country, is not equal to that of England alone, it is pretty clear that the honest cobbler may banish his apprehensions of finding it occupied. This is only one instance of the extreme ignorance of many of our countrymen as it regards America. I could recapitulate fifty others of a much grosser nature among persons that rank infinitely higher than poor Crispin. One individual, previous to my departure, addressed me with, "lord preserve us, what! you surely are not going amongst the Americans, for they are all cutthroats and savages! There were a few among them more enlightened and civilized, but of late years we have transported our thieves and robbers to Botany Bay, and the old stock have all died off!" Such are the opinions, and such the uncharitable and unjust notions harboured by many of the ignorant and the prejudiced of our countrymen.

I do not believe one half of the British emigrants, when they land in this country, have any fixed motive in view, or marked line of proceeding; while a still greater portion of them know no more of this country,-its geography, climate and soil,-its people, their habits and dispositions, than did the patriarchs who lived before the flood. Is it any wonder then, that many of them should be disappointed, having foolishly calculated on mountains of cheese, rivers of milk, and luxuriant meadows of bread and butter: that to be an Englishman was to be admired as a being of superior order, and reading and writing were acquirements that would confound To be sure here are mountains, but as sterile and and astonish. barren as our hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland;-rivers, numerous and large, but not more lactiferous than the streams of our little island;-fields and meadows, that will produce the necessaries of life in abundance, but not without the aid of that abhorred compound-toil and the sweat of the brow. The mere term Englishman is no passport to honour or fame, for American citizen is the magical watchword among all classes. As for education

amongst the lower orders, the balance I believe is in the favour of this country; for an American who is not master of reading, writing, and the simple rules of Arithmetic, would be considered as ignorant indeed! Why then boast so much of our superiority. Are we, generally, further removed from want and beggary? Are we happier as a nation? Or are we more free? Until these and similiar questions are affirmatively answered, I would advise all vilifyers of the American people to look around them and begin at home.

However, all this does not prove that here are none to be met with but the polite, the accomplished, and the well informed; for although the lower orders are tolerably well acquainted with their own country, its constitution and affairs; many of them are extremely ignorant as regards foreign nations. As for us "English," they imagine we are all slaves, and are astonished how it happens that so many of us continue to escape from bondage; and their knowledge of other countries is, perhaps equally correct.

From the magnitude of the United States it becomes difficult to describe the climate; for should I tell you that the cold in the north is severe in March, and the ground buried in snow; a correspondent writing from the south at the same date, might probably inform you, and with equal correctness, that their woods and meadows were green, and their pastures covered with flowers. The weather is, altogether, much more variable than I expected to find it; for I had been taught to consider the climate of Great Britain as changeable as any in the world; but my instructor being a disciple of the old school, the probability is, that his geographical knowledge did not extend to the new world. In England we have thunder storms from the south-west, and snow storms from the north-east; but here, thunder storms, and frost, are all borne on the pinions of the north-west wind.

## LETTER VII.

I am glad to find that you have read Mr. Birkbeck's publications; nor am I at all surprised at the favourable impression they appear to have left on your mind, with respect to the ding-dong "western country." His books are written in a taking style, and to persons totally unacquainted with this quarter of the globe, ap-

pear fair and unsuspicious. But Mr. B. was an enthusiast. He came to this country with a determined disposition to admire it in all its main bearings; while he seems almost frantic with joy at his escape from the land of his forefathers, which he fails not to lash with his severest sarcasms, whenever an opportunity occurs. He is a man after the breed of our thorough-going radicals, and of this he has taken an advantage; but I believe he acts from principle, consequently his exertions, however ill directed, are the less to be condemned.

Before I proceed to give you some accounts of the western states, I must not omit to introduce to you more particularly the flourishing state of Pennsylvania. This state is, generally, healthy. The little flat land in it is principally confined to the vicinity of the tide waters of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. The Alleghany mountains cross the state nearly through its centre; the waters on the west side of them falling into the Ohio; those on the east side joining the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers. These mountains, for the most part, are sterile, but some small fertile vallies are to be found amongst them. The most noted counties east of the mountains have taken the old English names of Chester, Lancaster, and York, where may be found many valuable farms, and good farmers. Several parts of Pennsylvania, especially Lancaster county, were settled by Germans, whose steady industry, and prudent economy, have made them, and their descendants, wealthy. On the west side of the mountains is also to be found much good land; but its situation renders it of considerable less value than that lying on the east side. Pittsburgh, on the Ohio river, is the principal town in this part of the state, from whence the produce is sent to New Orleans to market a distance of more than two thousand miles. One consequence of this is, that the produce of a farm on the western waters, (as they are here called) is comparatively of but little value. I saw a statement of the Pittsburg prices, a few days ago, in which superfine flour was quoted at one dollar and seventy-five cents per barrel of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, or seven shillings and ten pence half penny; or at the rate of nearly one half penny per lb. Other kinds of grain are in the same proportion, as are also other kinds of farm produce. There can be no doubt that the most eligible situation for

a farmer is to be as near a market as possible; hence it becomes so necessary for an emigrant to settle as near to a sea port as the nature of his circumstances will permit.

One great objection to the western states is, their remoteness from market; in consequence of which the prices of all articles of farm produce must be comparatively low: as the mere expense of taking them to a market is sometimes known to be greater than the actual value when offered for sale. At present grain will not bear the cost of exportation, and the distance being so great from Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, that a drove of cattle would consume its own value, in travelling from thence to Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York; a distance of from ten to fifteen hundred miles. Another great and strong objection is the unhealthiness of the situation on most of the western waters, owing to the flatness of the land which subjects them to the annual overflowing of the rivers, in this extensive section of the Union. Indeed the Americans themselves acknowledge, that on the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio till you arrive at New Orleans, a distance of a thousand miles, there is scarcely a spot where you will be out of reach of the overflowing of the river, and no place where you will be able to escape the annual fevers of the country. These situations are certainly to be avoided; not merely by the farmer. but by every other person.

The vale of the Ohio is reckoned among the most delightful of these western elysiums; but it is not without its drawbacks. I will relate to you an instance of the unhealthiness of this valley, which I transcribe from Mr. Cumming's journey down the river. The only doctor in the vicinity being sick, he proceeds thus; "prompted by humanity we walked to the cabin occupied by Mr. Hunt's family, where we beheld a truly distressing scene. In an Indian grass hammock lay Mr. Hunt in a desperate and hopeless stage of the yellow fever; his skin and eyes of a deep yellow, and he in a state of apparent stupor, but still sensible. His house-keeper looking almost as ill, and groaning piteously on a bed near him. One of of his men seated on a chair in a feeble state of convalescence, and another standing by almost recovered, but still looking wretchedly. On the floor were travelling trunks, cases, books, furniture, and house utensils, promiscuously jumbled together, but all clean.

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as was the cabin itself.—I could not help centrasting in my mind Mr. Hunt's present condition, at so great a distance from his connexions, from cultivated society, and from medical aid, with what it was when he represented his native state of New Hampshire in congress, or during his travels in Europe. Such are some of the hardships and inconveniences attending the first settlers in a new country."

I might mention another objection, and one of the greatest evils that is ever likely to befal the western states. Having no outlet but the Mississippi river, what would be the consequence in case of a war between this country and any other power possessing a navy superior to that of the United States? I can easily solve the question for you;—a fleet would be stationed off the mouth of the river, and the whole of this immense country would be placed under an absolute embargo and blockade. You will naturally ask where is the difference between a strict blockade, and a free communication with all the world, if the produce to be exported will not bear the expense of transportation? I would beg to be excused from attempting an answer, but refer you to Mr. Birkbeck for a solution of the query.

I think, that with Mr. Birkbeck's discernment he might have selected a better situation, even if he was resolved to wean himself from all civilized society, and to immerse himself and family in these far away western countries. Why not select a residence on the borders of some navigable river, in the neighbourhood of some thriving town or village instead of locating himself at the distance of ten or twelve miles from any stream of consequence, and that but a branch of the Ohio. Mr. Birkbeck's two earlier publications were completed before he had been in the country seven months. He discourses of the seasons, summer and winter, with the most perfect familiarity; but from my own personal experience I am well convinced how little we ought to depend on others for information of this nature. So it is on all other subjects; he tells us what he intends to do; how much grain he will raise per acre, &c. but let him tell us what he has done, and then we shall know how far he deserves our confidence.

By prairies, you are to understand large tracts of level land without timber, being a sort of meadows covered with a tall, coarse

grass. Here, then you may look in vain for limpid mountain streams. and bubbling crystal springs; for where water is found at all, the quality is in general very bad. The smaller rivers, and rivulets are called creeks, and afford the only water to be met with in the prairies, without resorting to the laborious operation of sinking deep wells. Many of the creeks are dried up in summer, and in others the waters become stagnant and putrid. It is not uncommon in those parts for a traveller to meet with no water for the distance of thirty or forty miles; and in all that distance exposed to the almost perpendicular rays of a burning sun. Mr. B. cares little for the absence of this equally necessary and valuable element. He does not sufficiently prize the enjoyment of health, else he would value more highly this great promoter-good and wholesome water. He cares nothing for the absence of streams affording eligible situations for grist mills, fulling mills, saw mills, &c. for he intends to subject the winds to his control. He allows the country to be a little unhealthy, for says he, "all Europeans undergo a seasoning;" and he warns families, emigrating to his settlement to be sure to bring their medicine chests along with them. Do not these simple hints speak broad facts of the unhealthiness of the situation? And from all that I have been able to learn among experienced Americans, not a shadow of doubt, on this head, remains on my mind.

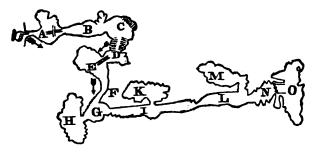
And now for situation with regard to market. Every person must allow that there is but one outlet, and that at the distance of one thousand three hundred miles from this garden of Eden, alias "English Prairie." New Orleans being the only market for the produce of all the country west of the Alleghany mountains, the obvious consequence is, that the market must always be overstocked; for allowing the insignificant quantity of one barrel of flour to every hundred acres of land, for the exports of this vast country, the sum total would exceed sixty-five millions of bushels of wheat! Having no manufactures they are necessarily all farmers, and are, or ought to be, all sellers, but no buyers. Since Mr. Birkbeck made his calculations in 1817, the prices of grain have declined full fifty per cent. Wheat, he says, sold for seventy-five cents, or 3s. 4 1-2d. English; and Indian corn (Maize) at twenty-five cents or 13 1-2d. per bushel; so that at present wheat will sell

for 1s. 8 1-4d. and Indian corn for 6 3-4d. But this is not all; money is scarcely ever seen, for every thing is transacted by way of barter, which is here called trade. Now suppose A. and B., two of Mr. Birkbeck's neighbours, wishing to transact business, the mode would be this: A. has a cow which he values at fifteen dollars, and B. has wheat worth thirty-seven and a half cents per bushel, B. gives A. forty bushels for his cow, and so the bargain is closed.

You hinted at the eligibility which prairies possess over timbered lands, as regards the first expense of cultivation. In part you are correct, but what signifies clearing or cultivating the soil, beyond what is necessary for family consumption, where there is no market? Would you not consider the enjoyment of health, and a comparative proximity to the cities and sea ports, more than balancing a little extra labour, in subduing the original wilderness? The timber growing near the upland prairies (where timber is found at all) is principally white oak, which certainly is not among the most valuable of American forest trees. Maple, so abundant and useful in some parts eastward of the Alleghany mountains, is not to be met with among the prairies. In the early part of the spring a juice or sap is extracted from this tree, which yields a considerable quantity of sugar, of a good quality, and very agreeable flavour. A good sized tree will yield from four to eight pounds in the season, which commonly lasts for three or four weeks; and an honest quaker informed me the other day, that he made four hundred and twenty pounds of sugar from forty-seven trees, in the early part of this present spring, which gives an average of ten pounds to each tree.

(To be continued.)

# FOR THE PORT FOLIO. WIER'S CAVE IN VIRGINIA.



ART. IV.—Description of Wier's cave in Augusta county, Virginia, in a letter from General Calvin Jones, of Raleigh, to his Excellency William Hawkins, governor of North Carolina, dated Botetourt county, Virginia, 17th March, 1815.

## My DEAR SIR,

Since my last from Winchester, I have visited the cave in Augusta, and the Natural bridge in the county to which it has given a name. The former exceeded, but the latter did not equal, my expectations. I saw the bridge, I presume, under circumstances that were not favourable to the emotions of the sublime. I had a little before seen the grand romantic scenery around Harper's ferry, where the Potomac passes through the Blue ridge. I had just beheld the wondrous subterranean palaces in Augusta: every step as I advanced up the rich and beautiful valley of Shenandoah, bounded on one side by the blue ridge, and on the other by the North mountains, presented objects, calculated to keep the sublime emotions in a constant state of excitement. Besides, my expectations concerning the bridge had been too highly raised by Mr. Jefferson's splendid and fanciful description of it. When I saw it I felt disappointment. I walked to the edge and looked down without any feeling of terror-I went below and looked up and was not astonished. It indeed possesses in a great degree grandeur and sublimity. But Weir's Cave is much more worthy the attention of the traveller. There, every thing that the mind can conceive of grand and beautiful is realized. The bridge affords only two or three views—the cave a thousand.

In my progress up the valley I, was attracted to Madison's cave by Mr. Jefferson's description, but had some difficulty in obtaining directions where to find it, other than those contained in the Notes. Maps of Virginia I could no where meet with, though I made diligent inquiry, except the old one of Fry and Jeffreys, which I saw at Fravels in Woodstock; so it was not until I arrived within twenty miles of the cave that I could ascertain its location, and I there learned, for the first time, that another cave had recently been discovered near it, and so far surpassing it in extent and grandeur, that Madison's, had ceased to be an object of curiosity.

I found the cave to be in the North East corner of Augusta county, very near the Rockingham line, two miles from Port Republic, a little town at the confluence of the two branches of the Shenandoah,\* a little out of the direct route from New Market to Staunton, thirty miles from the former place and seventeen from the latter, increasing the distance between the two places three or four miles, but more than compensating the traveller, (putting other considerations out of the question) at this season of the year, by the superior quality of the road. This place may be visited from Charlotteville, on the other side of the Blue Ridge, thirty-two miles distant, by a turnpike road through Brown's gap. To Richmond is one hundred and twenty miles. I think you would prefer the route by Brown's gap as Monticello would then be in your way.

The hill, in which the caves are, presents a perpendicular front of two hundred feet in height to the South branch of the Shenandoah, looking North-eastwardly towards the Blue Ridge, three miles distant beyond the river. Its front along the river is about half a mile; in the road it declines in height as it recedes back until its dissolves into the plain. Of Madison's cave I shall say but little, Mr. Jefferson's description of it being ample. It derives its name from the father of the late bishop Madison, who resided near it, and who was famed for his hospitality, his convivial disposition and his practical wit. It has been known sixty

<sup>\*</sup> Pronounced with a full accent on the first and last syllables..." Sher-nondore."

or seventy years and is now little visited as a curiosity. The earth in it affords salt-petre in the proportion of from two to four pounds to the bushel. Two thousand weight has been manufactured here within the two last years. The earth when brought out, is, at the mouth of the cave put into a plank gutter which conducts it to the margin of the river, where it is thrown into vats mixed with wood ashes, water is passed through it and this is evaporated to a salt by boiling. The lakes of water which are found at the extremity of the cave, have been navigated by a boat and thoroughly explored since Mr. Jefferson wrote. They are thirty or forty feet in depth, and further bounded on their extremity by rocks, so abrupt that a footing can no where be had, limiting for the present all discoveries in that direction. I advised the proprietor to put fish into these lakes, which he promised to do, so that visitants may probably, in a few years, add fishing to the entertainments afforded by the excursion.

Madison's cave, as you know from Mr. Jefferson's description, has its entrance about two thirds of the way to the top of the hill, immediately over the river. The mouth of Wier's cave is parallel to it in the same hill, two or three hundred yards further up the river. Madison's cave penetrates one hundred and twenty yards; Wier's nine hundred. This last was discovered in February 1806, by the man whose name I have taken the liberty of giving to it. Of this cave I propose to give you some faint idea by a brief description, which must necessarily be very imperfect. But in some measure to obviate its deficiences, and aid your comprehension I shall furnish you with a map of the outlines of its course and apartments, incorrect no doubt, but bearing some resemblance to what it would represent, and the best I am able to offer. The letters in the plan will be referred to in the course of our route. The index points to the entrance: the arrows mark the descent in places where it is most considerable.

The cave is of solid lime stone, sometimes ascending, but more commonly descending in its course; narrow and low at the entrance, but increasing in height as you advance, until it becomes eighty or ninety feet high. Water is constantly dropping from the top and dripping down the sides; but not in quantities sufficient to affect the light or incommode visiters. This forms stalactites of

every possible form and of every variety of beauty. The colours are for the most part white, but sometimes red, occasionally variegated. It is not every where that stone is formed by this percolation of the water. Sometimes it finds little basins formed to receive it, and again there are sinks through which it falls and disappears.

The entrance is closed by a door two feet and a half or three feet square. You grope through a narrow passage until you reach the anti-chamber, (A.) whose arch twelve or fifteen feet high is supported by stalactite pillars in the centre. On the left is a recess, difficult to traverse on account of the huge masses of rock which are every where thrown rudely about. From the anti-chamber you enter a narrow passage, creep in one place, and incline your body to the left between two sheets of rock in another. Descending some hewn slips and a wooden ladder, you come into Solomon's Temple, (B.) On the left is a large fluted column called Solomon's pillar, and on the sides of the apartment are curtains of stone, exactly resembling drapery, descending in wavelike folds from the ceiling to the floor. This is twenty-five feet high. A recess on the left, containing a few basins of pure water, is called the bar room. Going forward you ascend a ladder and find yourself on a steep, narrow rock, from which you look back and see the various beauties of the temple to great advantage. By another ladder you descend into the curtain room, (C.) which is profusely ornamented with a great variety of beautiful drapery. There is such elegance and regularity in those ornaments that if seen in small detached portions, it would be difficult to persuade one they were not works of art. The curtains usually descend from the arch to the floor on the sides of the cave, and are from five to six feet in width, and from half an inch, to two inches in thickness. They hang from six to twelve inches asunder and are commonly very white and transparent. As the drapery in this apartment is the most remarkable, though it is found in lesser quantities in every part of the cavern, it may be well here, once for all, to take notice of two forms that most frequently occur in every place. The explorer will see the best examples of each in the sofa and gallery presently to be mentioned. At the upper edge of the valance where the depending part commences, there is a cord

on running round each; from this the curtain descends; in one, an indentation of semicircular cavities, about two inches in chord, parallel and uniform; in the next instead of cavities, there is precisely the same form of projection, and the order and proportion of both are as regular and exact as if they had been produced by the chissel of the artist.

The Tambourin, or Music Room, (D.) is next. This abounds with stalactics similar to those in the preceding rooms, but they are plain, finer and more variously toned, and the room is better constructed for musical effect. The tones produced by striking these leaves of stalactite are various, sweet, and full, and if the powers of each were ascertained, a skilful hand could draw music from them, that might charm an Eurydice not to leave, but to remain in a cavern.

You now ascend a natural and well formed staircase, with a row of bannisters, running across the passage, and then, descending a ladder, enter the *Ball Room*, (E.) which is one hundred feet long and the arch fifteen or twenty feet high. The floor is smooth and level, and the sides ornamented with curtains, colonades and various resemblances to household furniture. Betsy's sofa is remarkable for its elegance, and resemblance to art. The floor has evidently been lowered in time, some of the columns are ruptured and dissevered in the middle of the shaft, and do not meet by some inches. Others have fallen, and lie in ruins.

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and slid along like an otter, and got through without any difficulty; and what was more," he added, "no woman ever yet stopped half way: they always went to the extremity."

Descending some steps hewn out of the rock called Jacob's ladder . you enter the Vestibule, (G.) the arch of which is about the same height as that of the temple. On your left, as you enter, a horizontal sheet of stone, a foot thick and twenty feet in diameter, projects from the side of the cave, about midway between the floor and the ceiling, called Mary's gallery. This is a striking object from its rich ornaments. Connected with this vestibule is the Saloon, (H.) Returning and entering a passage on the left, Washington's Hall, (I.) the grandest part of the cavern is opened to your view. You stand at the entrance; the guides go forward and arrange lights at certain distances: the long level floor rings beneath their tread: you see them at a hundred paces distance: and hear their voices resounding from the arch that rises sublimely eighty feet over your head. Every drop of water that falls rings in your ears. On your right is a row of stalactites that resemble human statues. In the centre, before the entrance of Lady Washington's drawing room, is one of noble mien, apparently in the habiliments of an ancient Roman, that is called Washington's Statue. You gaze on the whole scene and listen in silent rapture. At length you are aroused from the enchantment by being told by the guides that you have still much to see. Lady Washington's Drawing Room, (K.) is next visited-a handsome and spacious apartment. Just within the room, on your right is a large bureau on which many names are inscribed. I conformed to the general custom by engraving the initial letters of one that I could always call to remembrance without an effort. In this apartment a rock of immense magnitude has fallen from the arched ceiling above, and converted into a heap of ruins a number of massive columns that were standing near it. In Washington's Hall, a column two feet in diameter has fallen, probably from the ceiling of the floor which certainly has a cavern beneath it. The Diamond Room, (L.) is next, and derives its name from the sparkling brilliancy of its walls. The Enchanted Room, (M.) has a wild variety which by the help of a vivid imagination, may be transformed into a new creation. Here, in one place, an immense rock hangs so loosely over you, as apparently without support, that it seems to threaten you with instant annihilation. Here is a basin containing a hogshead or two of pure water, which, after the fatigue experienced, is grateful and refreshing. Returning by the same passage through the Diamond Room, you come to the Wilderness, (N.) rough and irregular below, on the sides and above. Either here, or in the Enchanted Room, I do not remember which, there is a column of twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, called the tower of Babel. The Garden of Eden, (O.) is the last scene. This room is spacious, lofty and its decorations are superb and various. A rock apparently floating over you, called Elijah's mantle; a large white curtain, and a rock called Mr. Jefferson's Salt Mountain, seen at a distance through a colonade, are the most remarkable particulars that I noticed here.

I now returned and regained the mouth of the cave after having been within it two hours and three quarters. But the time was much too short, to enable one on a first visit to give any thing like a full or correct description of it. An English painter, who spent several weeks here, said that years would be required to do any sort of justice to a representation of it by the pencil.

The Saloon, (H.) cannot be very distant from Madison's cave, and had time permitted, I would have attempted to discover a communication between them, by firing a musket in one cave, while the report was listened to in the other. The mention of this, reminds me of the remarkable effect I was told the discharge of a pistol produces in some parts of Wier's cave. The sound is astonishingly loud, and is prolonged and echoed back from distant recesses; and after a considerable silence, it is once and again renewed when you had supposed it exhausted. I had not the forethought to supply myself with the means of making this experiment.

The temperature of this cave, I am told, is lifty-five, and never varies.

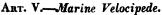
A German of the name of Aymand, was, until very lately, the proprietor of this cave, and his name has usually been given to it. It is now the property of Mr. Bingham, who keeps a good house of entertainment near it; but the honour of the name is certainly due to the discoverer. Mr. Wier made this discovery by pur-

suing with a dog a raccoon, which took refuge there, and once entered upon it, he prosecuted it with as much ardour, and at almost as much peril, as Cook did his discoveries in the trackless ocean. The proprietor keeps a lock upon the door of the cave, and charges each visiter fifty cents, which yields him a considerable revenue. Mr. Charles Lewis, who lives near Port Republic, accompanied me in my subterranean excursion, and contributed much to the gratification of it. In following me through the description, I fear you will share more of the fatigues than pleasures; but if I excite your curiosity sufficiently to induce you to take this place in your route to Washington, at some future time, I shall have done you an essential service, by enabling you to see and enjoy much in a little space; an important consideration in the economy of a life, whose duration is contracted to a span.

I am, my dear sir, with every sentiment of esteem and respect, yours, as ever.

CALVIN JONES.

His Excellency, Gov. Hawkins.





[Although it is stated in one of the daily journals, that Mr. Kent exhibited this invention to thousands of persons, in the new dock which was opened at Liverpool, on the day of the Coronation, we have great doubts whether any practical good will result from it. John Bull, though "2 thinking people," is wonderfully prone to be "Pleas'd with a trifle and tickled with a straw." Mr. Kent's contrivance will follow the fate of its predecessor on land.]

An exhibition improperly called walking on the water, has been exhibited at Liverpool, by Mr. Kent of Glasgow. The ap-

paratus which he uses is represented in the wood-cut above,—where a. b. c. are three hollow tin cases of the form of an oblong hemispheroid, connected together by three iron bars, at the meeting of which is a seat for the exhibiter. These cases, filled with air, are of such a magnitude that they can easily support his wieght: and as a. b. If a. c. are about ten feet, and b. c. about eight feet, he floats very steadily upon the water. The feet of the exhibiter rest on stirrups, and he attaches to his shoes by leather belts, two paddles, d. e. which turn on a joint when he brings his foot forward to take the stroke, and keep a vertical position when he draws it back against the resisting water; by the alternate action of his feet, he is enabled to advance at the rate of five miles an hour.

## ART. VI .- The Tyrol Wanderer. From an English Journal.

Mr. Editor—I have been in the habit of travelling a great deal over the world, and though not an author by profession, and never intending to become one, I have yet made it my practice to note down in an Album, whatever I have seen or heard, which struck me as extraordinary. Happening the other day to turn over some of its pages, I fell upon the following history, related to me by the man himself, a few years since, in Washington, in North America, in which city he then resided, and I believe, still lives. He had received a grant from the national legislature of that country, in consequence of services rendered by him to the American general, Eaton, during his incursion upon Tripoli. His story is a singular example of what human ingenuity can do, when operated on by the stimulus of necessity.

Gervasio Probasio Santuari was born at a village near Trent, in the Tyrol, on the 21st of October, 1772. He was brought up in one of the schools of that country, in which part of the learner's time is devoted to literature, and part to the exercise of the agricultural and mechanic arts. He was then sent to college for the purpose of being educated for the Romish church, but not liking his occupation or prospects, he renounced his theological studies, and, young as he was, became a Benedict, instead of a monk. His first employment, after his marriage, was as a sur-

veyor of land. Shortly afterwards, however, when Joseph the Second ordered an expedition against the Turks, he entered the army under Laudun, and marched to Belgrade, after which he sustained his share in the siege of Mantua. After the capitulation of that city he deserted from the Austrian army, to avoid the consequences of a duel in which he had be involved. The punishment for such a crime, according to the rules of the Austrian military code, is death. He joined the French at Milan, and went by the name of Carlo Hassanda, but growing weary of the suspicion which attached to him as a spy, he poisoned the guards by administering to them opium in their drink, and escaped to a village in the south of Switzerland. Here, to avoid detection, he assumed the name of Joan Eugena Leitensdorfer, and having sent word to his family how he was situated, they sent him a remittance, with which he purchased watches and jewellery, and travelled as a pedlar through France and Spain. In this capacity he arrived at Toulon, where his terror and his necessities induced him to embark on board a vessel, which was bound for Egypt. After his arrival he wandered on to Cairo, where the French forces were then quartered, under the command of Menou, and to the agricultural and economical projects of the Institute he rendered considerable aid. In the mean time, our forces landed, and after the victory, which the life of Abercrombie dearly purchased, he conceived that things were likely to take a change, and deserted without scruple to the British army. The English officers encouraged him to open a coffee-house for their entertainment, and he soon collected a sum of money which his enterprizing spirit induced him to expend in the erection of a theatre, where the military amateurs used to perform. Here he married a Coptic woman On the departure of the English he found it necessary to retire from Alexandria, and abandoning his wife, child, and property, he arrived, after an ordinary voyage, at Messina, in Sicily. At that place, being out of employment, and utterly destitute of resources, he entered as a novice in a monastery of Capuchin friars, and practiced their discipline, and enjoyed their bounty, until an opportunity offered of running away, of which with his usual alacrity, he availed himself and sailed for Smyrna. He soon reached Constantinople, where he was reduced to the last extremity of

want, having wandered about the city for three days and three nights without food or shelter. At length, meeting a Capuchin friar, he begged of him a pack of cards and a pistol, and with the aid of these he exhibited tricks which in some measure retrieved his desperate fortune. About this time Brune, who commanded the French army at Milan, when he made his escape, arrived at Constantineple as the French ambassador; and fearing that he might be recognised by some of the diplomatic suite, he enlisted into the Turkish service. Two expeditions were then on foot; one against Passwan Oglou, in Bulgaria, the other against Elfi Bey, in Egypt. He joined the latter, and on the defeat of the Turkish detachment to which he belonged, saved his head by betaking himself to the desert, and courting protection from the Bedouin Arabs. After this unfortunate expedition he continued to make his way back to Constantinople, and endeavoured in vain to procare from the Russian minister a passport into Muscovy. His next attempt was to obtain re-admittance into the Turkish service, in which proving unsuccessful, he assumed the habit and character of a dervise. These are the functionaries of religion, and always combine with their sacredotal duties the offices of physician and conjurer. To be initiated into this order he made a formal renunciation of Christianity, denounced its followers, for the wrongs and injuries they had done him, professed the Mahometan faith in due form, and to show that he was in earnest, circumcised himself. This being accomplished, he then joined, under the new name of Murat Aga, a caravan for Trebisond, on the southern shore of the Black sea. On the way he practised his profession by giving directions to the sick, and selling, for considerable sums of money, small pieces of paper on which were written sentences from the Koran in Turkish, which he pretended to sanctify by applying to the naked shaven crown of his head. At Trebisond he was informed that the Bashaw was dangerously ill, and threatened with blindness; and he was called upon instantly to prescribe for this grand patient, which, however, he refused to do, unless he was admitted into his presence. To this sovereign presence he was accordingly conducted through files of armed soldiers and ranks of kneeling officers. Having arrived in the sick chamber, the dervise displayed all the pomp and grandeur of his calling, by so-

lemnly invoking God and the Prophet. He next proceeded to inquire under what disease the Bashaw laboured, and found that he was afflicted with a fever, accompanied with a violent inflammation of the eyes. Judging from the symptoms that it was likely he would recover both health and sight, he boldly declared it to be God's will that both these events should happen after the next new moon, provided certain intermediate remedies should be used. Then searching the pouch containing his medicines and apparatus, he produced a white powder, which he ordered to be blown into the Bashaw's eves, and a wash of milk and water to be frequently applied afterwards. Sweating, by the assistance of warm drinks and blankets, was likewise recommended. He was well rewarded both by money and presents; and the next day departed with the caravan towards Persia, intending to be nine or ten days journey from Trebisond, before the new moon should appear, that he might be quite out of reach, in case the event should prove unfortunate. The caravan, being numerous and heavily laden, was overtaken by an organised and armed banditti, who pursued them for the purpose of plunder, and finding they must either fight or purchase terms, they preferred the latter. This affair being thus settled, he heard two of the marauders talking to each other concerning the grand dervise who had cured the Bashaw of Trebisond. He heard them say, that the recovery was confidently expected, as the more violent symptoms had abated, and the prospect became daily more encouraging. The event justified their observations, and on the return of the caravan the dervise was received with open arms at Trebisond, pronounced by the lips of the sovereign to be a great and good man, and once more loaded with donations. Here he remained until another caravan set out for Mecca, and he joined the body of pilgrims and traders in his hitherto auspicious character of a dervise. They arrived in due time in the region of Yemen; but the Wechabites had commenced their fanatical encroachments. They had, in part, demolished the old religion of Mahomet, set up their new revelation in its stead, burned the body of the prophet, and sequestered much of the revenues of his shrine. The caravan did not choose to encounter the zeal and determination of these daring innovators, and accordingly it halted at a distance. But Murat availing himself, partly of

his sanctity as a priest, and partly of his personal adroitness, went over to their camp, and was well received. Having tarried as long as he pleased in Mecca, he went to a port near Jidda, a city on the Red sea, and thence crossing to the west side, he coasted along to Suez. In that place he entered as interpreter into the service of Lord Gordon, a Scottish traveller, and with him he travelled to Cairo, and thence to Nubia and Abyssinia. employment, previous to his leaving the service of that gentleman, was to decorate with flowers, fruit, leaves, branches, and chandeliers, the hall in which his employer, on his return, gave a splendid fete to the foreign residents and consuls then at Cairo. Thence, after an absence of six years, he returned to Alexandria, and on inquiring after his Coptic wife, was told that she was in concealment. A separation was readily agreed upon, and by mutual consent, she formed a connexion with a Copt, a man of her own sect. Returning once more to Cairo, he wholly relinquished the occupations of a dervise, and assumed the office and uniform of an engineer! Here he was engaged in planning military works, and in superintending their execution. While thus employed news was brought him that the American captain, Eaton, had arrived, and was in search of a confidential and intrepid agent, to convey a message to Hamet Cavamelli, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli, in Barbary. At an interview which took place between them, the captain first swore Murat to secresy on the Koran, and then communicated his project. Having agreed upon the conditions, Murat took the earliest opportunity of deserting the Turks, and penetrated through the desert to the Mameluke camp, where Cavamelli was, poor and dependent, but respected. It must be remembered that Egypt is divided into English and French parties; the Turks being attached to the French, and the Mamelukes to the English, With a single attendant and two dromedaries, he proceeded with the swiftness of the wind, feeding the animals on small balls composed of meal and eggs, and taking no other sleep than he could catch upon the back of the hard-trotting animal, to which he had himself tied. He reached the Mameluke camp in safety. The Sheik, in token of a welcome reception, gave him a few sequins, and refreshed him with coffee. In a short time he so arranged matters with the ex-Bashaw, that one night Cavamelli VOL. XII. 43

went forth, as if on an ordinary expedition, with about one hundred and fifty followers, and instead of returning to his Mameluke encampment, sped his way over the trackless sands, and with that force reached the rendezvous of the enterprizing American. With all the forces they could jointly assemble, they traversed, with extreme toil and suffering, the deserts of Barca, for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of the squadron of armed ships which the United States of America had ordered against the city of Tripoli. After surmounting incredible hardships, they arrived at Derna, and gained an advantage over the troops of the reigning Bashaw in a skirmish. Immediately after this, a peace was concluded with the American consul, Mr. Lear; in consequence of which, orders were sent to the squadron of the United States, then on the coast, and to the co-operating land forces under Eaton, to discontinue hostilities. The Egyptian host were requested to embark in the ships of their allies. Part of them, thus stopped in their mid-career, did so; and the rest remained on shore, subject, now they were inferior in martial strength, to the cruelty and caprice of the baffled and exasperated despot. Leitensdorfer was one of the persons who went on board, and witnessed the mortification of the ex-bashaw, and the ravings of his lieutenant-general, at this unexpected order, so subversive of their plans, and so ruinous to their hopes. In this vessel he acted as a colonel, and proceeded with her by way of Malta to Syracuse.

From Syracuse he went to Albania, taking the route of Corfu to Salona, with the design of inquiring by letter what had become of a son by his first marriage, whom he had let behind in the Tyrol. Immediately, however, upon his landing among the Turks, he was seized as an apostate Mahometan and reduced to slavery. The miseries of his situation were in some degree relieved, from the circumstance of his having fortunately recovered several sick sailors during the voyage. In addition to this, he pleaded the necessity which he felt, when in the American army of Africa, of conforming to the dress and manners of that strange and peculiar people of the west, under a belief that necessity justified his deceit, and that to act as an American was not to feel as a Christian. By degrees, the rigours of his servitude were alleviated, and he

was at length restored to the entire freedom of a faithful Mussulman. He next visited Palermo, and there formed a temporary marriage with a fair Sicilian, who "laughed at all ties but those which love had made."

About this time, the new king of Naples threatened to conquer Sicily, in spite of all the resistance that Ferdinand IV. and the English could make. On this, Lietensdorfer became alarmed for his personal safety, knowing well that he neither deserved nor could expect mercy from the Frenchmen. He then determined to embark as a passenger for the United States, but no master of a vessel could be found to receive him in that capacity; and being obliged to offer himself as a sailor, he was entered as such on board a ship bound for Salem, in the State of Massachusetts. Here he learned to hand, reef, and steer, and in a short time became an active and perfect seaman. Arriving at Salem, in December 1809, he soon went on a visit to his old friend and fellow warrior at Brimfield, by whom he was hospitably entertained and sent to Washington, furnished with ample testimonials of his bravery and services, for the inspection of the President and Secretary of State. By these officers he was referred to the Secretary at War, and enjoyed, for a time, the paradise of suspense into which every state expectant is sure to be initiated. By continued references, however, from one person to another, his skill in surveying, drawing, and engineering, happened to become known to the surveyor of the public buildings, and he thereby acquired ' some of the patronage of Mr. Latrobe. There he now lives, occupying one of the vacant chambers in the northern pile of the capitol, as a watch or ffice keeper; providing and cooking for himself, and employing h s hands in almost every kind of occupation, from the making of shoes to the ensnaring of birds and the delineation of maps.

This extraordinary man is about five fect ten inches in height, with dark eyes, black hair, and a brown complexion. His looks are lively, his gestures animated, and his limbs remarkably flexible and vigorous. His forehead is ample, his features expressive, and his figure rather spare and lean. With such natural marks and powers, he has been enabled to assume the respective characters of Jew, Christian, and Mahometan; and of soldier, linguist,

engineer, farmer, juggler, tradesman, and dervise, with apparent facility. In short, he has shown himself to be one of the most versatile of human beings, having acted, during his multifarious life, in about thirty different characters! In the course of his adventures he has received several wounds, and his eccentric life has afforded incidents for a theatrical exhibition on the stage of Vienna. He can utter the Hebrew words of worship almost exactly like a Rabbi in the Synagogue; he can recite the Christian Catholic ritual, after the manner of the Capuchins; and he pronounces the religious sentences of the Mussulmen in Arabic, with the earnestness and emphasis of a Mufti. To complete this "strange, eventful history," the Congress of America have, at the instance of Mr. Bradley, who detailed the leading incidents of his life on the floor of the senate, passed a bill, bestowing on him a half section of land, (320 acres) and the pay of a captain, from the 15th of December, 1804, to the same period in 1805, being the time that he served as adjutant and inspector of the army of the United States in Egypt, and on the coast of Africa. Leitensdorfer is at present but forty-eight years of age, strong, and healthy, and if his rambling disposition should continue, likely to add many more pages to a biography, which, perhaps, has few parallels except in the adventures and vicissitudes of Trenck.

ART. VII.—The Coronation. From an English Journal.

Letter from a Gentleman in Town, to a Lady in the Country.

Dear P——. The newspaper which I sent, gave you I fear, but a very faint idea of the magnificent and impressive ceremony of the Coronation, although I selected that which appeared to me to offer the most full and faithful account. But the short time allowed to the daily writer for the execution of his task, and the fatigue in which he was left, sufficiently apologize for his rapid, imperfect, and uncorrected relation. On reading the several papers of the day, I could not but feel, from my own disappointment in the description of such parts of the pageant as I did not myself behold, that your curiosity would be but miserably fed throughout. I could realize nothing from the long cold columns; every thing was named in processional order, but the relation would have suited the course of a funeral, as well as the order of a Corona-

tion. I looked through the editor's glass; but I saw darkly! It is my intention now to give you as faithful a history of the day, as my memory will compass; and I hope that I shall be able in some measure, by the smooth honesty of my narrative, to apply a little balsam to your disordered and wounded curiosity. Pray let your sisters read this letter, and do not fail to sweeten your mother's herb tea with some of the richest morsels of the feast.

I was not put in possession of my ticket for Westminster-hall, until the day previous to the ceremony, so that I was thrown into an elegant bustle, about the provision of suitable habiliments for the occasion. Gentlemen of limited incomes are not proverbial for having layers of court dresses in their drawers, or for seeing the pegs in their passages swarming with cocked hats; I was compelled therefore "to wood and water," as the sailors term it, for the day, or, in plain words, to purchase the antique and costly coat, and the three cornered beaver, to fit me for appearing before royalty. I only wish you could have seen me cooked up for the Hall, you would have allowed that I was "a dainty dish, to set before a king."

The very early hour at which the doors of Westminster-hall were to be opened put to flight all notions of sleep; and he must have been a rash man indeed whose mind could dare for that night, to bend itself to bedward. At twelve o'clock I began to array myself, and I will not say how long I was employed in this perplexing work, let it suffice, that at half-past three o'clock, I was competent to sally forth from the house of a friend near the Abbey, and to approach that door of the House of Lords, by which I was to enter the Hall. Never was seen so calm and fair a morning, and the very freshness and breath of the country seemed, amongst other luxuries, to have been brought to Westminster for this day and its noble ceremony. I emerged a little before the sun, and had something of the feeling of being rather the brighter of the two;-but the soft sky over my head tempered the pomp and pride of my mind, and subdued me to quiet feelings, and more humility.

When I reached Abingdon Street, which, I must take leave to inform you of the country, is a street very near to the Hall of Westminster, I found soldiers, both horse and foot, standing and lying

about in every direction. The chill of the morning seemed to affect them, and they were stretched at full length under the piazza, partaking of that comfortless sleep which the stones coldly afford, and the summoning trumpet breaks. A man, so minded, might have walked over foot-soldiers like so many mushrooms,-for they slumbered around in most gorgeous plenteousness. I walked idly about the street and the passages, looking into the carriages, which stood in line, filled with many feathers and a few ladies, or watching the workmen, even at this advanced hour, accomplishing the passage to the Abbey,—or observing the small, but splendid, crowd, nestling around the vet unopened door,-or contemplating, amid all the confusion, and lustre, and pride of the space around me, the serene dawn opening above me in the sky, like a flower. The jingling and shining arms of the cavalry,—the courtly dresses of the approaching people,—the idlesse of the sleeping soldiery, -the dingy appearance, and earnest labours, of the workmen,the passing splendour of some richly clothed officer,—the echoing silence (if I may so express myself) of the air,—the tall, graceful, and solemn beauty and quiet of the Abbey,-all contrasted-each with the other, -- and filled the mind with an excited consciousness that a great day was dawning. I felt this-and at length took my station at the door, anxiously waiting for admission.

The moment at length arrived, and the door was opened to the crowd. I advanced, ticket in hand, with a delight not easily to be depressed, and succeeded in gaining, by many passages, my entrance into the Hall.

I must endeavour to the best of my ability to give you a picture of Westminster Hall as I now beheld it. How different was its appearance at this time from that which it made not many moons past, when I was rushing about after wandering and pampered witnesses, and calling them together "to save my cause at Nisi Prius." Imagine a long and lofty room, (the longest and widest in Europe, I believe, without the support of pillars,) lined with two tiers of galleries covered with red cloth, and carpeted down the middle with broad cloth of blue. At the very end, facing the north, were erected two gothic towers, with an archway, which led to Palace-yard, and over this was a huge gothic window. The tables for the feast ran down on each side; and at the head, on a

raised platform, was a bright gold throne, with a square table standing before it, on which was a costly blue cloth worked with gold. Doors on each side led up to the galleries. The dark fretted roof, from which hung bright chandeliers, was an admirable relief to the whole. You will perhaps have no very clear notion of the hall after this description, but I shall send you a sketch which has appeared in the Observer newspaper, by which you will be able to realize my imperfect picture.

I entered by a door behind the throne, and was astonished at the magnificent spaciousness and rich adornments of the place. The long galleries were nearly half filled, (for other doors had been previously opened), and adown the cloth-covered pavement all was life, and eagerness, and joy, and hope! Here you would . see the pages putting back a cluster of plumed beauties, with a respectful determination and courtly haste.-There you should behold a flight of peeresses, feathered, and in white attire, winging their way as though in hopeless speed, like birds to their allotted dove-cotes. In one place you would behold some magnificent soldier, half in confusion, and half in self-satisfaction, pausing in bewildered doubt and pleasure over his own slpendid attire. And in another part, those who had reached their seats were sighing happily, adjusting their dresses, and gazing around with delight at the troubles of others below them. I had much difficulty in attaining my "place of rest;" and, from the confusion of the pages, I verily believe that I attained it more from having "Providence my guide," than from meeting with any earthly assistance.

It might be about four o'clock, or a little after, when I took my seat. The light streamed in at the great window, like a flood of illumined water, and touched every plume, and every cheek. Expectation appeared to have given a bloom of life to each female countenance, as though to make up for the ravages which broken rest and fatigue had endcavoured to make. I beguiled the time, which might else have passed most tediously, by watching the several parties of peeresses, and others, enter from behind the throne, and pass by the state box, in which some of the royal family were seated at a very early hour. The most eager, and the most gorgeous lady, became spell-bound at the sight, and checked herself, in her maddest career, to drop a curtsey to "her Highness of

Gloster." I was much pleased to see that when the Duchess of Kent, or any new member of the family, joined the illustrious party, the greetings had all the kindliness and affection of persons whose hearts are their whole wealth; and the young daughter of the Duchess was kissed as frankly and tenderly, as though she had had no diamond in her hair, and her eyes had been her only jewels. Over the royal box, the ladies of the principal officers of state sat; and immediately opposite were the Foreign Ambassadors, and their suite. I should however, tell you, that the Duchess of Gloster wore a beautiful silver transparent dress over lilac, and had a rich plume of ostrich feathers in her head. I so well know how interesting this information will be to you, that I cannot think of omitting it. About seven o'clock, Miss Fellowes (his Majesty's herb-woman), with her handmaids in white, was conducted into the Hall by her brother, and took her seat at the lower end of it. At this moment, I wished that you could have seen this pretty and simple group, I was so sure that it would have delighted you.

The Hall now filled rapidly, and not with mere visiters only, but with knights and pages, and noble serving-men, all in the richest dresses. The Barons of the Cinque Ports rehearsed the ceremony of bearing the gold canopy down the Hall, to the no small mirth of the company,—for they staggered along at most uneven paces; and one splendid personage, in powder, could not walk straight, in spite of himself, so encumbered was he with the sense of his own magnificence. Apart of the regalia was brought in, and deposited on one of the side tables.

The interest manifestly deepened now at every moment, and not a plume was still in the galleries. At length the Judges, the Law officers, the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the Aldermen of London, and the King's Chaplains, entered the Hall, and gave sign of preparation. The Knights of the Bath arranged themselves at the lower end of the Hall; and, certainly, their dresses were highly splendid. The officers attendant on the Knights Commanders were crimson satin vests, ornamented with white, and over these a white silk mantle. They also were ruffs, chains, and badges. Their stockings were of white silk, with crimson roses. The Knights Commanders of the Bath were the prevalent

costume of the day, that a la Henri Quartre, with ruffs and hats turned up in front. Their vests and slashed pantaloons were of white satin overspread with a small silver lace; their cloaks were short, of crimson satin, embroidered with the star of the order, and lined with white. Their half-boots were of white silk, with red heels, crimson satin tops, and crimson roses; their spurs were of gold, their sword-belts and sheaths white; and their hats were black, with white ostrich feathers. The dress of the Knights Grand Crosses had all the beauty of that of the Knights Commanders, with somewhat more magnificence, it being in all respects the same, except that for the short cloak was substituted an ample flowing mantle, and for the feathers a larger and loftier plume.

The Privy Counsellors were dressed in blue satin and gold.

All at once the doors of the Hall, which had been opened, were suddenly closed; and there was a confused murmur among those at the gateway, which was soon circulated and explained, by a buzz of "The Queen." Some of the attendants were alarmed for the moment; and the ladies were, for an instant, disturbed with an apprehension of some mysterious danger;—but the gates were presently re-opened, and all proceeded as gaily as ever.

The peers now poured in from behind the throne, all robed in crimson velvet, with ermine tippets, and rich coronets. The Royal Dukes also entered, and took their seats on each side of the throne. At about half-past nine the names of the peers were called over by one of the heralds, and the order of their procession was arranged. It is impossible for me to describe to you the hushed silence that reigned at intervals over the whole of the company; so breathless was the expectation, that the King was immediately about to enter. All that was noble in character and person, all that was imposing and lustrous in dress and costly furniture, was lavished before the eye—and the massive table and empty throne only waited for one presence, to crown and complete the magnificent effect. The long wished-for moment arrived; and the people arose with waving handkerchiefs, and lofty voices, to greet the entrance of the King.

His Majesty advanced, arrayed in a stately dress. On his head was a rich purple velvet cap, jewelled, and adorned with a plume vol. XII.

of ostrich feathers. His robe was of crimson velvet, spreading amply abroad, and studded with golden stars. Eight young nobles supported the train. You would have thought that such magnificence was not of the earth, but of the fancy;—not made by mortal hands, but wrought by fairy spell out of wonders of the sea and air. It seemed that being once in existence, it could never pass away; but would glow for ever so brightly, so beautifully, so full of matchless romance. The King looked down his hall of state with a proud expression of delight; and the eyes of the attendant ladies seemed to sparkle thrice vividly with the consciousness of their being the living lights and jewels of the scene.

The whole arrangements for the procession being perfected, the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Earl Marshal, ascended the steps of the platform, and stood at the outer-side of the table. The train-bearers stationed themselves on each side of the throne.

The three swords were then presented by the Lord Chamberlain, and the officers of the Jewel office; and the gold spurs were in like manner delivered and placed on the table. It was curious and amusing to see the anxiety and care with which the bearers of these made good their retreat; they walked backwards, but with a wary eye to the steps; prudently guarding against any accident, likely to affect the solemnity of the ceremony, or the safety of their persons. The noblemen and bishops who were to bear the Regalia having been summoned, the several swords, sceptres, the orb, and crown, were delivered to them separately, and the procession immediately began to move. There was some confusion towards the gateway of the Hall, arising from the tardiness of those whose duty it was to attend the ceremony; but after much idle bustle in the defaulters, and considerable anxiety and exertion on the part of the heralds, the noble and brilliant multitude was lanched into the air. The martial music heralded the cavalcade fitly along; and the procession itself seemed one stream of varying and exquisite colour. It poured forth through the gray gothic arch at the end of the Hall, in slow, solemn, and bright beauty; and certainly nothing could surpass the gorgeous effect of the whole scene. A copy of the Herald's "Order of the Procession," which cannot fail to be more correct than any work of the memory, is

given in every newspaper; but its length induces me to refrain from copying it here;—if you are inclined to read it, you have but to class all the noble names of England in the most harmonious order, and you will immediately have a list well befitting this august ceremony.

The King left his throne, and descended the steps of the plat-He paused at the first flight; and a gentleman in a scarlet uniform immediately advanced to tender his support. His Majesty, placing his right hand upon the shoulder of this gentleman, descended the second flight of steps and dismissed him with gracious thanks. The splendid golden canopy, of which I have before spoken, awaited his Majestv at the foot of the steps,-but he walked under and past it, and so continued to precede it, until he left the Hall; whether that he wished the worthy Baron-supporters to have further trial of their strength and skill, or that he chose at first to pass unshrouded before his people, I know not. Very magnificent was his course down the thronged avenue into the open air,—the ladies standing up with waving kerchiefs, and the brilliant attendants thronging around the sovereign with busy pride, and a restless consciousness of their glory. The King looked about him with marked delight, and smiled on his people. He walked slowly, and with a sort of balanced precision, not from any immediate weariness, but as though he were husbanding his powers for the labours of the after-day. He certainly looked well, and much younger than I expected to find him.

When his Majesty had passed half down the Hall, I arose from my seat in the gallery, and scrambled along over red baize seats, and flowered skirts of coats, and muslin and satin trains, from box to box, until I reached the music gallery at the very bottom of the Hall, which had now become emptied of flutes, and kettle drums, and hautboys; and from which I imagined a good view might be had through "the great gazing window." I imagined correctly enough; for by a little scratching at the white painted pane, I procured an excellent sight of Palace-yard, and the covered platform on which the King was to walk to the Abbey. Most of the panes of the window were cleaned in a similar manner by the company, and feathered heads were jostling each other for a peep, as eagerly as though they never would see day-light

again. I had one of my feet as handsomely trodden on by a white satin shoe, with a lady's round violent foot in it, as heart could desire; and my new coat was clawed in a fearful manner, by several ardent and unruly kid gloves; so much so, in fact, as to make me tremble for its silken safety. But let me quit this handsome strife, and proceed to give you some description of the scene abroad, as I beheld it.

The fronts of the houses in Palace-yard were clothed with boxes from top to toe, that is, from roof to area, as you see the sides of a theatre; and a very pretty effect they had, being lined with scarlet cloth, and decorated with becoming ornaments. The crowds here were certainly very great, and I know not when I have seen so rich a multitude in the open air. Close to the side of the platforms there was a row of horse soldiers; but this guard was by no means considerable, and the people were admitted to approach very near to the platform itself. I could see that every nook of building, or scaffolding, was tenanted by man or wo-man,—

## All, all abroad to gaze!

and even the lamp-irons and balustrades of Westminster-bridge (which I could just distinguish through the opening to the right of me) were tenaciously occupied by those who coveted something more indistinct than a bird's-eye view.

The covered platform to the Abbey took a circular course to the left immediately before me, so that I could clearly see "the order of the course."—And, if any thing, I think the dresses looked more superb and magnificent in the warm and free day-light, than when subdued by the enormous roof under which I had at first observed them. The vivid, yet soft lustre, of the satin cloaks of the Knights of the Bath floated before the eye like liquid silver.—The Peers' long and matchless robes of solemn crimson streamed over the purple foot-way, and looked nobility; while the dark blue garbs of the passing pages seemed to relieve the rich and flowing stream of colour, which else had been too, too bright!—Do not think that I speak extravagantly here. It was all enchantment.

I saw the King advance along the platform before I saw him;
—for the boxes which fronted me literally thrilled with shaken

gloves, and hands, and handkerchiefs;—and the shouts, mingling at first, and then overwhelming the music beneath me, brake like thunder on my ear. The band of the horse-guards was stationed immediately under me, in the Palace-yard, and it appeared to play with increased vigour as the King passed,—but in vain! The trumpeter swelled, and thrust forth his brass furniture with zealous fury; but he only looked the blast. The double-drum waved his sticks, and beat with anvil-strokes; but it was like beating wool. The cymbals flashed in the air, and met with lightning fierceness; but they kissed as quietly as lovers at the twilight. And, breathe earnestly as they would, the flutes and hautboys could but "pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone." The sight of this music was to me deeply interesting; for I could fancy it all that was rich and enchanting, even amid the deafening and multitudinous noise that shrouded it.

# Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard Are sweeter!

His Majesty now passed slowly before me, and seemed to walk amid the voices of his subjects. I looked till I could look no longer; and then, like Fatima in Blue Beard, I came down, lest I should be fetched down. The Hall was very soon nearly half emptied, by those who had tickets for viewing the solemn ceremony of the Crowning in the Abbey. I had no ticket; but I took my walk abroad, to look at those who had, and I gained from several friends the few particulars which I now venture to give you.

My friend F. whose eloquent tongue and happy memory have more than once surprized you, says that the entrance at the north door of the Abbey was very forbidding, owing to the intricate roots of the scaffolding; but that when you were in the interior, the scene was truly impressive. The early morning pierced through the lofty shafts, and touched angle and point; while, with gray light, the crimson boxes stood bravely out from the solemn walls on each side. The throne of gold raised in the centre of the cross, had a solitary grandeur, which he declares he can never forget; and the sacrarium, or chapel, fronting the throne, was magnificently furnished forth. The pulpit of crimson velvet and gold, fixed to a pillar, had also a grand and simple effect. And the ta-

ble of gold plate, standing under the canopy, supported by palmtrees, struck him as singularly elegant. An ottoman of enriched tissue, intended to be held over the King at his unction, was placed on one side of the altar; and there was also a blue velvet chair and desk for the King's devotions. King Edward's throne, an antique golden chair of state, stood in the middle of the area. You will have some idea of this sacred scene, if you recall to mind the cathedral of your neighbouring city, and imagine it thrice spacious, thrice lofty, thrice beautiful. Conceive that the whole of the aisle, from the door to the altar, is left open, and that the boxes for the company occupy each side between the pillars. Imagine a throne of gold, raised on a platform, opposite the altar, with royal seats near to it. You will thus really have a picture of the Abbey "in little."

There was as much bustle in the Abbey as in the Hall, by my friend's account, at the approach of the King; and the agitation of the ladies was no whit inferior to that which was got up at the first sight of His Majesty. The royal musicians stood in act to hurl forth the anthem, the moment the signal should be given. The procession was ushered into the gateway, by Miss Fellowes, and her white cluster, scattering flowers. On the King's canopy appearing, a universal shout arose, and the coronation anthem was commenced: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The full chorus was awfully sublime, and thrilled all hearers; while the august crowd poured on like a grand visible accompaniment under it. The canopy stopped at the chancel, and His Majesty advanced to the sacrarium, attended by the officers bearing the regalia.

The King now stood up, and the Archbishop turned on all sides to the people, saying, "I present you, King George the Fourth, the undoubted King of this Realm; wherefore, all you that come this day to do him homage, are ye willing to do the same?" The shout was sublime—the multitude standing up, and waving caps and handkerchiefs for several minutes. The plumes tossed about in the chancel and transept like a brilliant stormy sea; and a thousand glowing colours played within gray nook, and from graceful pillar.

Certain services were now performed, and after short prayers were said, a Sermon was delivered by the Archbishop of York; the text chosen was, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain." My friend rejoiced that the morning was fine, to correspond with the text; for he thinks a louring day would have ruined the effect of this beautiful verse. However, he consoles himself with thinking, that the Archbishop may have had another text for bad weather, in case he had been driven to use it. The sermon was not such, perhaps, as Parson Adams would have selected for His Majesty's ears,—but it was sufficiently honest and shorts—and conciseness at such a time is a virtue.

The Coronation Oath was next administered to the King.

Sir; is your Majesty willing to take the oath? King.—I am willing.

The Archbishop then ministered these questions; and the King, having a copy of the printed Form and Order of the Coronation Service in his hands, answered each question severally, as follows:—

Arch.—Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?

King.—I solemnly promise so to do.

Arch.—Will you to your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?

King.-I will.

Arch.—Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you pre-

serve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland, and to the United Church committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do, or shall appertain to them, or any of them?

King .- All this I promise to do.

Then the King arising out of his chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before him, went to the altar, and there being uncovered, made his solemn oath in the sight of all the people, to observe the promises; laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the great Bible, which had been carried in the procession, and was now brought from the altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he knelt upon the steps, saying these words;—

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep.

So help me God.

Then the King kissed the book, and signed the oath.

Now followed the anointing, and a couple of anthems. The Dean of Westminster afterwards dried away the oil from the King with fine wool or linen.

After other ceremonies had been performed, in the course of which the King was robed by the Dean of Westminster, and was invested with the armill, the Archbishop stood before the altar, took the crown, and prayed over it. The King then sat down in Edward's chair, and was crowned by the Archbishop. At this moment the shouts of the people had a fine effect. The trumpets rang out their martial music, and the guns of the Park and the Tower were fired instantaneously.

The noise ceasing, the Archbishop rose and said,-

"Be strong and of good courage: observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life: that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day." Amen.

Then the Choir sang a short anthem: after which, the Bible was presented and duly returned - and the King was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop.

His Majesty was now borne to his throne by the bishops and peers around him. Homage was then done publickly and solemnly,—the Treasurer scattered silver medals as largess from the King. The Peers, having done their homage, stood all together round about the King; and each class or degree going by themselves, all the Peers, one by one, in order, put off their coronets, singly ascended the Throne again, and stretching forth their hands, touched the Crown on his Majesty's head, as promising by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all their power, and then every one of them kissed the King's cheek.

During the homage, the Sceptre with the Cross was held, on the King's right hand, by the Lord of the manor of Worksop; and the Sceptre with the Dove, by the Duke of Rutland.

My friend declares that this part of the ceremony was very impressive; and he observed, that the King was much affected when his Royal Brothers prepared to kneel before him—he raised them almost in tears (my friend says His Majesty was in tears; but I dare not trust my friend; for, when his feelings are excited, he is apt to exaggerate), and looked upon them with a kind and manifest affection. The Holy Sacrament was now administered to His Majesty, and an anthem sung, at the end of which the drums beat and the trumpets rang, and the people shouted, Long live the King. The Archbishop then went to the Altar, and prayed for some time—and the ceremony ended.

You cannot expect that I should describe this part of the day with any peculiar force or effect, as I can but speak from the communication of another. My friend will have it that the Abbey was a finer scene than the Hall, but you know his old propensity to extol what he alone enjoys or possesses. I am free to confess, that I lost a very solemn and gorgeous ceremony, by being absent from the Abbey,—but I would not have given up the chivalrous banquet in the Hall, for all the middle aisles in the universe on such a day. The procession began its return, says my friend, and in the words of honest Casca, "then the people fell a shouting, and then I came away!"

I rushed back to the Hall with a velocity quite appalling to the common people, intimating by my speed nothing less than that a Knight of the Bath was burning down; and only staying my course

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for five minutes to look after the balloon, which some kind creature told me "was up," but which, like myself, had been "up too long;" for it was certainly not visible, though I yielded to his repeated inquiries, and confessed that I saw it plainly. When I reached my box in the Hall again, the servants were lighting the chandeliers, which hung finely from the fretted roof, and turned with a courtier-like ease to the hand that could give them brilliance, at this time there was assuredly no need of any artificial lustre; for the sun-light was beautifully alive on wall and gallery, and shamed to death the branches of a hundred lights that were pendent in the air. But as it was considered, I presume, an indecorum to light a candle before a King; and as it was concluded that his Majesty would not quit the Hall till after day-light, we were compelled to endure this struggle of light—this litigation of radiance—this luminous suit carried on in Westminster Hall.— Sol versus Wax,-in which a verdict was recorded in every lady's eye for the plaintiff.

The white cloth had been laid on the tables during the King's absence, and a silver plate placed before each seat;—to a gentleman, whose mouth had tasted only of the cameleon's dish for some 15 hours, this preparation for "the solids, Sir Giles!" was about as painful an exhibition as Mrs. Brownrigg's loaf placed at a respectful distance before her half-starved apprentices. I longed, yet dreaded, to see the Baron of beef brought in (a Peer of some likelihood now in my estimation); I thirsted to hear the champagne cork explode at intervals, though to me the minute guns of distress! But what!-could I not diet myself upon splendour? or what business had I there? Hungry I might be; but had I not the satisfaction of beholding a couple of fellow-creatures perishing on each side of me, and of the same gnawing death! What signified it that I was dry!-Was I not about to see "robes and furred gowns" filled as full of hock as though barrels, and not men, were ermined for the occasion! I did not, perhaps, start these decisive reasons at the time, but I now see how very idle it was to be faint.—I have just dined.

There was an air of indolence now spread over the whole scene. A few officers were loitering about, leaning against the rails in the Hall in their happiest attitudes, or idling in the best light, to

give their golden lace and trappings a beam of the sun;—a few servants were furnishing forth the tables with knives, and napkins, and bread;-the doorkeepers (selected from the most eminent bruisers, as I was informed; but never having seen them, I cannot vouch for the information;) reclining in part against the side of the gothic arch at the door, or quietly banqueting in some contiguous apartment;-when the distant bray of a trumpet, or a voice at the gateway, struck life and confusion into all. The rush, the hurry, the flight to and fro, the distant and faint noises, the instantaneous flutter of feathers, the pretty womanly alarm,-all seemed but the picture, the mockery, of what the first faint cannon sound must have been at the ball in Brussels,—the awful summoner from revelry to battle! The effect, methought, was similar,-"alike, but oh! how different!"-here were joy, and spirit, and splendour, and pleasure, awakened, and by day;-there death spake to the gallant, the proud, and the beautiful, and its voice came through the night. I know not why I intrude this dreary contrast upon you (for it is no comparison, although I called it such); but the thought did, in reality, occur to my mind at the time, and therefore, I do not withhold it. It was evident that the cavalcade was on the return, and all that had duties in the Hall were summoned to their posts. I was all anxiety again, and watched the door with an eager eye.

First came Miss Fellowes, with her six beautiful flower girls, scattering rose-leaves over the blue cloth, as though they had been Flora's hand-maids; indeed, Miss Fellowes seemed to me a more important personage than Flora herself. After them, the procession entered, not by twos and threes, as it left the hall, but in rich, yet regular, clusters. Nothing could have a finer effect than the dress of the choristers; all in an excess of white, they appeared to be the personification of day-light. The arrangements were for a moment now somewhat impeded by the ardour of the Aldermen of London, which, at the sight of the white cloth and silver plates, became quite unmanageable, and carried and dashed them with a civic fury into the first seats they could reach. Happily a herald, or some person of trust, called them back to the ranks; but they were evidently impatient "to get a good place," having once tasted the gout of a cushion! After the Law officers had

entered (the gloomiest part of the pageant, by the by), the Knights Commanders of the Bath advanced under the archway. give you no idea of the effect of their magnificent appearance. Their plumes rolled like the foam of the sea, and were all silver white! The day streamed in with them, as though glad to bear along so radiant a company. I have spoken of the dresses of these Knights, but no description can indeed touch them. Next came nobles and standard-bearers,-and marvellously rich and chivalrous did the standards float into the banquet-hall. Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses, and Dukes, all followed, in separate clusters, all wearing their coronets and full robes, and walking as though they stepped in the best bright days of England. The gorgeous company appeared to swarm in as to some fairy hive! All the colours of imagination seemed housing from the world-and the eve became enamoured of beautful dyes, and seemed to dance upon a sea of gorgeous and restless beauty. Each dress was exquisitely neighboured,-pink and gold and white-and soft blueand light and deep red-all mingled as though they were married by magic hands. The colours ran into each other like waters.they played together even as music!—they shifted—and were the same.

The procession now promised no end, and for my own part I would have had it thus ever pour on-I could endure! The Heralds, and Archbishops, and Officers of State, succeeded the Dukes. At length, alone and in stately silence, entered Prince Leopold. Princely indeed was his bearing-but methought there was a melancholy in his eye that spake of all that had been, and all that was not to be. He walked up the Hall, amid the plaudits of thousands,-but his spirit walked not with him.-The Royal Dukes followed:-and after some Nobles of State, the King again entered the banquet-room. He looked weary, but cheerful. was habited in robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine; the crown of state was on his head,-in his right hand was the sceptre, and in his left the orb with the cross. He walked under the canopy, which was supported as before. Officers and Yeomen of the Guard closed the procession.

I cannot help feeling how difficult—ray, how impossible it is to give you any, the smallest idea of the effect of the whole scene:—

recall all that you have read of chivalrous banquets, and you will do more in your own fancy than I can achieve for you.—You will wish me, however, to be more particular in my account of some of the dresses; or such will be the wish of your sisters; and I shall, therefore, to the best of my ability, select you a few of the richest habits, and describe them as aptly as I may. The King retired for a couple of hours previously to the dinner; so you may feast on my description until his return.

The Privy Counsellors had vests and hose of deep blue silk, with mantles of blue satin lined with white. They had ruffs, with black Spanish hats and plumes. The Registrar of the Order of the Garter, and a Knight (the Marquis of Londonderry), were in the splendid full dress of the order—a purple velvet mantle, with red velvet cape, &cc. His Lordship's hat was enriched with most dazzling jewellery, and surmounted with an ample plume of white feathers. His Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain and the Comptroller of his Household were both in crimson velvet cloaks, with black hats and white feathers. Their cloaks were laced with gold; their vests blue, slashed with white; and their stockings, shoes, and rosettes, all white. The Treasurer of his Majesty's Household bore, in virtue of his office, the bag with the medals. He was dressed in a crimson velvet cloak; and was succeeded by a Pursuivant of Arms, the Herald of Scotland, and the Herald of Ireland, all in tabards; the two latter with collars of SS.

The Earl of Mayo, in his robes of estate, as a peer, carried the standard of Hanover, a red flag, bearing for its device a white horse, and preceded the barons. The noblemen of this rank immediately followed, the juniors walking first. They, as well as all the other peers, were in their robes of estate, namely, a crimson velvet mantle, with an ermine cape, having two rows of spots, a white silk vest, breeches, stockings and shoes, with white rosettes; a crimson velvet surcoat, and sword belt.

The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, in his robes of estate, was attended by an officer of the Jewel Office in a scarlet mantle, with a crown embroidered on his left shoulder, bearing a cushion, on which were placed the ruby ring, and the sword to be girt about the King. The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household was also in his robes of estate. He was immediately

succeeded by Earl Harcourt in his robes of estate, carrying the Royal Standard, a flag emblazoned with his Majesty's arms.

Three Kings of Arms followed, namely, the Ionian, the Gloucester, and the Hanover, dressed in their rich tabards. They carried their heraldic crowns in their hands as they went to the Abbey, and on their return wore them on their heads. Dukes came next: and then the three other Kings at Arms, namely, Ulster, Clarenceaux, and Norroy, decorated as the former.

The Lord Privy Seal and the Lord President of the Council wore their robes of estate; the Archbishops of Ireland, and the Archbishop of York, their black and lawn; the Chancellor his robes of estate, with a full bottomed wig; and the archbishop of Canterbury, like the other Prelates, black and lawn.

The Lord Lyon of Scotland, and Garter Principal King of Arms, were in their rich tabards, with their crowns and sceptres.

The Usher of the Black Rod wore a scarlet dress slashed with white, a crimson mantle lined with white, with the Red Cross shield embroidered on his left shoulder, red stockings and swordsheath, white shoes with red rosettes, and a black hat and feather: he carried in his hand the black rod.

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England wore his robes of estate as a peer, and carried in his hand his white staff.

Prince Leopold was dressed in the full habit of the Order of the Garter, wearing a long purple velvet mantle, cap, and feathers, and carrying in his right hand his Marshal's baton. His train was borne by gentlemen in the following dress—a white silk vest and breeches edged with gymp, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, a plain blue satin cloak lined with white silk, and a black hat with white feathers.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports wore a scarlet satin dress, puffed with blue and gold gymp edging, a blue satin surcoat, blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, scarlet silk stockings, white shoes with scarlet rosettes, and a black hat with scarlet and black feathers.

The Train-bearers and Masters of the Robes were habited alike in a white satin dress, slashed and laced with gold, a crimson velvet cloak, laced with gold, crimson velvet sword-belt and sheath. white silk stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat and white feathers.

The Gentlemen Pensioners were a scarlet dress slashed with blue, and almost wholly covered with gold buttons, spread like lace over great part of the habit; red silk stockings, white shoes with red and black roses, white gloves, and a black hat with red and black feathers.

The Lords of the King's Bedchamber had a peculiar dress, consisting of a blue vest slashed with white and gold lace, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, a crimson velvet cloak laced with gold, and a black hat with white feathers.

The Keeper of his Majesty's Privy Purse succeeded them. He wore a blue satin cloak trimmed with broad gold lace, a blue satin dress slashed with white and laced with gold, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat and white feathers.

The Gentlemen of the Bedchamber wore a blue dress edged with spangled gymp, and slashed with white, a plain blue satin cloak, lined with white; blue silk stockings, white shoes, with blue roses; blue sword-belt and sheath, a black hat and white feather.

There:—I think I have made up a dish of dress sufficient for the most inordinate female appetite. I now must forward. The King returned to the Hall precisely at the time he promised, and took his seat at the table, on which was a noble display of gold plate. Previous to the King's entry, however, I should not omit to tell you that orders were issued that the middle of the Hall should be cleared, which occasioned great consternation amongst groups of ladies, who were quietly and happily refreshing themselves in all directions. The order frayed them like birds, and they were seen flitting up and down, without any place of rest. Lord Gwydir pursued them with the fury of a falcon, and he eventually succeeded in effecting a clearance. His Majesty wore his crown and mantle on his return, and the Royal Dukes, and the Prince Leopold, sat near him at his table.

The passage from the kitchen to the lower end of the Hall was now opened; and the gentlemen bearing the golden dishes for the first course were seen in regular line, ready to proceed to the King's table. At this moment the doors at the end of the Hall

were opened, the clarions and trumpets sounding bravely at the time, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, the Marquis of Anglesea, as Lord High Steward, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Deputy Earl Marshal, entered upon the floor on horseback. The Marquis of Anglesea's horse was a beautiful cream-coloured Arabian: Lord Howard's was a dun; and the Duke's a white steed. After a short pause, they rode gracefully up to the royal table, followed by the gentlemen with the first course. When the dishes were placed on the board, the bearers first retired, with their faces towards the King; and then the noble horsemen retreated, by backing their steeds down the Hall, and out at the archway. Their noiseless steps on the blue cloth conveyed the idea that the horses had been shod with felt, according to Lear's invention. The Duke of Wellington's white charger "walked away with himself in the aptest manner; but the Marquis of Anglesea had great difficulty in persuading his Arabian to retire tailwise. The company could hardly be restrained from applauding, although it was evident that a shout would have settled the mind of this steed in a second, and have made him resolute against completing his unpleasant retreat. The pages soothed him before and behind, but he shook his head and tail, and paused occasionally, as if he had considerable doubts upon the subject.

Before the dishes were uncovered, the Lord Great Chamberlain presented the basin and ewer, to bathe his Majesty's hands; and the Lord of the Manor of Heydon attended with a rich towel The dishes were then bared; and his Majesty was helped, by the carvers, to some soup. He tasted it! This was a source of endless wonder to a lady near me.

At the end of this course, the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the Champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine pie-bald charger (an ill-colour), and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-coloured, and extremely magnificent; and he bore in his hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand; the Marquis of Anglesea on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw

down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray,—but the Herald distinctly said, "Wait till I have read the Challenge," and read it accordingly,—the Champion husbanding his valour for a few minutes:—

"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed."

At the conclusion of this "awful challenge," as a gentleman near me termed it: the Champion hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts! He then stuck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the Squire, who kissed it, and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed: and at the foot of the royal platform it was a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and, methinks, with real pleasure, for the Champion had right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone, that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse; but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesea's Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages.

In Hall's Account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon, there is a very quaint and interesting account of the challenge, which, as I think it will aptly illustrate this vol. XII.

part of my letter, and serve to amuse you, I shall take leave to copy:—

"The seconde course beyng served, in at the haule doore entered a Knyhte armed at al poyntes, his bases rich tissue embroudered, a great plume and a sumpteous of oistriche fethers on his helmet, sittyng on a great courser trapped in tissue and embroudered with tharmes of England and of Fraunce, and an herauld of armes before hym. And passying through the haule, presented bymself with humble reverence before the Kynge's Majestie, to whom Garter Kynge of heraulds cried and said with a loude voyce, Sir Knyhte, from whence come you, and what is your pretence? This Knyhtes name was Sir Robert Dimmoke, Champion to the Kynge by tenour of his enheritaunce, who answered the said Kynge of armes in effecte after this manner. Sir, the place that I came from is not materiall, nor the cause of my repaire hyther is not concernyng any matter of any place or countrey, but onely this. And therewithal commanded his herauld to make an O Yes: Then said the Knyhte to the Kynge of armes, Now shall ye hear the cause of my comynge and pretence. Then he commanded his own herauld by proclamacion to saye: If there be any persone, of what estate or degree soever he be that will saie or prove that King Henry the Eight is not the rightful inheritor and Kynge of this realm, I Sir Robert Dimmoke here his champion offre my glove, to fight in his querell with any persone to thutterance."

The champions appear to have been more familiar in the older time, and to have discoursed more freely with those about them;—but perhaps the less that is said the better amongst fighting men; so I shall not differ with our present Sir Knight on account of his solemn taciturnity. The same old writer from whom I have given you the above description, speaks curiously of the pageants which were had to enliven the procession of Anne Boleyn from the Tower of Westminster. The Three Graces, he tells us, took their stand on Cornhill, and the Cardinal Virtues in Fleet-street—a fountain of Helicon ran Rhenish wine; and the Conduit in Cheap, with a laudable courtesy, spouted claret. But I must not lose myself amongst books.

On the Champion retiring, the second course was served up as before: the Marquis's horse becoming more and more unmannerly. It was not amiss that his duties were over.

Certain services were now performed, which generally ended in a peer, or some other fortunate personage, carrying off a gold cup. The most interesting was the present of two falcons to his Majesty from the Duke of Athol.

The King's health was about this time drunk with great acclamations, and the national air of "God save the King" sung in a grand style. I think I never heard it sung better before.

The King, standing up, drank to his people; notice of which honour was communicated by the Duke of Norfolk; and very shortly afterwards (Non Nobis Domine having been sung, in which I heard the King take a part,) his Majesty retired amidst the joyous clamours of his people.

I now descended into the body of the Hall, which was thronged with splendour and beauty. Hock and champagne, and fruit and venison pasties, were passing and repassing; and the most brilliant ladies were snatching at all the good things of this world from officers and gentlemen waiters. I was not idle; for having asked for a glass of water, and being informed "You get no water, take the wine, Great Potentate." I fell seriously to work upon a cherry pie, the nearest dish, and followed this victory up with others of a more decisive nature. I forgot that I had been famished; and lifting a cup of burgundy to my lips, declared that the fatigue of the day had been nothing—a jest—a merriment—a thing to tell of to the children of 1896, or to write to kind friends in 1821. Before I quitted the banquet-room, I took the liberty of pocketing a sweetmeat dolphin, filched from the top of the Temple of Concord, which I shall long preserve amongst my scarce papers and curious coins, as a relic of the great Coronation Feast. Thus ended this splendid day.

I have detailed the particulars of the pageant as faithfully as possible; and I only hope that the length of my letter, and its tedious minuteness, will not weary you. I have purposely abstained from any political discussion about the exclusion of the Queen, or her Majesty's morning visit, because I only intended a description of the pageant, and I knew that you cared not to have a repeatedly

discussed subject discussed again. In the same manner I shall desist from sobering the conclusion of my letter with any solemn reflections on the events of the day,—you have the mind to reflect for yourself, if this Alexandrine of a letter will allow you the time. Do not fail to tell me how you all "like the play," and to what extent you have envied me. I think I see Mrs. —— struck calmly mad at the profusion of satin.

I am, &cc.

July, 1821.

ED. HERBERT.

P. S. If you covet the dolphin, I will send it to you; but it is a curiosity you must keep from children. I wish I could pack you up a Knight of the Bath in all his glory; but I fear he would not bear the carriage.

ART. VIII.—Eleanor Selby and the Spectre-Horseman of Soutra.

And she stretched forth her trembling hand,
Their mighty sides to stroak,
And ay she reached, and ay she stretched,
'Twas nothing all but smoak;
They were but mere delusive forms,
Of films and sulphry wind,
And every wave she gave her hand,
A gap was left behind.

James Hogg.

"A BRIGHT fire, a clean floor, and a pleasant company," is one of the proverbial wishes of domestic comfort among the wilds of Cumberland. The moorland residence of Randal Rode, exhibited the first and second portions of the primitive wish, and it required no very deep discernment to see that around the ample hearth we had materials for completing the proverb. In each face was reflected that singular mixture of gravity and humour, peculiar I apprehend to the people of the north. Before a large fire—which it is reckoned ominous ever to extinguish, lay half a dozen sheep dogs spreading out their white bosoms to the heat, and each placed opposite to the seat of its owner. The lord or rather portioner of Fremmet-ha himself lay apart on a large couch of oak antiquely carved, and ornamented like some of the massive furniture of the days

of the olden church, with beads, and crosses, and pastoral crooks. This settee was bedded deep with sheepskins-each retaining a fleece of long white wool. At each end lay a shepherd's dog-past its prime like its master, and like him enjoying a kind of half ruminating and drowsy leisure peculiar to old age. Three or four busy wheels, guided by as many maidens, manufactured wool into yarn for rugs, and mauds, and mantles. Three other maidens, with bared arms, prepared curds for cheese, and their hands rivalled in whiteness the curdled milk itself. Under the light of a large candlestick several youths pursued the amusement of the popular game of draughts. This piece of rude furniture ought not to escape particular description. It resembled an Etruscan candelbra, and was composed of a shaft, capable of being depressed or elevated by means of a notched groove, and sunk in a secure block of wood at the floor, terminated above, in a shallow cruse or plate, like a three cocked hat, in each corner of which stood a large candle, which rendered the spacious hall where we sat as light as day. On this scene of patriarchal happiness, looked my old companion Eleanor Selby contrasting, as she glanced her eye in succession o'er the tokens of shepherds' wealth in which the house abounded, the present day with the past—the times of the fleece, the shears, and the distaff, with those of broils and blood, and mutual inroad and invasion, when the name of Selby stood high in the chivalry of the north. One might observe in her changing looks the themes of rustic degradation and chivalrous glory on which she broodedand the present peaceful time suffered by the comparison—as the present always does in the contemplation of old age. The constant attention of young Maudline Rode, who ministered to the comfort of her ancient and wayward relative, seemed gradually to soothe and charm down the demon of proud ancestry who maintained rule in her breast; and after interchanging softer and softer looks of acknowledgment and kindness with her fair young kinswoman, she thus proceeded to relate some of the adventures she had witnessed in the time of her youth. These she poured out in a very singular manner—unconscious, apparently, at times of the presence of others-and often addressing herself to the individuals whom her narrative recalled to life, as if they stood life-like, and breathing before her.

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"When I was young, like thee, Maudline Rode, a marvel happened, which amazed many—it is, and will be a lasting tale, and a wonder-for it came even as a vision, and I beheld it with these eyes. In those days, the crown of this land, which now stands so sure and so shining on the brows of him who rules us, was held as one of ambition's baubles that might be transferred by the sword to some adventurous head; and men of birth and descent were ready with trumpet and with brand to do battle for the exiled branch of the house of Stuart. Rumours of rebellions and invasions were as frequent as the winds on our heaths—and each day brought a darker and more varied tale-of risings in the east, and risings in the west-for the king abroad, and for the king at home -and each relator gave a colour and a substance to his tidings even as his wishes were. The shepherd went armed to the pasturage of his flocks-the lover went armed to the meeting with his mistress—those who loved silver and gold sought the solitary and silent place, and buried their treasure; the father and mother gazed at their sons and their daughters, and thought on the wrongs of war-and the children armed with hazel rods for spears and swords of lath, carried a mimic and venturous war with one another under the hostile banners of the lion and the bonnie white rose. Those who still loved the ancient church, were dreaded by those who loved the new; and the sectarians hated both, and hoped for the day when the jewelled mitre, would be plucked off the prelate's head -and austerity that denies itself, yet giveth not to others-and zeal, which openeth the gates of mercy, but for a tithe of mankind -should hold rule and dominion in the land. Those who had broad lands and rich heritages, wished for peace-those who had little to lose, hoped acquisitions by a convulsion—and there were many of the fiery and intractable spirits of the land who wished for strife and commotion, for the sake of variety of pursuit-and because they wished to see coronets and crowns staked on the issue of a battle. Thus, hot discussion and sore dispute, divided the people of this land. It happened on a fine summer evening, that I stopped at the dwelling of David Forester, of Wiltonhall, along with young Walter Selby of Glamora, to refresh myself after a stag hunt, on the banks of Derwent water. The mountain air was mild and balmy, and the lofty and rugged out-

line of Soutra-fell, appeared on a canopied back ground of sky so pure, so blue, and so still, that the earth and heaven seemed blended together. Eagles were visible, perched among the moonlight, on the peaks of the rocks; ravens roosted at a vast distance below, and where the greensward joined the acclivity of rock and stone, the flocks lay in undisturbed repose, with their fleeces shining in dew, and reflected in a broad deep lake at the bottom, so pure and so motionless, that it seemed a sea of glass. The living, or rather human portion of the picture, partook of the same silent and austere character, for inanimate nature often lends a softness. or a sternness to man-the meditative melancholy of the mountain, and the companionable garrulity of the vale, have not escaped proverbial observation. I had alighted from my horse, and seated on a little green hillock before the house, which the imagination of our mountaineers had not failed to people at times with fairies and elves-tasted some of the shepherds' curds and cream-the readiest and the sweetest beverage which rustic hospitality supplies; Walter Selby had seated himself at my feet, and behind me, stood the proprietor of Wilton-hall and his wife, awaiting my wishes with that ready and respectful frankness, which those of birth and ancestry always obtain among our mountain peasantry. A number of domestics, shepherds and maidens, stood at a distance—as much for the purpose of listening to our conversation as from the desire to encumber us with their assistance in recommencials our journey. 'Young lady,' said David Forester, 'have you heard tidings of note from the north or from the south? The Selbys are an ancient and renowned race, and in days of old held rule from sunny Carlisle to the vale of Keswick-a day's flight for a hawk.—They are now lordless and landless, but the day may soon come, when to thee I shall go hat in hand, to beg a boon, and find thee lady of thy lands again, and the noble house of Lanercost risen anew from its briers and desolation." I understood better than I wished to appear, this mysterious address of my entertainer-and was saved from the confusion of a reply, either direct or oblique, by the forward tongue of his wife. 'Marry, and God forbid," said she, "that ever old lady Popery should hold rule in men's homes again-not that I wholly kate the old dame either, she has really some good points in her character, and if she would

put fat flesh in her pot o' Fridays, and no demand o' one a frank confession of failings and frailties, she might hold rule i' the land again for aught I care; though, I cannot say I think well of the doctrine that denies nourishment to the body in the belief of bettering the soul. That's a sad mistake in the nature of us moorland people—if a shepherd lacks a meal a minute beyond the sounding of the horn all the house hears on't—it's a religion, my lady, that will never take root again in this wild place, where men scorn the wheat and haver food and make for lack o' kitchenthe fat mutton eat the lean." The good woman of the house was interrupted in her curious speech by the arrival of one of those personages, who with a horse and pack, distribute the luxuries and the comforts of the city over the mountainous regions of the provinces. His horse, loaded with heavy panniers, came foremost, anxious for a resting place, and behind came the owner, a middle aged man, tall and robust, with hair as black as the raven, curled close beneath a very broad bonnet, and in his hand one of those measuring rods of root grown oak, piked with iron at the under end, and mounted with brass at the upper-which seemed alike adapted for defending or measuring his property. He advanced to the spot where we were seated, like an old acquaintance, asked for, and obtained lodgings for the evening, and having disposed of his horse, he took out a small box, resembling a casket, which he placed on the grass, and seating himself beside it, assumed one of those looks of mingled gravity and good humour-prepared alike for seriousness or mirth. He was not permitted to remain long in silence. 'Ye come from the north, Simon Packpin," said one of the menials-'one can know that by yere tongue-and as ye are a cannie lad at a hard bargain, ye can tell us in yere own sly and cannie way, if it be true, that the Highland gentlemen are coming to try if they can set with targe and claymore the crown of both lands on the brow it was made for." I looked at the person of the querist—a young man of the middle size, with a firm limb, and a frank martial mien, and something in his bearing which bespoke a higher ambition than that of tending flocks—his face too I thought I had seen before-and under very different circumstances. 'Good sooth, Wattie Graeme,' said another of the menials, 'ye might as well try to get back butter out o' the black

dog's throat, as extract a plain answer from Sleekie Simon-I asked him no farther than a month ago, if he thought we would have a change in the land soon—the moon, quoth he, will change in its season, and so maun all things human.' 'But do you think,' said I, that the people will continue to prefer the cold blood of the man who keeps the chair, to the warm kindly English blood o' him that's far away?' 'Aye, aye,' quoth he, 'nae doubt, nae doubt -when we wou'd drink ditch-water rather than red wine.' said I, would it not be better for the land, that we had the throne made steadfast under our own native king than have it shaken by every blast that blows, as I hear it will soon be?—'Say ye sae!' said he, 'sae ye sae! better have a finger off than ay wagging,'and so he continued for an hour to reply to every plain question with such dubious responses of northern proverb, that I left him as wise as I found him. This historical sketch of the pedlar obtained the notice of the farmer's wife, who with the natural impatience of womankind, thus abruptly questioned him, 'we honest moorland people hate all mystery; if you are a man loyal in your heart and upright in your dealings, you may remain and share our supperbut if ye be a spy from these northern marguders, who are coming with houghs as bare as their swords to make a raid and a foray upon us-arise, I say and depart-but stay, tell us truly, when this hawk of the old uncannie nest of the Stuarts will come to wrenk and herrie us?' To all this, Simon the pedlar opposed a look the most impenetrable good humour and gravity, and turning are his little oaken box, undid a broad strap and buckle-applied key to the lock-took out combs, and knives, and spectacles, and some of those cheap ornaments for the bosom and the hair, and all the while he continued chanting over the following curious song-addressed obliquely to the good dame's queriesand perfectly intelligible to all who knew the poetic language and allegorical meaning, which the adherents of the house of Stuart employed to convey tidings of importance to each other.

THE CUCKOO'S A BONNIE BIRD.

1.

The Cuckoo is a gentle bird, and gentle is his note, And April it is pleasant, while the sun is waxing hote.



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For amid the green woods growing, and the fresh flowers' blooming throng, Forth comes the gentle Cuckoo with his meek and modest song.

2.

The eagle slays the little lambs on Skiddaw high and hoar,
The hawk, he covets carnage, and the gray glede griens for gore,
The raven crooks aloud for blood, through spring and summer long
While the bonnie Cuckoo gladdens us with many a merry song.

3.

The woodcock comes, and with the swan brings winter on his wing,
The groves cast off their garments green, the small birds cease to sing;
The wild birds cease to sing till the lillies scent the earth,
But the Cuckoo scatters roses round whenever he goes forth.

4.

The Cuckoo is a princely bird, and we will wait awhile,
And welcome him with shout and song, in the morn of green April;
We'll lay our thighs o'er our good steeds, and gird our claymores on,
And chase away the hooded crows that croak around the throne.

"I could not help glacing my eye on this curious and demure traveller; but the perfect simplicity of his looks baffled all the scrutiny which the mysterious import of his song induced me to Walter Graeme, one of the shepherds, sat down at his side, desirous of purchasing some of his commodities, but the frank mountaineer was repulsed in an attempt to dip his hands among the motley contents of the pack—and had it come to the arbitration of personal strength, there could be little doubt of the issuefor the merchant had a willing hand and a frame of iron. Silence ensued for a little while—the pedlar, who for some time had stolen a look at me, seemed all at once to come to some conclusion how to proceed, and fastening up his little box, approached me with a look of submission and awe, 'Fair lady, the pedlar is but a poor man, who earns an honest penny among the peasantry—but he has a reverence and a love for the noble names which grace our verse and our chivalry—and who has an English heart that knows not-and beats not high at the sound of Selby's name-and who bears a Scottish heart that sorrows not for the wreck and the desolation of our most ancient and most noble foe. I tell thee, lady, that I honour thee more-lady, as thou seemest to be, but of a

kirtle and a steed,-than if thou satest with a footstool of goldand hadst nobles' daughters bearing up thy train. This cross and rosary,"-and he held in his hand these devotional symbols, carved of dark wood, and slightly ornamented with gold,—' are of no common wood-a princess has sat under the shadow of its bough, and seen her kingdom won and lost-and may the fair one, who will now wear it, warm it in her bosom, till she sees a kingdom long lost-won as boldly, and as bravely, as ever the swords of the Selbys won their land.' And throwing the rosary around my neck as he concluded—away he went—opened his pack anew, resuming again his demure look and the arrangement of his trinkets. Walter Selby, who all this while—though then a hot and forward youth-had remained mute, addressed me in a whisper. Eleanor-mine own giddy cousin-this pedlar-this dispenser of rosaries, made of queen Mary's yew tree-he, whom the churls call Simon Packpin, is no seeker of profit from vulgar merchandise-I'll wager a kiss of thine own ruddy lips against a kiss of mine, that he carries swords made of good Ripon steel, and pistols of good Swedish iron, in yon horsepack of his-wilt thou pledge a kiss on this wager, my gentle cousin. And instead of a brain, stored with plans for passing an English yard for a Scotish ell, and making pieces of homespun plaiding seem costly works from the looms of Arras or even of Leeds, it is furnished with more perilous stuff, pretty Eleanor-and no man can tell us better, how many of the Scottish cavaliers have their feet ready for the stirrup, and on what day they will call on the Selbys to mount and strike for their ancient lord and their lost inheritance.' Something of this colour had been passing in my own mind, but the temper of the Selbys ever required more to be repressed than encouraged-and so I endeavoured to manage thee, poor Walter Selby," -she went on in a slow solemn tone-" I saw thee, thou last and thou bravest of all the Selbys with thy banner spread, thy sword bright, and thy long golden locks waving on thy shoulders, when the barriers of Preston were lost and won, and the gallant lairds of Ashiesteel fought like brothers by thy side-O, that this last bright picture were all I remembered of thee. But can the heart of woman, though her head be gray, forget that she saw those long locks which made the dames sigh, waving, soiled and bloody, on the

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gates of Carlisle. There is much done in this world must be answered for in the next, and this cruel and remorseless deed is one-" old Eleanor, while she spoke, looked as though her agitated fancy had given semblance to the picture she had drawn-and her eyes became as fixed and as frozen, as stars in a winter night. This passed away with a smothered groan and a passing of her hand over her bosom, and she again resumed her narrative. "Truly," said I, "my froward cousin, thou art the best soldier our poor prince could peril his cause with—thou canst make a pedlar churl into a deep plodding politician, capable of overturning a throne. And his pack filled with shreds of lace and remnants of ribbon, into a magazine of weapons fit for furnishing an army. What will thy most wise head make of these dubious sybil verses, which this mysterious politician of thine has been doling out for thy especial instruction? 'By the rood, my witty Eleanor,' said Walter, 'I shall win a battle, and wed thee in revenge for this. But thinkest thou not, that the box which has endowed that round white neck of thine with a cross and rosary of gold and wood still more precious, may not contain things equally curious and strange? Some golden information, this pedlar-since pedlar thou wilt have him-carries in his looks-I wish I could find the way to extract it.' The stranger, as if guessing by our looks and our whispers what was passing between us, proceeded to instruct us in his own singular way—he described the excellent temper of his Sheffield whittles-praised the curious qualities of his spectacles which might enable the wearer to see distant events, and after soothing over some lines of a psalm or hymn, common to the presbyterians, he proceeded to chant the following ballad, of which I regret the loss of several verses.

#### THE PEDLAR'S BALLAD.

1.

It is pleasant to sit on green Saddleback top,
And hearken the eagle's cry;
It is pleasant to roam in the bonnie green wood,
When the stags go bounding by.
And its merry to sit when the red wine goes round,
'Mid the poet's sweet song and the minstrel's sweet sound.

2

It is merry in moonshine to lead down the dance,
To go starting away when the string
Shakes out its deep sound, and the fair maidens fly
Like the sunlight—or birds on the wing.
And its merry at gloaming aneath the boughs green,
To woo a young maiden and roam all unseen.

3.

But its blyther by far when the pennon is spread,
And the lordly loud trumpet is pealing,
When the bright swords are out, and the war courser neighs,
As high as the top of Hevellyn.
And away spurs the warrior, and makes the rocks ring,
With the blows that he strikes for his country and king.

4

Our gallants have sprung to their saddles, and bright
Are the swords in a thousand hands;
I came through Carliale, and I heard their steeds neigh
O'er the gentle Eden's sands.
And seats shall be emptied, and brands shall be wet,
'Ere all these gay gallants in London are met.

5

Lord Nithedale is mounted by winding Nith,
Lord Kenmore by silver Dee;
The blythe lads spur on from the links of the Orr,
And Durisdeer's greenwood tree.
And the banners which waved when Judea was won,
Are all given again to the glance of the sun.

6

The Johnstone is stirring in old Annandale,
The Jardien—the Halliday's coming
From merry Milkwater, and haunted Dryfe bank;
And Eske that shall list at the gloaming,
The war shout—the yell, and of squadrons the dash,
And gleam to the claymore, and carabine's flash.

7.

Then come with the war horse, the basnet and sword, And bid the big trumpet awaken; The bright locks that stooped at a fair lady's feet,

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Mid the tempest of war must be shaken. It is pleasant to spur to the battle the steed, And cleave the proud helmet that holds a foe's head.

8.

Thy sword's rusty, Howard—hot Dacre art thou
So cool when the war-horse is bounding?
Come, Percy; come thou, like a Percy of yore,
When the trumpet of England is sounding:
And come, gallant Selby—thy name is a name,
While a soldier has soul, and a minstrel has flame.

9.

And come too, ye names that are nameless—come mount,
And win ye a name in proud story,
A thousand long years at the sock and the share
Are not worth one moment of glory.
Come arm ye, and mount ye, and make the helms ring,
Of the Whigs, as ye strike for your country and king.

"The whole household of Wiltonhall, including Walter Selby and myself, had gradually gathered around this merchant-minstrel, whose voice from an ordinary chant, had arisen, as we became interested, into a tone of deep and martial melody. Nor was it the voice alone of the stranger that became changed—his face, which at the commencement of the ballad had a dubious and sinister expression, brightened up with enthusiasm-his frame grew erect, and his eyes gleamed with that fierce light, which has been observed in the eyes of the English soldiers on the eve of battle. 'What thinkest thou pretty Eleanor, of our merchant now,' said Walter Selby -I should like to have such a form on my right hand when I try to empty the saddles of the southern horse of some of the keenest whigs.'- 'And I'll pledge thee, young gentleman,' said the pedlar -raising his voice at once from the provincial drawl and obscurity of lowland Scotch into the purest English,- any vow thou askest of me to ride on which hand thou wilt-and be to thee as a friend and a brother, when the battle is at the hottest-and so I give thee my hand on't-'I touch no hand,' said Walter Selby, 'and I vow no vow either in truce or battle, till I know if thou art of the lineage of the gentle or the churl—I am a Selby, and the Selbys—' 'The Selbys,' said the stranger, in a tone, slow and deliberate,

are an ancient and a noble race—but this is no time, young gentleman, to scruple precedence of blood. In the fields where I have ridden, noble deeds have been achieved by common handswhile the gentle and the far descended have sat apart nor soiled their swords—I neither say I am of a race churlish nor noble but my sword is as sharp as other men's, and might do thee a friendly deed were it nigh thee in danger.'- Now God help us,' said the dame of Wilton-hall, 'what will old England becomehere's young Wat Selby debating lineage and blood with a packman churl-in good truth, if I had but one drop of gentle blood in my veins, I would wrap him up in his own plaid and beat him to death with his ell wand—which I'll warrant is a full thumb breadth short of measure.' I stood looking on Walter Selby and on the stranger—the former standing aloof with a look of haughty determination-and the latter, with an aspect of calm and intrepid resolution, enduring the scoff of the hot-headed youth, and the scorn of the vulgar matron. It might be now about nine o'clock—the air was balmy and mute, the sky blue and unclouded, and the moon, yet unrisen, had sent as much of her light before her as served, with the innumerable stars, to lighten the earth from the summit of the mountains to the deepest vales. I never looked upon a more lovely night, and gladly turned my face from the idle disputants to the green mountain-side, upon which that forerunner gleam which precedes the moon had begun to scatter its light. While I continued gazing, there appeared a sight on Soutra-fell sidestrange, ominous, and obscure, at that time, but which was soon after explained in desolation and in blood. I saw all at once, a body of horsemen coming swiftly down the steep and impassable side of the mountain-where no earthly horse ever rode. They amounted to many hundreds and trooped onwards in successiontheir helmets gleaming and their drawn swords shining amid the starlight. On beholding this vision, I uttered a faint scream, and Walter Selby, who was always less or more than other men, shouted till the mountain echoed. 'Saw ever man so gallant a sight? A thousand steeds and riders on the perpendicular side of old Soutra-see where they gallop along a linn, where I could hardly fly a hawk! O, for a horse with so sure and so swift a foot as these, that I might match me with this elfin chivalry. My wanton brown,

which can bound across the Derwent like a bird with me on its back, is but a packhorse to one of these.' Alarm was visible in every face around-for we all knew what the apparition foreboded -a lost battle and a ruined cause. I heard my father say that the like sight appeared on Helvellyn side, before the battle of Marston-moor-with this remarkable difference-the leader wore on his head the semblance of a royal crown, whereas the leaders of the troop whom I beheld wore only earls coronets. 'Now his right hand protect us,' said the dame of Wilton-hall, 'what are we doomed to endure?-what will follow this?'- Misery to many,' answered the pedlar, 'and sudden and early death to some who are present.' 'Cease thy croak, thou northern raven,' said Walter Selby-if they are phantoms let them pass-what care we for men of mist?—and if they are flesh and bone, as I guess by their bearing they must surely be-they are good gallant soldiers of our good king, and thus do I bid them welcome with my bugle. He winded his horn till the mountain echoed far and wide—the spectre horsemen distant nearly a quarter of a mile seemed to halt -and the youth had his horn again at his lips to renew the note, when he was interrupted by the pedlar, who, laying his hand on the instrument, said, 'young gentleman be wise, and be ruledyon vision is sent for man's instruction—not for his scoff and his scorn'—the shadowy troop now advanced, and passed towards the south at the distance of an hundred yards. I looked on them as they went, and I imagined I knew the forms of many living men -doomed speedily to perish in the battle field, or on the scaffold. I saw the flower of the jacobite chivalry—the Maxwells, the Gordons, the Boyds, the Drummonds, the Ogilvys, the Camerons, t Scotts, the Foresters, and the Selbys. The havoc which happened among these noble names, it is needless to relate—it is written in tale-related in ballad-sung in song-and deeper still it is written in family feeling and national sympathy. A supernatural light accompanied this pageant, and rendered perfectly visible horse and man—in the rear I saw a form that made me shudder—a form still present to my eye and impressed upon my heart-old and sorrow-worn as it is, as vividly as in early youth. I saw the shape of Walter Selby-his short cloak, his scarlet dress-his hat and feather-his aword by his side-and that smiling glance in his

deep dark eye which was never there but for me, and which I could know among the looks of a thousand. As he came, he laid his bridle on his horse's neck and leaned aside, and took a long look at me. The youth himself, full of life and gladness beside me, seemed to discover the resemblance between the spectrerider and him, and it was only by throwing myself in his bosom, that I hindered him from addressing the apparition. How long I remained insensible in his arms I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself pressed to the youth's bosom—and a gentleman with several armed attendants standing beside me—all showing by their looks the deep interest they took in my fate."\*

Lammerles, Camberland.

(To be Continued.)

ART. IX.-Alice and Berenger. From the French.

In 1374, under the reign of Charles the fifth, so justly surnamed the Wise, was born, in a castle upon the banks of the Seine, a short distance from St. Germains, Berenger de Presles, son of a brave gentleman attached to the court of the king.

It was in the midst of the rejoicings on account of the truce, that the baptism of this infant was celebrated, to whom the king, in remembrance of the services of his father, appointed as godfather, John lord of Neuville, one of the most renowned captains and knights of that brilliant age. Berenger was yet in the cradle when his father died.

After he had attained his 12th year, the lady, his mother, having caused; him to be instructed in the first principles of a military education, sent him to his illustrious godfather, to commence his career as a pursuivant, (a kind of apprenticeship, during which the pupil bore the lance and basnet of the knights, learned

<sup>\*</sup> The attested account of this extraordinary vision, as we find it in the pages of several travellers, differs little from the narrative of Eleanor Selby; it is signed by two peasants, Daniel Stricket and William Lancaster, who with about twenty four other persons witnessed this spectral procession for several hours. Several learned men have written many wise pages, to prove that all this was either real or imaginary—a conclusion to which many will probably be able to come without the aid of learning.

to ride, and was instructed in the profession of arms.) On the morning of the day of his departure, the youth entered the chamber of his mother to receive her blessing. She made him recite the poem of Hugh of Fabarie upon the order of chivalry, and placed on his neck a small chain, by which was suspended a flint, which one of his ancestors had brought from the banks of the Jordan, and on which were engraved these words, "God, France, and Honor." The lady after having embraced her son, with tears, confided him to the care of an old servant, and ascended the turret of the castle to follow him with her eyes as far as it was possible.

Berenger did not arrive until the following day at the castle of Neuville. Its warlike appearance was the first thing that fixed his attention. The embattled walls, the marchecoulis, the wide fosse, the double drawbridge, the elevated keep, the bell of the chapel which was ringing the Ave Maria, at the moment when the young pursuivant arrived, all these objects, strangers to the peaceful environs of Presles, excited in his mind astonishment mingled with awe, of which he retained the impression, when he appeared before the lord of Neuville.

This nobleman embraced him, promised to treat him as a son, and conducted him to the countess who received him in the megt affectionate manner.

The little Alice, her daughter, one year younger than Berenger, and whose grace and beauty seemed to be beyond her age, was seated near her mother, who was teaching her to work in tapestry.

On the next day the pupil of the count, was initiated in his new office, and soon after subjected to all the duties of the military life, to which he was destined. The slightest fault was punished with a severity which often caused the tears of the good little Alice to flow; but Berenger consoled himself with the reflection that it was at the same price that the lord of Neuville had obtained the great fame which he enjoyed. Military exercises did not however occupy all the time of Berenger; he dedicated some hours every day to the study of poetry, which he passionately loved, and in which the prior de Rieux, great uncle of the countess, gave him instructions.

The prior had an irresistible passion for writing satires against the most distinguished personages of the court. Like all the libellers of that time, who had much difficulty in keeping themselves concealed, the wicked abbe took the precaution of placing himself under the veil of an anonymous writer. In order to be more secure, he caused his verses to be copied by the young scholar, who perceived not his malice, and who thought himself happy in learning at the price of a compliance of which he did not suspect the danger, the rules of the roundelay, the eclogue, and the ballad. Berenger loved the last kind of poetry only, and he soon composed with grace and facility, without perceiving that the name of Alice glided into all his verses, sometimes even at the expense of the measure.

The castle of Neuville was built on the coast and commanded the river Oise. At the end of the park, from the top of a small hill of which some rocks crowned the summit, a stream of pure water fell in a cascade and meandered in a wood of ash trees. It was from this place, whence the eye overlooked the plain, that the count usually set out for the chase, and hither in fine weather the countess and her daughter repaired to await his return. Berenger was always the first that Alice perceived, and the lord of Neuville, had scarcely descried the tower of the castle before Berenger informed him that Alice was at the place of meeting.

The habit of seeking and waiting at the same spot had inspired them with a lively attachment to the fountain of ash trees before they suspected that which they entertained for each other. The young scholar had been two years in the castle, where all seemed to contend who should love him most, when the count determined to appoint him his esquire.

Berenger was not fifteen and yet no one managed with more skill a warhorse, or carried with more grace the helmet, upon the bow of the saddle, nor understood better how to put on armour, to lace a cuirass, or to close a visor. In several dangerous encounters, when he had accompanied his noble master, he had displayed an intelligence and courage beyond his age. There was no talk at the court of Charles, but of the esquire of the lord of Neuville. Esteemed by his illustrious protector, beloved by his equals, secretly adored by the charming Alice, the object of his timid vows, he seemed to enter upon life under the happiest auspices. Alas! so lovely a morning was only the forerunner of a stormy day. After some time the most odious satires overflowed the court and

the city; and their author in the midst of the darkness which was spread around him, escaped the resentment of those whom he abused with so much violence and cowardice.

Young Berenger, hitherto a stranger to the world, to its passions, to its intrigues, was always, unconsciously, the instrument of the prior's malignity.

An historical event of great importance furnished the abbe of Rieux with a new occasion for employing his satirical pen, and he suffered it not to escape.

The duke of Berri had just failed through a want of foresight in a military expedition which had been skilfully planned. On this occasion the abbe composed some verses in which the delay which the duke had caused, to the execution of the king's orders, was interpreted in a manner the most injurious to the honour of the prince. Berenger had just copied the verses and had them about him, when the count charged him with an important message to the king. He set off immediately for Paris. His majesty was at Vincennes and was to return the same evening to the hotel Saint Pol where he then resided. Berenger waited on him there; he fulfilled the object of his mission, received orders to proceed to Fortainbleau where the queen was then, and did not return to Neuville, until he had been absent a week. He had been well received at court; he brought back a satisfactory answer to the despatches with which he had been charged. He went to see Alice after a separation of eight days. One may judge with what sentiments his heart was filled, with what ardour he urged on his swift steed.

Already he discovers, from the bank of the Oise, the turrets of the castle; he distinguishes the tops of the trees of the fountain of Ashes, which shine in the last rays of the sun; he recognises the chapel by the brilliant reflection of its window of stained glass. Standing upon his stirrups, his eyes fixed towards the fountain, be thinks he sees, or he beholds in reality the young Alice; she waves her handkerchief in the air. Berenger's horse no longer runs, he bounds, and leaping over the hedges and ravines, he bears in a moment the impatient youth to the foot of the hill. Alice, followed by the oldest of her women, rushes before him and in a voice stifled with tears, "fly," she cries, "fly Berenger; you have

much to fear if you enter the castle!" It is impossible to paint the frightful disorder which these words and the tears of Alice excited in the mind of the unfortunate youth. Scarcely has he strength to ask the cause of the dreadful evil which is announced to him. Alice is ignorant of it, but she has witnessed the anger of her father; and fears from it the most melancholy effects. Berenger recovers his spirits, his conscience reproaches him with nothing, and honor made it a duty to justify himself in the eyes of his benefactor. Alice presses him in vain to depart; at least for some hours, but he refuses to leave her.

During this painful debate, the day began to close; the cry of the bird of night was heard mingling with the distant song of the returning labourer. The lady Bertha, who had accompanied Alice, reminded her that the sound of the horn had been heard three times, and that the gates of the castle were about to be closed. Alice took the path towards the park, and Berenger remounting his steed, crossed the drawbridge at the moment when it began to tremble.

No servant presented himself at the steps to take his horse, which he left in the court. He repaired to the hall of arms, where he found the count who was talking with the prior of Rieux, and who received him with a terrible look.

Without permitting him to say a word, he showed him the satire in his own hand writing, which had fallen from his pocket while he was at the royal hotel Saint Pol. The duke of Berri had transmitted it to the lord of Neuville, leaving to him the punishment of the culprit. At the sight of this paper, of which he instantly discovered the crime and importance, the unfortunate youth grew pale, blushed, and turning his eyes filled with tears towards the prior, who sought to avoid them, he contented himself with protesting his innocence. Of what avail was a simple denial, opposed to written proofs!

The count, after having addressed him with the most bitter reproaches, ordered him instantly to leave the castle for ever-Stricken down by this last blow, Berenger, fell at the feet of the prior, and pronounced only these words "ah! Monsieur Prior." He had the meanness to preserve a silence which his victim was too generous to break. It was in vain that the countess, alarmed by the grief of her daughter, interceded for the young master of horse. The count was inexorable.

The castle clock was striking twelve, and the moon in all her splendour, shed a sweet lustre over the country, when the youth recrossed the moat. Berenger, with despair and death in his thoughts, paused a few steps from the fosse, and as he contemplated these walls from which he was banished, burning tears rolled from his eyes. He kept them fixed upon the window of the chamber where the tender Alice had gone to pass a night of pain.

The sentinel who was walking on the inner parapet, perceived him and compelled him to depart. Uncertain of the part he was to act, Berenger wandered some time at random, and finally took the road to the castle of Presles, where he might find, near his good mother, the consolation of which his heart had so much need.

The emotion which he felt, on beholding once more, the spot where the years of his childhood had flitted away, on dreaming that he was going to embrace his mother after a separation of four years occupied his whole heart. He followed a path of the forest, which he remembered to have traversed, the first time that he rode on horseback. This path conducted him to the outer court, where he found a great number of peasants assembled. Their mournful and silent countenances at first excited only surprize; but he felt some uneasiness when he perceived the aged Raymond in tears, as he distributed alms to the crowd of poor, who surrounded him.

Berenger alighted from his horse and called him. Raymond recognised his young master, uttered a mournful cry and fell at his feet. The unfortunate young cavalier had lost his mother! She yielded after two days to a cruel disease, against which her youth contended for many years.

At this dreadful intelligence Berenger lost his senses. During eight days that this melancholy continued, the names of Alice, and of his mother, were the only words which he was heard to pronounce. The care bestowed upon him was not without success; his life at the moment when it was nearly extinguished was restored. As soon as he had recovered sufficient strength he repaired to the tomb of his mother. She reposed near her husband

in the centre of the church, and at that sacred spot he passed the whole day in meditation and tears.

This duty fulfilled, Berenger committed to the chaplain of the castle the care of his estate. He directed him to endow, in his name, four of the most virtuous young women of the village, whose first children should take the name of Alice or Berenger, and prepared the second time to leave his paternal roof. The morning of his departure, he shut himself up in the chapel, where he wrote a letter to Alice, which he charged Raymond to carry to her, and to bring him the answer to Dijon, where he was going to pass some time at the court of Burgundy.

During a visit which the duke of Burgundy had made to the lord of Neuville, young Berenger had attracted his attention.

Ideas of grandeur and ambition, were far from his mind; but he saw in glory the only means of again approaching Alice, and he hoped to find at the court of Philip some opportunity of distinguishing himself and attaining the honour of knighthood; it was in this hope that he directed his course to Dijon.

On the eighth day from his leaving the castle, he crossed a forest, some leagues from Auxerre. The heat was excessive, his horse as well as himself required some repose. He dismounted, and throwing the bridle over his arm, he seated himself at the foot of a tree, abandoning himself to reflections, in which the remembrance of Alice was mingled with sweet hopes, his eyes gradually closed, and without change of object his thoughts were converted into dreams. He stept profoundly, until he was awakened by a clashing of swords.

The first impulse of the young squire, was to leap upon his horse, and to hasten to the place, whence the noise proceeded. He found three men attacking a fourth, who was ready to fall under their blows. Berenger flew to his succour. His sudden appearance, and the vigour of his attack, alarmed the assailants, who dispersed and sought refuge in the depth of the forest. The knight to whom the youth had rendered this service, was the brave marshal de Loigny, who had been surprised in the neighbourhood of his castle by some of the armed brigands with which France was then overrun. Berenger thought he ought to conceal his name.

but the marshal required no less than that he should remain some days with him. This noble warrior having retired from the court, enjoyed in his honourable retreat, the happiness of private life, to which his love of letters added a new charm.

His castle was the resort of the troubadours, and every day witnessed some new festival. These pleasures, in which Berenger at any other time, would have indulged with so much delight, could not alienate his thoughts from the remembrance of his disgrace, the loss of his mother, and the adored image of Alice.

This deep melancholy at so tender an age, made the marshal desirous of knowing the cause; and his entreaties became so pressing, and so affectionate, that Berenger was obliged to yield to them. He employed some concealment in his recital, that he might not place the conduct of the prior of Rieux in an unfavourable light, but the marshal was convinced of his innocence, and offered to conduct him to the court, to justify himself in the eyes of the prince. Berenger declined this offer, declaring to his illustrious protector that honour imposed silence on him, and on the morning of the fourth day from his arrival at Loigny, full of impatience to meet his faithful servant at Dijon, he took leave of the marshal who gave him, at parting, testimonies of the most lively affection. He arrived at Dijon; Raymond had been waiting there two days; he brought him a leaf of Alice's tablets, upon which the lovely girl had traced some words in haste:

"The anger of my father is still great," said she, "but he will not fail to be pleased with the glory which you will gain. Adieu."

These two lines, which made no change in the destiny of Berenger, were to him a source of inexpressible joy, and revived his courage and his hope. He suspended to the chain which his mother had given him, and which he bore on his neck, this talisman of love.

He loaded Raymond with presents, and sent him back to the castle of Presles, with a billet in which he contented himself with writing these words:

"You shall never see or hear any thing unworthy of me."

The next day he presented himself at the castle of the duke of Burgundy, where he found that entrance was refused to simple esquires. After eight days, more mortified than fatigued with the

journey which he had made to no purpose, as he was preparing to leave Dijon, he understood, that troops were levying to march against the duke of Guilders, and he immediately joined, as a volunteer, the army which the king commanded in person. The campaign was not so long, as it was bloody. Berenger covered himself with glory, and many brilliant deeds of arms would have gained for him honourable distinctions, had not the presence of the duke of Berri obliged him to conceal his name.

The duke of Guilders finished the war by doing homage to the king of France, and Berenger resolved to appear at the public games, which were about to be celebrated.

These games, recently instituted on a new plan, by Clemence Isaure, engaged the attention of the whole nation, and the names of the victors were proclaimed throughout France.

As Berenger excelled in the *Chant Royal*, he wrote a poem on the happy auspices of the new reign, which he sent to the assembly. It was superior to those of Cartel and Jean de Fontaine, the most famous poets of the time, and accordingly the prize was unanimously decreed to him. It was at the castle of Loigny, that he heard of his success, to which happiness the good marshal wished to put a finishing stroke by making him a knight. Alice and this dignity! Berenger thought of no greater happiness upon earth.

The chapel of the castle was arranged for the august ceremony. Many of the marshals companions in arms were invited to it, and came completely armed. After divine service, the chaplain having blessed the armour of the candidate, the marshal delivered to him the spurs, the mail, the cuirass, and gauntlet. Thus furnished, he girded him with his sword, saying:

"Berenger, I give you this sword and commit it to your hands, praying God to bestow on you such and so good a heart that you may be as brave a knight as was formerly your father of valorous memory."

Then having given him the salute, and struck him three times on the neck with his sword, he added:

"In the name of God, of Saint Michael and Saint George, I make thee knight, be worthy, brave and loyal."

The rest of the day was spent in festivities.

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The young knight was too sensible of his newly acquired dignity, to delay doing honour to his illustrious patron. The festivals which were preparing at St. Denis, in honour of Louis II king of Sicily and cousin of Charles, offered him a brilliant opportunity. Tournaments were announced. The proudest of the nobility both French and foreign were admitted. Berenger repaired thither and attracted notice, no less by his youth and gracefulness than the simplicity of his armour.

His shield, without any coat of arms, bore a simple cipher composed of the letters A. and B. which were entwined with a branch of ash. The tournament was to commence after the service which the king had celebrated in honour of the grand constable.

Berenger placed himself in the church so as to hear the funeral oration of Bertrand Duguesclin, which was pronounced by the bishop of Auxerre. We may judge of his surprise and his pleasure, on perceiving Alice, the charming Alice, at the foot of the queen's throne, with her eyes fixed on his shield. Placing himself opposite to her, he raised his visor which he had kept half closed. Alice recognised him, and all that the human heart contains of tender emotion, was at once shown in her angelic form.

On the following day, Berenger, who had enrolled his name in the list of combatants, presented himself first at the place of the tournament, the most brilliant which had been seen for a century.

All the court was present, and by a chance which a lover alone can appreciate, Alice had been chosen by the queen to crown the victor. Who but Berenger could obtain such a reward!

Four times he entered the lists, and four times his triumph was proclaimed. The king wished to be acquainted with this brave youth, and was not less surprised than pleased to learn that this was the same troubadour who composed the Chant Royal.

Berenger came to receive from the hands of the trembling Alice, the scarf which was decreed him: in putting it on his neck, she whispered these words:

"In three days—at eight in the evening—at the fountain of ash trees."

The duke of Berri, who witnessed the triumphs of Berenger, could not hear without emotion a name, which recalled to his mind

an injury: his position near the king whose displeasure he had incurred, and the little favour he enjoyed in the public opinion, did not permit him to pursue his revenge openly; but he concealed not his plans from d'Amauri, lord of Beaume, one of the most powerful noblemen of the court, to whom the king had partly promised the hand of Alice.

How long these three days of delay appeared to Berenger! At last the third was closing; 'tis seven o'clock; the day fades; the lover advances, trembling with fear and hope, to the banks of the Oise, where every step awakens in his mind some delightful recollection.

He stops a moment beneath the walls of the abbey of Maubuisson, at a short distance from the castle of Neuville, to await there the precise moment of meeting. Eight o'clock sounded from the abbey clock; he runs, he darts through the thick underwood with which the foot of the hill is covered; he arrives at the fountain of ashes. He quenches his thirst in its waters,—he kisses every tree where he finds his name carved by a dear hand;—he goes, returns, stops,—he trembles at the least rustling of the leaves. Some one approaches; 'tis she. Berenger is at the feet of Alice.

Her emotion takes away her strength; she trembles; he supports her; he presses her in his arms.

What a moment in life, or rather what life in a moment! After some moments of silence, of which no language can express the charm—Alice, in few words, informs her lover of the misfortune which threatened them!

"My father," she said, "to whom the king himself has made the demand, has promised my hand to the lord of Beaume; but he is yet ignorant of a secret, which will again give you all his affection,—a secret which the prior on his death-bed has just revealed to my mother."

"Your merits have made you known to the king: I will acknow-ledge, if necessary, before him, the love which I have for you, and he will not condemn me to the pain of disobeying him, for I give you my word, Berenger, my life shall only be devoted to you or to God."

Such a promise, in the face of heaven, in a retreat which had been the mysterious witness of so many sighs and tears, between two young lovers united from their infancy,—such a promise was without doubt half fulfilled. But I hasten to the catastrophe of this fatal history.

Some days after the interview in the grove, Berenger, at the entreaty of Alice, and with the consent of her father, to whom the confession of the prior had been made known, went to throw himself at the feet of the king, whom he interested so strongly by the representation of his misfortunes and his love, that the monarch gave his formal consent to the marriage of Alice and Berenger, and promised the latter an honourable situation near his person. Armed with this precious writing, Berenger fears to lose a moment; it was eleven o'clock at night, his impatience would not allow him to wait for day; he flies back to Alice.

Already he discovers the lantern which beams at the summit of the castle tower. As he passed the foot of the hill of ashes, several assassins, completely armed, sprung from the midst of the coppice, and pierced him with many mortal wounds.

To the cries of the unfortunate youth, the nearest sentinel answered by a shout of alarm which roused all the castle. They hasten to the spot; Alice whom a mournful presentiment warned of her misfortune, flies to the fountain; she finds there Berenger extended lifeless, and pressing with his lips the scarf which had rewarded his exploits in the tournament.

The unfortunate Alice did not abandon herself to vain grief.

The day after this dreadful event, she retired to the abbey of Maubuisson; where she took the veil, and died in a few months.

Her last wish was regarded; her body was intered near that of Berenger, in the grove of the fountain of ashes, which was afterwards called the FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

(With a Portrait.)

HUGH WILLIAMSON was a native of the state of Pennsylvania; he was born on the 5th day of December, 1735, in West Nottingham township, near Octorara river, which divides Chester from

ART. X.—Life of Hugh Williamson, M. D. L. L. D. Abridged from a Memoir, read by David Hosack before the New York Historical Society.

Lancaster county. His parents were natives of Ireland, but their earlier ancestors, it is believed, came originally from Scotland.

His father, John Williamson, was an industrious tradesman, who had pursued his business, that of a clothier, in the city of Dublin. He came to America, and settled in Chester county, about the year 1730.

The mother of Dr. Williamson, Mary Davison, was a native of Derry; with her father, George Davison, she came to this country, when a child about three years of age: on their way to America they were captured and plundered on the coast, by Theach the noted pirate Blackbeard; upon being released they arrived in Philadelphia. She died about fifteen years since, having attained her 90th year. The parents of Dr. Williamson were married in the year 1731, shortly after his father's arrival in this country; and ten children, viz. six sons and four daughters, were the fruits of that connexion. Hugh was their eldest son.

His father, observing that Hugh was of a slender, delicate constitution, and that he was not likely to attain to that vigor which would enable him to support himself by manual labour, resolved to give him a liberal education. After having received the common preparatory instruction of a country school, near his father's house, he was sent at an early age to learn the languages at an academy established at New London, cross roads, under the direction of that very eminent scholar, the Rev. Francis Alison, justly entitled, from his talents, learning, and discipline, the Busby of the western hemisphere.

In the prosecution of his studies, while at school, he distinguished himself by his diligence, his love of order, and his correct, moral, and religious deportment; for, even at that early age, he had imbibed from his parents and instructors, a due sense of that "intimate connexion which subsists between letters and morality, between sensibility and taste, between an improved mind and a virtuous heart." Accordingly, under the impulse of these first impressions, through life, he

"———all his study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works."

<sup>\*</sup> Johnson.

Thus prepared under the care of his eminent teachers, he retired from the seminary of Dr. Alison, and, at his father's house, applied himself to the study of Euclid's Elements, of which, in a short time, he became master.

The father now proposed to send his son to Europe to finish his education that had been so successfully begun; but as a charter had been obtained for the academy in Philadelphia, about the time he was to have sailed, it was concluded that he should immediately proceed to that city. Accordingly, he entered in the first class in the college of Philadelphia, where he remained four years; and at the first commencement held in that college, on the 17th day of May, 1757, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. evidence of the talents, the industry, and of the success, with which Mr. Williamson prosecuted his collegiate studies, and of the high estimation in which he was held by the professors and trustees of the university, that during the time he passed at college, he was successively employed as a teacher, both in the Latin and English schools, connected with that institution. A little anterior to this period, his father and family had removed to Shippensburgh, Cumberland county. His father died in the same year that kis son received his first degree.

Hugh was appointed his sole executor, and, upon the event of his father's death, took up his residence with his mother at Shippensburgh, where he remained about two years, during which period he, in a great degree, devoted himself to the settlement of his father's estate, personally collecting the debts that were due to it, and which were very much scattered.

As has already been intimated, Mr. Williamson's mind was early impressed with a sense of religion.

During the period of his residence with his mother, he devoted all his time not occupied by the business of his father's estate, to the study of divinity, frequently visiting Dr. Samuel Finley, an eminent divine, who preached at East Nottingham township, and who then directed his pursuits. In 1759, Mr. Williamson went to Connecticut, where he still pursued his theological studies, and was licensed to preach the gospel. After his return from Connecticut, he was also admitted a member of the presbytery of Philadel-

phia. He preached but a short time, not exceeding two years, and then his preaching must have been only occasional; he never was ordained, or took charge of a congregation, for his health did not permit him to perform the stated duties of a pastor. The infirm state of his health in early life made it very questionable whether his lungs would bear the exertion of public speaking; he accordingly left the pulpit, and entered upon the study of medicine.

In the year 1760, he received the degree of Master of Arts, in the college of Philadelphia, and was immediately after appointed the professor of mathematics in that institution. He accepted the professorship, regarding it a most honourable appointment, but without any intention of neglecting his medical studies.

On the 8th of October, 1763, Mr. Williamson gave notice of his intended resignation of his professorship; and in 1764, he left his native country for Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting his medical studies at the University of Edinburgh.

He remained in that city, enjoying the advantages of instruction afforded by the lectures of the elder Monro, Whytte, Cullen, Home, Alston, and Dr. John Gregory, the author of the Legacy, and father of the late distinguished professor of the practice of physic in that celebrated seat of learning. When he left Edinburgh, he made a tour through the northern parts of Scotland, after which he proceeded to London, where he remained twelve months, diligently pursuing his studies. From London he crossed over to Holland, and proceeded to Utrecht, where he completed his medical education. He afterwards amused himself with a tour on the continent, from which he returned to his native country in a state of health considerably improved.

After his return, Dr. Williamson practised medicine in Philadelphia for some years with great success, as it respected the health of his patients, but with painful effects as it regarded his own.

Shortly after this time, the attention of the philosophers, both of Europe and America, was directed to an event which was about to take place, of great importance to astronomical science and to navigation: I refer to the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, which occurred on the third day of June, 1769; "a phenomenon

which had never been seen but twice by any inhabitant of our earth; which would never be seen again by any person then living; and on which depended very important astronomical consequences."\*

The observations published on that memorable occasion, by the Rev. Dr. Ewing, Mr. David Rittenhouse, the Rev. Dr. Smith, by professor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, as well as those by Dr. Williamson, and other American astronomers, were considered by the philosophers of Europe, as highly creditable to their authors, and of great importance to the cause of science. By the astronomer royal, the Rev. Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, they were referred to with peculiar notice and approbation:

"I thank you," says that eminent philosopher to his correspondent, the Hon. Thomas Penn, "for the account of the Pennsylvania observations of the transit, which seem excellent and complete, and do honour to the gentlemen who made them, and those who promoted the undertaking."

In 1770, Dr. Williamson prepared and published, through the same channel of communication,† some observations upon the change of climate that had been remarked to take place more particularly in the middle colonies of North America.

The publication of this interesting paper, with those which had preceded it, procured for Dr. Williamson, not only the notice of the various literary institutions of his native country, into which he was shortly after introduced as an honorary member, but they obtained for him abroad the most flattering distinctions. The Holland Society of Sciences—the Society of Arts and Sciences of Utrecht—conferred upon him, in the most honourable manner, a membership in those distinguished institutions; and about the same period he received from a foreign university, I believe from Leyden, as the further reward of his literary labours, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

New scenes now opened upon his view. From some letters addressed by Dr. Williamson to his friend, the late Rev. Dr. Ewing,

<sup>\*</sup> Rush's Eulogium on Dr. Rittenhouse.

<sup>†</sup> Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, &c. vol. I. p. 336. 2d edition.

now in the possession of his family, it appears that in 1772, the doctor made a voyage to the West India islands, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for the academy of Newark, in the state of Delaware, of which institution he and Dr. Ewing were both trustees. "His stay in the islands," (says the sensible writer\* of the communication with which I have been favoured,) "seems to have been protracted by severe bilious fevers; from the effects of which, he almost despaired of recovering his former state of health: his zeal, however, in the cause of literature, was not abated, and finally he procured a handsome subscription. On his way home, he passed a short time in Charleston, where he received some liberal fees for medical advice."

Exceedingly anxious for the prosperity of the academy, while he was yet in the islands, he planned a tour through Great Britain for the benefit of that institution; his project was communicated to the trustees, and received their approbation: accordingly, in the autumn of 1773, Dr. Williamson, in conjunction with Dr. Ewing, afterwards provost of the University of Pennsylvania, was appointed to make a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, to solicit further benefactions for the same academy of Newark.

Thus honourably associated, and the reputation they had acquired from their late astronomical observations having preceded them, they were received with great attention by the literati, and other men of influence in Great Britain: a circumstance in itself, highly favourable to the object of their mission. Their success, however, was but indifferent, owing to the irritation of the public mind against the colonies, which about that time was already considerable; yet their characters as men of learning, procured them much personal attention, and some money.

The constant hope of accommodation with the colonies, and the example of the king, from whom they received a liberal donation, notwithstanding his great displeasure towards his American subjects, encouraged them to persevere in the business of their mission until the autumn of 1775. Hostilities having then commenced, Dr. Ewing returned to America, leaving Dr. Williamson in London, who determined to remain, and to make some further ef-

<sup>\*</sup> Mrs. Hall, of Philadelphia, daughter of the late Dr. Ewing.

forts for the establishment of his favourite academy.—But I must return to some circumstances of importance which here claim our notice.

The vessel in which Dr. Williamson had engaged a passage for Europe, lay in the harbour of Boston, to which place he had proceeded, and was waiting for her sailing at the very time at which that remarkable circumstance took place, the destruction of the tea of the East India company. Upon Dr. Williamson's arrival in England, he was the first to report to the British government that occurrence; and, after a private interview with lord Dartmouth, was examined on the subject before his majesty's privy council: that examination took place on the 19th of February, 1774. On that occasion, Dr. Williamson ventured to declare, that, if the coercive measures of Parliament were persisted in, nothing less than a civil war would be the result. Time soon verified his prediction; but the want of correct information on the part of the British ministry, as to the state of public feeling in this country, seems almost incredible. Lord North himself has been heard to declare, that Dr. Williamson was the first person who, in his hearing, had even intimated the probability of such an event.

We now come to an event, memorable by the commotion it excited at the time, and by the magnitude of the consequences which have since arisen from it; I refer to the discovery of the celebrated letters of Hutchinson and Oliver: and here I beg leave to call your notice to a few of the earlier circumstances of the late revolutionary war, in order to communicate a fact hitherto unrevealed.

Although the disturbances which originated in the famous stamp act, had nearly subsided with the repeal of that obnoxious measure, and returning sentiments of friendship were every day becoming more manifest, yet new obstacles to a permanent reconciliation appeared in the attempts of the British administration, to render certain officers of the provincial governments dependant on the crown alone. This measure of the court gave particular offence to the colony of Massachusetts, from the peculiarly obnoxious character of their governor, who at times, impelled by avarice and by the love of dominion, had, in furtherance of his schemes of self-aggrandizement, uniformly manifested the most determined support to the views and measures of the mother country.

However discreditable to his reputation it may be, certain it is, that governor Hutchinson was secretly labouring to subvert the chartered rights of the colony, whose interests he had sworn to protect. His agency in procuring the passage of the stamp act was more than suspected, and apparently upon reasonable grounds.

The illustrious Franklin, who at this period resided in London, as agent for the colonies of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, obtained possession, through the agency of a *third* person, of certain letters written by governor Hutchinson and other servants of the crown; and sent by them from Boston to Thomas Whately, esquire, member of parliament, and a private secretary of lord Grenville.

In these letters, the character of the people of Massachusetts was painted in the most odious colours, and their grievances and proceedings misrepresented by falsehoods the most glaring and unfounded.

Dr. Franklin lost no time in transmitting these letters to his constituents at Boston. "The indignation and animosity which were excited, on their perusal, knew no bounds. The house of representatives agreed on a petition, and remonstrance, to his majesty, in which they charged their governor and lieutenant governor with being betrayers of their trust, and of the people they governed; and of giving private, partial, and false information. They also declared them enemies to the colonies, and prayed for justice against them, and for their speedy removal from their places."\*

The petition and the remonstrance of the people of Massachusetts were communicated to his majesty's privy council by Dr. Franklin, in person, and after a hearing by that board, the Governor and Lieutenant-governor were acquitted. It was on this occasion that Mr. Wedderburn, (afterwards lord Loughborough,) who was employed as counsel on the part of the governor, pronounced his famous philippic against Dr. Franklin; which has always been considered among the most finished specimens of oratory in the English language. In this speech, he charged that venerable person with having procured the letters by unfair means.

<sup>\*</sup> Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Franklin, 4to. p. 183. London ed. 1813.

But the truth is, these letters could not be considered in anywise as private; they were as public as letters could be. To use the emphatic language of Dr. Franklin himself, "they were not of the nature of private letters between friends; they were written by public officers to persons in public stations, on public affairs, and intended to procure public measures: they were therefore handed to other public persons, who might be influenced by them to produce those measures. Their tendency was to incense the mother country against her colonies, and by the steps recommended, to widen the breach, which they effected. The chief caution expressed with regard to privacy was, to keep their contents from the colony agents, who, the writers apprehended, might return them, or copies of them, to America. That apprehension was, it seems, well founded; for the first agent who laid his hands on them, thought it his duty to transmit them to his constituents."\*

But it is time that I should declare to you, that this third person from whom Dr. Franklin received these famous letters, (and permit me to add, that this is the first time the fact has been publicly disclosed,) was Dr. HUGH WILLIAMSON.

I have before stated his mission in behalf of the academy. Dr. Williamson had now arrived in London. Feeling a lively interest in the momentous questions then agitated, and suspecting that a clandestine correspondence, hostile to the interest of the colonies, was carried on between Hutchinson and certain leading members of the British cabinet, he determined to ascertain the truth by a bold experiment.

He had learned that governor Hutchinson's letters were deposited in an office different from that in which they ought regularly to have been placed; and having understood that there was little exactness in the transaction of the business of that office, he immediately repaired to it, and addressed himself to the chief clerk, not finding the principal within. Assuming the demeanor of official importance, he peremptorily stated, that he had come for the last letters that had been received from governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, noticing the office in which they ought regularly to have been placed. Without a question being asked, the letters

<sup>\*</sup> Franklin's letter to the printer of the Daily Advertiser.

were delivered. The clerk, doubtless, supposed him to be an authorized person from some other public office. Dr. Williamson with immediately carried them to Dr. Franklin, and the next day left London for Holland.

By this daring measure, was detected and put beyond question, the misrepresentations and designs of Hutchinson and his associates; and, perhaps, no event in the previous history of the provinces excited more bitter indignation, or was calculated to call for opposition to the measures of Great Britain, to which these misrepresentations had given rise.

The lively interest, and the conspicuous part which Dr. Williamson took in public affairs, did not prevent him, while in England, from bestowing a portion of his attention upon scientific pursuits. Electricity, whose laws had been recently determined by the discoveries of Dr. Franklin, and by his genius introduced among the sciences, was then a study, which, like chemistry at the present day, largely engrossed the minds of philosophers. In conjunction with Dr. Ingenhouz, Mr Walsh, Mr. John Hunter, and Dr. Franklin, he frequently instituted electrical experiments, to which I have often heard him refer with juvenile feelings, at the same time professing his ardent attachment to this branch of knowledge. The only paper which bears testimony to his investigations on this subject, is that entitled, "Experiments and Observations on the Gymnotus Electricus, or Electrical Eel," which was first published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year 1775, and has since been reprinted in the abridgment of that work.\*

Dr. Williamson had scarcely made his tour through Holland and the Low Countries, when the news of the declaration of American Independence reached him. He now concluded to return to his native land. He proceeded to France, and after a short time spent in that kingdom, during a great part of which he was confined by sickness, he sailed from Nantz in December, for Philadelphia, at which place he did not arrive before the 15th of March. The ship in which he sailed was captured off the Capes of Delaware, but he, with another passenger, escaped in an open boat

<sup>\*</sup> Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, abridged by Hutton, Shaw, and Pearson, vol. xiii. page 597.

with some very important public despatches, of which Dr. Williamson was the bearer.

The American army, at the period of Dr. Williamson's return from Europe, was, in some measure, organized, and every office in the medical staff, or in the line, that he could with any propriety accept, was filled up. He resolved, therefore, to remain in private life, waiting for opportunities which he trusted would present themselves in the course of a dangerous struggle.

He repaired to Edenton, North Carolina, from which place he traded to neutral islands in the West Indies; but while he was thus engaged in trade, he determined to resume the practice of medicine: this he did with the same success as he had done formerly at Philadelphia, and in a short time acquired the confidence of the people of Edenton.

During the period of his residence there, he was invited to Newbern, for the purpose of communicating the small-pox to such as had not experienced the benefits of inoculation. These circumstances in part contributed to spread the name of Dr. Williamson, and to lay the foundation of that fame and confidence which he afterwards obtained in the state of North Carolina.

The doctor had taken an early opportunity of informing the governor of that province, that if any circumstance should occur in the course of the war, in which he could be of use to the state, he might immediately command his services. It is known that the British troops took possession of Charleston in the winter of 1779—80, and that the assembly of North Carolina ordered a large draft to be made from their militia, of from four to six thousand men, who should join the regular troops then ordered for the relief of South Carolina. The command of the North Carolina militia was given to their late governor Caswell, with the rank of major General. The general putting Dr. Williamson in mind of a former promise, handed him a commission, by!which he found himself at the head of the medical department, as physician and surgeon

An occasion now presented itself, in the which doctor had an opportunity of displaying his firmness of character, his humanity, his professional skill, and his incorruptible adherence to the cause in which he had embarked. On the morning after the battle near Camden, on the 18th of August, 1780 which the doctor witnessed,

he fell in with general Caswell, and requested of him to give him a flag, observing that, although a great part of the militia had behaved ill, yet many of them, as he must have observed, fought with distinguished bravery, and that a considerable number, in consequence, were wounded and made prisoners. They claimed our attention. The general advised him to send in some of the regimental surgeons, observing that his duty did not require that service from him. The doctor replied, that the regimental surgeons, such of them as he had seen, refused to go; being, as he suspected, afraid of the consequences. But, said he, if I have lived until a flag will not protect me, I have out-lived my country; and, in that case, have lived one day too long. To this observation, no reply was made—he obtained a pass, and the necessary instructions.

He remained two months with the enemy in Camden, during which time he rendered very essential services to the prisoners committed to his care. Such, too was the estimation in which the medical skill of Dr. Williamson was held by the enemy, that during the illness of one of their general officers, in which the advice of a physician became necessary, his attendance was requested in addition to that of the surgeons constituting their medical department.

Early in the spring of 1782, Dr. Williamson took his seat as a representative of Edenton, in the house of commons of North Carolina. In that assembly he fortunately met with several members, whose brothers, sons, or other connexions, he had served in the army, or while they were prisoners. Those services were not forgotten. It was to be expected that a gentleman who had seen much of the world, and whose education had been so extensive, could hardly fail, with the aid of moderate oratorical abilities, to become an influential member in a deliberative body. Such in fact he proved. Among other bills which he introduced with success, we find one for erecting a court of chancery, which had often been attempted, in vain, in that state. It may be presumed, that old members who had been accustomed to conduct the business of that house, were not gratified with being left in the minority by a gentleman who was, at that time, comparatively a stranger in their state. Yet when the election came on for members of congress, those very gentlemen added their influence to that of the friends

whom he had acquired in the army, and he was sent to the general congress without opposition. He continued at the head of the delegation for three years, the longest time that any member was then permitted to serve.

During the three years in which he was not eligible to hold a scat in that body, he served the state occasionally in its legislature, or in some other capacity.

In the year 1786, he was one of the few members who were sent to Annapolis, to revise and amend the constitution of the United States; and who, finding that they had not sufficient powers to do any thing effectual, recommended to the several states to make another choice of delegates, and to invest them with the requisite powers. In that year Dr. Williamson published a series of Essays, deprecating paper currency, and recommending an excise to be imposed. In the year 1787, he was one of the delegates from North Carolina, in the general convention at Philadelphia, who formed and signed the present constitution of the United States.

The assembly passed a law for a general state convention, to be held at Hillsborough, in July, 1788, for the purpose of determining upon this constitution. The convention, after much debate, adjourned on the 2d of August, having refused to adopt the proposed constitution by a majority of more than two to one, viz. one hundred and eighty-four to eighty-four.

As a representative of the people in the legislature of North Carolina, and in the supreme council of the nation, he was occupied many years. No man, I believe, ever enjoyed in a larger degree the confidence of his constituents, for integrity of conduct; and the influence of his character will be readily appreciated, when we advert to the many important services he effected during the most eventful period of our political history.

He was anxious to prove himself worthy of the high trust reposed in him, nor did he ever permit any private or selfish views to interfere with considerations of public interest. As chairman of numerous committees,—as the mover of important resolutions,—as the framer of new propositions, and new laws,—he devoted the best energies of an active mind, and was ever prominent in the business of the house. In debate, his elocution was striking, but somewhat peculiar. The graces of oratory did not belong to Dr.

Williamson; yet the known purity of his intentions, his inflexible devotedness to the interests of his country, and the unblemished tenor of his private life, awakened an attention which was well supported by the pertinency of his observations, the soundness of his reasoning, and the information he possessed upon every subject to which he directed his attention.

While in congress, his duties as a legislator were his exclusive study, and this advantage seldom failed of a success which was denied to the lengthened debate and declamation of his opponents.

In his answer to a letter enclosing the thanks of the general assembly of North Carolina, for his long and faithful services, referring to his own conduct, he observes, "On this repeated testimony of the approbation of my fellow citizens, I cannot promise that I shall be more diligent or more attentive to their interests; for ever since I have had the honour to serve them in congress, their particular interest, and the honour and prosperity of the nation, have been the sole objects of my care; to them I have devoted every hour of my time."

In January, 1789, doctor Williamson was married to Miss Maria Apthorpe, daughter of the late Charles Ward Apthorpe, formerly a member of his majesty's council, for the province of New York: by that lady he had two sons: she died when the youngest was but a few days old.

After the loss he had sustained by the death of Mrs. Williamson, he resolved to retire from public employment, to settle his private affairs; to prepare for publication his work on Climate, and his more elaborate performance, his History of North Carolina: but the object of attention which lay still nearer his heart, and which especially induced him to withdraw from the very honourable station he had held, was the education of his children: to them he devoted, with great solicitude, a large portion of his time and attention. His eldest son, who died in 1811, in the 22d year of his age, gave evidence of the parental care that had been exercised in the superintendence of his education, and of the success with which it had been conducted.

The younger son, whose constitutional infirmities gave little promise, by his death soon after, filled up the measure of his father's afflictions. Although the doctor was never heard to lament the less

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of his children, yet no fortitude of mind that he possessed could, prevent him from feeling, that in the death of his elder son in particular, he had lost his companion, the staff and solace of his old age. But his mind did not require that repose which his feelings otherwise solicited. From this period, the pursuits of philosophy became the more exclusive objects of his regard.

In 1811, his "Observations on the climate in different parts of America, compared with the climate in corresponding parts of the other continent," were published, in one volume 8vo. It is in vain to attempt any thing like an analysis of this performance, at this time: a few remarks, however, on this interesting subject, may not be irrelevant. Actuated by patriotism and the love of truth, Dr Williamson indignantly exposes the sophistry of those writers who have asserted, that America is a country in which the frigid temperature and vice of the climate, prevent the growth and expansion of animal and vegetable nature, and cause man and beast to degenerate. He altogether discards the notion, that a new or inferior race of men had been created for the American continent. A firm believer in the Mosaic writings, he labours with the learned bishop of Clogher, to prove the conformity of things to biblical history. He believes our country, in her rivers, mountains, lakes, and vegetable productions, to be formed on a scale of more magnificence than those of the old world, and thinks that the winters are more temperate on the western than on the eastern coast of North America; although in some parts of this continent they are colder than in corresponding latitudes of Europe: he maintains a gradual amelioration of our climate. He considers the opinion that the Indian is of a new race, to be altogether untenable; that every part of America was inhabited when discovered by Columbus, and that North America was settled from Tartary or Japan, and from Norway; that South America was peopled from India.

In the following year, 1812, appeared his History of North Carolina, in two volumes 8vo.

The author commences his undertaking with a short account of the discoveries made in America by adventurers from the different parts of Europe. He next relates the attempts of Sir Walter Raleigh to settle a colony in North Carolina, and from that time the history of that colony is continued down to the beginning of the American revolution: the work closes with a view of the soil, produce, and general state of health in different parts of that country. In the proofs and explanations annexed to each volume, are inserted many valuable documents, selected with care, illustrative of matters contained in the body of the text.

There are other writings by the same author, of a minor nature, which merit notice. He was at no time an indifferent spectator of passing events, and even after he had actually withdrawn from public life, was repeatedly engaged, exclusively of his works on Climate and on North Carolina, in various publications relating to natural history, medicine, and other branches of a philosophical character. In 1797, Dr. Williamson wrote a short but important paper\* on the fevers of North Carolina, as they had prevailed in 1792, in Martin county, near the river Roanoke, and as they had appeared in 1794, upon the river Neus, pointing out the treatment that had been found most successful, and the fatal effects of bloodletting in fevers of that type: these remarks were afterwards extended, and compose a chapter in his History of North Carolina, highly interesting both to the pupil and practitioner of medicine.

In the American Museum, by Mathew Carey, he published several fugitive pieces on language and politics.

In his communication on the Fascination of Serpents, published in the Medical Repository, the offers some new and ingenious opinions on that still inexplicable phenomenon in natural history.

He enriched the American Medical and Philosophical Register with several valuable papers. The first entitled, "Remarks upon the incorrect manner in which Iron Rods are sometimes set up for defending houses from Lightning," &c. conveys some important practical instruction upon that subject. His other papers were, "Conjectures respecting the Native Climate of Pestilence;" "Observations on Navigable Canals;" "Observations on the means of preserving the Commerce of New York," and "Additional Observations on Navigable Canals;" all printed in the same periodical journal, under the signatures of Observer, or Mercator. Doctor Williamson was among the first of our citizens who enter-

<sup>‡</sup> Vol. 10. p. 341, &c.

tained correct views as to the practicability of forming a canal to connect the waters of Lake Erie with the Hudson river; and the importance of this great work so engaged his feelings, that besides the papers already mentioned, on canal navigation, he published a series on the same subject, under the title of Atticus. These papers were so well received, that many thousand copies have been circulated through the medium of newspapers, and the pamphlet itself has been several times reprinted.

In the year 1810, Dr. Williamson was appointed by the New York Historical Society, to deliver the anniversary discourse, illustrative of the objects of that institution: he readily complied with their request, and upon that occasion selected for his subject, "the benefits of Civil History." That discourse is evidently the result of much reading and reflection.

In 1814, associated with the present governor\* of this state, and some other gentlemen friendly to the interests of science, and desirous to promote the literary reputation of the state of New York, Dr. Williamson took an active part in the formation and establishment of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this city; and contributed to its advancement by the publication of a valuable paper in the first volume of its transactions.

The life of this excellent man was now drawing to its close. Hitherto, by means of the uniform temperance and regularity of his habits, he had, with very few exceptions, been protected from any return of those pulmonary complaints with which he had been affected in his youth. His intellectual faculties remained to the last period of his life unbroken, and in their full vigor.

He died on the 22d day of May, 1819, in the 85th year of his age.

It remains for me to detain you, while I offer a few observations illustrative of such parts of Dr. Williamson's character as are not embraced in the details that have already occupied our attention.

In his conversation, Dr. Williamson was pleasant facetious, and animated; occasionally indulging in wit and satire; alway remarkable for the strength of his expressions, and an emphatic manner of utterance, accompanied with a peculiarity of gesticulation,

<sup>\*</sup> His excellency De Witt Clinton.

originally in part ascribable to the impulse of an active mind, but which early in life had become an established habit.

As was to be expected from the education of Dr. Williamson, and from his long and extensive intercourse with the world, his manners, though in some respects eccentric, were generally those of a polite, well bred gentleman. Occasionally, however, when he met with persons who either displayed great ignorance, want of moral character, or a disregard for religious truth, he expressed his feelings and opinions in such manner, as distinctly to show them they possessed no claim to his respect. To such, both his language and manner might be considered as abrupt, if not possessing a degree of what might be denominated Johnsonian rudeness.

His style, both in conversation and in writing, was simple, concise, perspicuous, and remarkable for its strength; always displaying correctness of thought, and logical precision. In the order too and disposal of his discourse, whether real or written, such was the close connexion of its parts, and the dependence of one proposition upon that which preceded it, that it became easy to discern the influence of his early predilection for mathematical investigation. The same habit of analysis, arising from "the purifying influence of geometrical demonstration," led him to avoid that profusion of language, with which it has become customary with some writers to dilute their thoughts: in like manner, he carefully abstained from that embroidery of words which a modern and vitiated taste has rendered too prevalent.

Under the impressions and precepts he had very early received, no circumstances could ever induce him to depart from that line of conduct which his understanding had informed him was correct. His constancy of character, the obstinacy I may say of his integrity, whether in the minor concerns of private life, or in the performance of his public duties, became proverbial with all who knew him. Nothing could ever induce him

"To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind."

ART. XII.—Notes on Rio De Janeiro, and the Southern parts of Brazil, taken during a Residence of Ten Years in that Country, from 1808 to 1818. By John Luccock. London: Leigh, 1820. 4to. Pp. 689. From an English Journal.

WE fell in with this volume somewhat accidentally, as it does not seem to have had the advantage of that publicity, now so generally obtained through the medium of newspapers and literary journals; but we were induced, by the attractive nature of its title, to look into it; and, we can freely say, we think it replete with matter so curious and important, and to be so ably written, as to give it a well-founded claim to our best offices. Its author visited the country, which he describes, in the capacity of a merchant. Though he is a man of no pretensions, he shows himself to be possessed of very various knowledge, remarkable candour, much good sense, and genuine British feelings; and to these qualifications he seems to have added a talent for observation, with an industry disposing him to record whatever came under his notice. As his business led him to make several journies into the interior of the country, and to have intercourse with men of very different characters and conditions, he was enabled to collect a mass of materials, descriptive of the geography, the agriculture, the commerce, the social and the political state of Brazil-of all which, the volume before us is the result and is arranged according to the order of the time when its miscellaneous information was collected. It is far from being of equal value-many of the details are rather too minute-and the style, though in general perspicuous and pure, is not unfrequently marked by a tinge of affectation. But, most assuredly, the work is highly creditable to its author, and much of what it communicates, especially respecting the improvements made in St. Sebastian, the capital, since the court became resident there, is peculiarly interesting.

Our author describes the streets of that city as straight and narrow, paved in the middle with granite, but without raised or separate foot-paths. The houses are constructed of stone, with some attention to uniformity, and are generally two or three stories in height, the ground floor being commonly used as a shop or a warehouse, and the upper stories accommodating families. In 1808, when Mr. Luccock's Notes commenced, the projections called jealousies, constructed so as to allow persons to look downwards into the street, without being seen themselves, jutted out from the upper windows, and gave a heavy suspicious appearance to the houses, besides rendering the streets dull, and indicating that the inhabitants had little sociability. A few months after the arrival of our author, an order was issued by the regent to cut them down to modern balconies; and the ostensible reason for the change was a wish to make an improvement in the appearance of the city, corresponding with its advancement in the scale of privileges and importance; but "the real cause, it was reported,"

says Mr. Luccock, "was an apprehension that, sooner or later these *jealousies* might become ambuscades for assassins, who, unseen and unsuspected, might from thence discharge a fatal bullet."—"Be this as it may," he continues, the regent, by a stroke of his pen, has done more to promote the health and comfort of Rio, than could have been effected by the suggestions of foreigners, backed with all the force of reason, in a whole century."

In the outskirts of the town, the streets were unpaved, the houses of one floor, low, small, and dirty; and the doors and windows were of lattice-work, opening outward to the annoyance of passengers. The retail shops were chiefly on the Rua Da-Qui-Tandi, the wholesale warehouses nearer the water; and this distinction, of such consequence to foreign traders, together with the crowd of people in the streets, inspired Mr. Luccock with hopes of finding at St. Sebastian a good market for British commodities. He estimated the number of the inhabitants, at this time, at sixty thousand, of whom one-third were white people or mulattoes; and he arranges the whole into the following classes; 1000 connected with the court; 1000 in public offices; 1000 resident in the city, but drawing their revenue from lands or ships; 700 priests; 500 lawyers; 200 medical men; 40 regular merchants; 2000 retailers; 4000 clerks, apprentices, and commercial servants; 1250 mechanics; 100 vintners, commonly called venda-keepers; 300 fishermen; 1000 soldiers of the line; 1000 sailors belonging to the port; 1000 free negroes; 12,000 slaves; 4000 females at the head of families, and about 29,000 children. This last number, he notices, is small, but it seems that few children comparatively are born in Rio; many are carried off in infancy by improper treatment; the children of slaves are placed in the same list with their parents, as belonging to the same class; and, "it is painful to add, that means of the vilest nature are often employed to prevent the birth of children, and that infanticide is by no means uncommon."

Beef is one of the most important articles of food in this city; but the sale of it being a monopoly, there is only one slaughterhouse, which, with the carts used to convey the meat to the licensed shops, is disgustingly filthy. Carne-secca, beef, cut into flitches and dried in the sun, is in common use in the city. Mutton is in small request, the people alleging, perhaps jestingly, though quoting Scripture, that it is not proper food for Christians, and for the same reason, a fortiori, we presume, lamb is never eaten by them. The veal used is obtained from animals of a year old. Pork is eaten with avidity; but as the swine devour many of the reptiles with which the country abounds, their flesh is not palatable, and perhaps not very wholesome. Fish is equally various and abundant, and most kinds of European poultry are exposed to sale. Wheat-flour bread is used; but the powder called Farinha, the produce of the Mandioca or Cassava root, is, in Brazil, the staff of life. It is eaten with orange juice, or gravy; and the negroes give it a slight boiling. Our culinary vegetables thrive

well, and are much valued; and those called Feijam, different sorts of kidney beans, are as common in Brazil as potatoes with us. Fruits, both those which thrive in Europe, and many peculiar to the country, are abundant, and are either eaten raw or made into sweetmeats. The cultivation of the grape was prohibited, to prevent interference with the staple produce of Portugal; and the wines in common use are the poorest sorts yielded by the vineyards of Portugal and Spain. Milk, butter, and cheese are scarce, and of inferior quality. "The butter in use was generally Irish, and its state may be conjectured, without much danger of material error."

The reflection of the sun's rays from the surrounding rocks makes the heat of Rio extremely intense. Mr. Luccock has seen Fahrenheit's thermometer in the sun at 130°, and 96° in the shade. The sea breeze, which is a great comfort in these parched regions, begins about eleven o'clock, and continues to blow till sun-set; then a sultry state of air, with a heavy dew, ensues; after which the land breeze rises and blows till morning. The dry season breaks up towards the end of September with thunder and lightning, and the heaviest rains fall in November. An eruption, called the prickly heat, bilious complaints, fevers, elephantiasis, and small-pox, are the most common diseases, but perhaps filthiness and vice contribute more to their formation than the climate.

"Our countrymen who carry good looks to Brazil, seldom fail soon to lose them; but there is more change in appearance than in reality. Where they have been indisposed, their ailments were not, in general, to be ascribed to the climate, or to the sickliness of the country. If they arrived in health, they were at first little affected by the heat, used more exertion, and required less indulgence, than the natives. They partook more of the common lassitude in the second or third year, and then appeared to need the repose of the afternoon, as much as those who had been accustomed to it from their birth. The more important effects of change of climate appeared to depend greatly on constitution, previous habits, and on the modes of living, which were adopted. With their utmost care, however, many of them fell into bilious complaints, which they might probably have escaped at home, and suffered from them more than the old inhabitants."

The author has a long chapter on the public buildings, institutions, &c. of the city, from which we shall content ourselves by taking three extracts, one of them descriptive of the funerals in Rio, and the others strongly expressive of the degrading influence of superstition,—all of them, therefore, unpleasant to be sure, but quite characteristic.

"The body was conveyed through the streets in a sort of open litter, or rather tray, covered with black velvet, ornamented with gold lace, and furnished, like European coffins, with eight handles.

The tray or bier is about two feet and a half wide, six long, and from six to eight inches deep, so that the body, when laid upon the back, is fully exposed to view. As in this warm climate, the muscles do not become rigid, and as funerals take place within a few hours of the last scene of life, the corpse, as it is carried along, either by the hand or on men's shoulders, has a considerable degree of motion, which greatly resembles what might be expected from a living subject in the lowest state of debility. It is conveyed, also, not with that slow and solemn pace, and orderly procession, which seem best to agree with deep-rooted sorrow, but in an indecent hurry, a sort of half-run, attended with loud talking, and a coarse air of joy. The shattered remains of man are decked out in all the gaudy trappings of a gala-day; the face painted, the hair powdered, the head adorned with a wreath of flowers or a metallic crown; the finery being limited only by the ability of surviving friends to procure it."-"At the church-door the corpse was laid down, and continued for some time exposed to public view. had not acquired that cadaverous appearance which dead bodies usually assume with us; for, indeed, disease is here so rapid in its operation, and interment so quickly follows death, as to prevent This exposure of the body, in a country where assassination is much too common, appeared to me an excellent custom; it gave the surrounding multitude an opportunity of ascertaining whether the deceased came to his end by a natural process, or by violence -unless poison might have been so administered as to excite no suspicion, or a wound might be concealed under the gaudy array. At all events, it renders the concealment of murder more difficult than it otherwise would be. In due time, the priests receive the body, perform over it the rites of the church, and deliver it to those who are charged with the ultimate ceremonies. men I saw a body, the dress and ornaments of which were unusually rich, entirely stripped of them; and the work was done so coolly as to demonstrate that the men either had a right to do so, or had been long accustomed to do it. In general, the trappings are only cut or torn from the bier to which they have been fastened, in order to keep the corpse from rolling over; it is then tumbled into the grave, which, for white people, is always within some sacred building; a quantity of quicklime and earth are thrown in, and the whole beaten down with huge wooden stampers. This last circumstance appeared to me more inhuman and shocking than any I had ever witnessed at an interment, and I even thought it not many degrees short of cannibalism itself."

The corpses of the poorer people, especially the blacks, Mr. Luccock says, were treated with much less ceremony; but he gives us to understand, that in subsequent years, along with sundry other improvements, "the common harshness of the proceedings

at funerals was much softened."

The next quotation relates to a figure in the Royal Chapel, and of the use to which it is applied.

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"The orchestra is well supplied, and the music admirable; but its effect is not a little counteracted by a circumstance which has often excited the risible faculties of heretics. Directly in front, and below the railing of the orchestra, is a well carved figure, much like what in England is called a Saracen's Head. The face expresses wonder, rage, and consternation, or rather a sort of suppressed ferocity. Its eyes are large and glaring, and fixed so directly upon the small crucifix, which stands on the altar, than no one can mistake their object. The mouth is coarse and open, containing a concealed pipe, which communicates with the organ. In the more pathetic parts of the mass, and particularly at the elevation of the Host, the key of this pipe is touched, and the head utters a dismal groan, expressive of the horror which infidels must feel on such an occasion. Whatever may be thought of the conceit, such mummery cannot be Christian worship."

To this we add the description of a painting in the convent of St. Bento, the principal one in Rio.

"In the anti-room, at the entrance of the convent, is a curious painting. It represents the tree of life, round and expansive, with firm roots, a strong stem, and branches full of foliage. It is, at once, in flower and fruit; the former a sort of rose, not unlike the flower of the tree which produces the celebrated Brazil wood, and probably intended to represent it; the fruit is of a most unusual description,—a Benedictine monk, in the full habit of the order, seated in the midst of the flower. The countenances and figures seem to be drawn from the life, and are well done. A man who has no reverence for monks, may smile at the strange conceit; yet the picture is so designed and executed that it is almost impossible not to mix some feelings of admiration, at the sight of it, with those of contempt. It brings to mind the history of the order, its wealth, and ease, and its unrivalled influence over Brazilian affairs."

Persons leaving the city on business sometimes place their daughters in one of the Recolhimentos, or religious houses for families; husbands, who suspect they do not possess the entire hearts of their wives, send them thither, when they go from home; some women, whose characters are known to be bad, are confined there by way of punishment; and, again, females of rank and character often choose to live in these houses during the absence of their husbands. Thus the Recolhimentos "present a strange jumble of age, character, and purpose, young and old, the innocent and the corrupted, female schools and magdalene hospitals."

The arrival of the Royal Family of Portugal in Brazil, is stated to have occasioned universal regret among the people. The vice-roy had been accustomed to receive the most profound homage from all classes of society; even the distant shadow of his equipage in the streets made them uncover their heads and bow the

knee; and no one ventured to pass a common soldier on duty, or to read a public notice stuck against the wall, without performing some act of homage. These humiliating marks of respect were in some measure compensated by the studied courteousness which descended from the representative of royalty through all the gradations of society, and the easy intercourse which subsisted between him and his courtiers, and the citizens. The comparatively exclusive state, and the more ceremonious bearing, in which it behoved royalty to regulate its intercourse with the people, were therefore at first deemed by them as a serious public evil, and the circumstances of privation and distress to which the House of Braganza were at that time reduced, must have deepened this feeling of regret, in as much as the real condition of royalty came far short of the splendour and magnificence with which in Brazilian ideas it had been dignified. The queen was too old to feel the whole extent of her misfortunes, and though her person was in Rio, her imagination was said to have presented to her generally Lisbonian scenes. Her son, the Prince Regent, has been accused of apathy; but his want of energy is to be ascribed to the "cowardly sycophants and hypocritical priests" by whom his councils and conduct were influenced. His gratitude to the British nation was shown in the kindness and the protection displayed toward the English resident in Rio. The Prince Regent's consort is described as a woman of energetic character, and the widow of his brother was a person of mild uninteresting habits, but retired from public life. Besides these personages, his family consisted of seven children, and a relation from Spain the Infante Don Carlos de Bourbon. All of them, with their attendants, nearly three hundred in number, were crowded into a miserable abode, which had formerly contained the mint and a prison. and was united by a covered way with the convent of Carmelites. The royal equipage was a small chaise, drawn by two mules; the guard rode on unshod, lame, blind, and galled horses, and were clothed in jackets, exhibiting every possible shade of blue, "that various and varying colour," and many of them were much patched; they had no waistcoats, gloves, or stockings; and their boots were old and torn, never blacked, nor even brushed. The Prince Regent's wife sometimes went out on horseback, when, in compliance with the custom of the country, she rode astride. children very seldom took the air, until a good strong family-chariot arrived, a present, it is said, from the king of Great Britain.

"Some idea of the low state of the colony, low in the arts and conveniences of life, may be formed from the fact, that on the anniversary of the Queen's birth-day, which occurred some months after my arrival, there were only six carriages mustered on the occasion, and these all open ones, with two wheels, and driven by dirty negroes, Yet this was a gala-day, and the wealthy part of the community had done their utmost to make a show."

The lawyers meet every unhallowed morning in the street called Rua-da-Qui-Tandi, to transact business; and we have a ludicrous description of their dress and appearance.

"The generality were dressed in old, rusty black coats, some of them well patched, and so ill adapted to the height and form of the wearers, as to excite a suspicion that they were not the first who owned them. Their waistcoats were of gayer colours, with long embroidered bodies, large flaps, and deep pockets. breeches were black, so short as scarcely to reach either to the loins or the knees, where they were fastened with square buckles of mock brilliants; their stockings of home-spun cotton, and their shoe-buckles enormously large. Their heads were covered with powdered wigs, surmounted by large fan-tailed greasy hats, in which was usually placed a black cockade. The left thigh bore a very old shabby dirk. It was amusing to observe with what punctilious ceremony these gentlemen and their subalterns addressed each other; how exactly in order they bowed, and held their dirty hats; with what precise forms, and cool deliberations, they combined to pick the pockets of their clients. There were in the crowd a few respectable-looking men, but they were indeed a small proportion; the leading characters of the profession did not find it necessary to attend these street meetings. In general the meagre and sharpened features of the persons present, and their keenly piercing eyes, added to their sallow complexions, would have led a pretender in the science of Lavater, to determine the features of their minds with a glance, and to come to no very favourable conclusion."

Apothecaries shops are fitted up in a gaudy style. Merchants make their purchases of goods before breakfast, dine at noon, and then sleep till the evening; when they come forth to pay their visits and enjoy their amusements. They are represented as lamentably ignorant.

"Merchants as respectable in their line as most in the country, have excited our astonishment, by asking in what part of London England was; which was largest, Great Britain or Madeira; which farthest from Rio. Their ignorance extended beyond geography; few of them were acquainted with more than the first principles of arithmetic; in reading they spelled out the meaning, and to write a letter was a dreaded task."

The mechanics are said to be very unskilful, yet so proud that they think it beneath them to be seen carrying their tools. Slaves are sent into the streets to act as porters, and regulate their step by an African song. No playfulness of the young, or shouting of the more advanced, is to be seen or heard in the streets of St. Sebastian. Begging is not confined to the necessitous, for even the wealthy ask boons, borrow with a tacit understanding never to pay, and buy on an undefined credit; officers of the army have been seen soliciting charity; "and it is to be regretted, but ought to be

recorded, that more than one person who wore a star, fell into deeper disgrace—stole, and were detected." The dress of the females is extremely slight, often nothing more than a single habit bound about the waist by the strings of a petticoat;" they wear no stockings, and seldom slippers. Their hair is long and fancifully decorated with artificial flowers; their manners are coarse and pert; and their minds uncultivated.

"At eighteen in a Brazilian woman, nature has attained to full maturity. A few years later she becomes corpulent, and even unwieldy; acquires a great stoop in her shoulders, and walks with an awkward waddling gait. She begins to decay, loses the good humour of her countenance, and assumes, in its place, a contracted and scowling brow; the eye and mouth both indicate that they have been accustomed to express the violent and vindictive passions; the cheeks are deprived of their plumpness and colour; and at twenty-five, or thirty at most, she becomes a perfectly wrinkled old woman."—"Premature age is owing partly to climate, partly to a constitution enfeebled and ruined by inactivity; most of all to the unnatural and shamefully early age at which females are allowed to marry.

The shopkeeper and his servants both eat and sleep on the ground-floor of the houses occupied as shops and warehouses; and persons of rank and riches inhabit the upper stories, to which there is an entrance from the streets. The front room is called the Sala, and is fitted up in rather a fantastic style; the varanda is in the back part of the house, and is usually occupied by the fami-The principal meal is the dinner at noon, which consists of soup full of vegetables, carnesecca, feijam, and farinha. are used only by the men; women and children employ their fingers. The female slaves eat at the same time in different parts of the room. Wine is drunk only during dinner; after it coffee is brought in; then water is carried round for the purpose of washing the mouth, the hands, and even the arms, and is generally poured upon the guests by a female slave; and, lastly, each retires to his siesta, to indulge in "the luxury of laziness." There is among the Brazilians a great want of personal cleanliness—the houses and the beds are overrun with vermin—and filth of all kinds is allowed to accumulate in the streets.

"When a gentleman calls upon another, if he be not intimate at the house, he goes thither in full dress, with a cocked hat, with buckles in his shoes and at the knees, and with a sword or dirk by his side. Having reached the bottom of the stairs, he claps his hands as a signal to attract attention, and utters a sort of sibilant sound, between his teeth and the end of his tongue, as though he pronounced the syllables chee eu. The servant, who attends the call, roughly inquires in a nasal tone, who is it? and being told, retires to inform the master of the house, what are the wishes of the visiter. If he be a friend, or one so

well known as to be received without ceremony, the master quickly comes to him, and ushers him into the Sala, making loud protestations of the pleasure given him by the visit, mixing his complimentary speeches with a great number of bows. Before business is entered upon, if that be the object, repeated apologies are offered for the free mode in which the visiter is received. indeed, there is often no little occasion for such apologies, for the gentleman very generally makes his appearance with a beard of many days growth, with his black bair in the roughest state, though besmeared with grease, and with no clothing over his cotton shirt. This garment is, indeed, well made, and ornamented with needlework, especially about the bosom. But then it is commonly worn in the house, so as to expose the breast; and the sleeves are tucked up at the elbows. Or if, by chance, it be secured at the neck and wrists by its globular gold buttons, the flaps appear on the outside, hanging half way down the thighs, over a waistband, which secures round the loins a short pair of trowsers; while the legs are quite bare, and the feet covered with tamancas. All this is not very delicate; more especially as the skins of the Brazilians abound with hair, and are much sun-burnt about the breast and legs.

"Should the call be a ceremonious one, a servant is sent to conduct the visiter to the sala, from which, as he enters, he often sees the persons who were in the room escaping at the other door. Here he waits alone, it may be, half an hour, when the gentleman appears in a sort of half dress. They both bow profoundly, at a distance; after a sufficiency of skill in this science has been displayed, and thus time gained to ascertain each other's rank and pretensions, they approach; if unequal, with corresponding dignity and respect; if supposed to be nearly equals, with familiarity. The business is then entered upon, and despatched at once. These bows between strangers, and this slow approach, I almost love, as they give men some opportunity to measure and appreciate one another, and prevent a thousand awkward blunders, and equally awkward apologies. With my countrymen in general, I partici-

pate in an abhorrence of the Brazilian embrace."

"In the city, persons retire after dinner to their own houses, to take their repose and spend the evening as they please. Out of the city, particularly if the moon be nearly full, evening finds the remaining guests in full gaiety of spirits; sleep has dissipated the fumes of wine, if too much had been taken, the company is enlarged by an assemblage of the neighbourhood, the guitar strikes up, for every one can touch it; the song succeeds, generally in soft and plaintive notes; and the dance is not forgotten. In this way the hours of evening pass, or in the ever-varying deals of manilla, in free remarks and smart replies, in feats of agility and harmless frolics. The reserved character, which seldom fails to make itself conspicuous in the earlier part of the day, wears off; and not unfrequently people run to the opposite extreme The loose at-

tire of the ladies is peculiarly favourable to the exertion of their limbs, and they engage with great hilarity in the rough, but innocent exercises of the other sex. Here and there a jealous old husband looks after his young and sprightly wife, and she deems it prudent to restrain her gaiety; but it makes little difference,

and occasions no interruption of the general glee."

"Their feet are the most cleanly parts of their persons, for it is necessary to wash them occasionally, in order to keep them from the injury which the neglected bite of different insects frequently produces. The faces, hands, arms, bosoms, and legs, all of which are in both sexes much exposed, are rarely blessed with any cleansing; and hence, more than from a burning sun, acquire a considerable degree of brownness. The skin of young children is commonly fair, but being permitted to roll about continually in the dirt, and being seldom, or carelessly washed, their hue soon becomes as dingy as that of their parents. No such instrument as a small-tooth comb, nor any substitute for it but the fingers, is known in this part of the American continent. Men and women, children and servants, indulge publicly in one of the most disgusting of Portuguese customs; one reclines with his or her head in the lap of another, for a purpose unnameable; even monkeys are taught to fill the same office, and do it with dexterity and pleasure."

Our author, in quest of a better market than Rio afforded, made a voyage to the Plata, and thereby obtained some valuable information respecting the newly acquired Brazilian territory in the south. This, he says, cannot be less than seventy thousand square miles in extent, possesses the natural advantages of a fine climate, a fertile soil, and mighty rivers, and comprehends nearly the whole of the district first civilized by the Jesuits. It is divided into two capitania's or provinces, named from the rivers by which they are bounded. The information in the following extract is worth knowing.

"One of these rivers, the Paraná, rises in the heart of Brazil, flows through the country to receive the Paraguay, and becomes the western boundary of the province, to which it communicates its name. The latter river had been, previously, the limit of Brazil on that side, from its remotest source, and of the province of Parana from the lake of Xarays. Their united streams flow with a sea-like majesty, until they contribute to form the immense estuary, familiarly known as the Rio de la Plata. Different persons who have written of these rivers, have confounded the names of the principal and the tributary streams, in a way which an acquaintance with the native language might have prevented. Para always describes a large body of water; Na or Nha signifies sufficiency; hence the term Parana, besides being technically given to one particular river, is applied also to the ocean, as well as any great expanse of fresh water. Guay describes a smaller portion

of water, and signifies a bay, inlet, or creek. It follows that Parana must be the name of that portion of the river which has the largest expanse, and Paraguay of the smaller tributary stream. With a view to accurate distinctions, it may be useful to observe, also, that yg or yk denotes fresh water, and is the term which water-carriers in Brazil make use of, when they cry their commodity about the streets for sale; though generally expressed in Portuguese and Spanish writings by y alone, or hy. In this state it forms the termination of several names of rivers, as Uruguay, Tacoary, Acarahy. When placed at the beginning of a name, and connected with some other descriptive word, it is generally written yg as, ig; or Iguasu, the great river; Iguape, the navigable river; Iguape-mirim, the little navigable stream."

The author's description of the plant called matte, and the use to which it is applied, is also interesting.

"In Brazil it is commonly called Cangunha, or Congonha; which is probably a corruption of Caancunha, the woman's leaf. It grows, not in the province of Parana alone, but more or less over the whole Table-land. Its qualities and consequent estimation are various; the best is said to be found in the vast Serro Maracaju. It is the produce of a low shrub, so much like the tea plant of China, that two gentlemen, who had been in the east, first led me particularly to notice it, as a species of wild tea. Being curious to discover whether there was any other similarity, besides the appearance, they gathered some of the leaves, dried them on hot stones, and produced a beverage of an agreeable bitter taste, not unlike Bohea. In the common preparation of matte, the collected leaves are laid in large heaps upon hides, and placed between two fires, so as to be thoroughly dried. They are then broken small, and though more yellow, form a substance much resembling what is called the dust of tea. When ready for sale, it is packed in hides, or in sacks made of a kind of reed or cane, opened and made flat. To prepare it for use, it is infused in water, generally in the half of a cocoa-nut shell, variously ornamented, and not poured into cups, but sucked through a pipe, which has a strainer at the lower end to prevent the herb from entering the tube. In taking it, the vessel is commonly passed round to a whole company; and whatever disgust may arise from the sight of some of the mouths receiving the pipe in their turn, it would be deemed the height of ill-breeding to decline a share of the matte."

This seems a different article from the caa-miri, or herb of Paraguay, according to Mr. Southey's description, in his history of Brazil. The caa-miri, he says, is obtained from a tree of the genus ilex; it resembles the orange-tree, but is of larger growth and softer foliage, and bears white flowers in clusters; is found in marshy ground some hundreds of miles east from the town of Assumption; and is prepared for use by roasting the leaves over a

slow fire, and afterwards pulverizing them in a mortar. It is used as tea, and is in great demand throughout the whole of South America.

The following highly interesting anecdote may suggest some important reflections. The author is at Maldonado.

"Returning to dinner at the inn, our hostess favoured us with a dish of beef steaks, of which she had learnt the name, and which she supposed to be the favourite food of Englishmen. As in these houses there is no respect of persons, and as in this part of the world there is no notion of the comfort of a party eating by themselves, we had a great deal of company during dinner. The conversation was lively, and turned on a most unexpected subject. A few days before I left Rio, the Spanish frigate Zwoa lad touched there, in her way from Plymouth to the Plata. In England, the crew had been furnished by the British and Foreign Bible Society with copies of the New Testament, in Spanish, two of which I had bought in the streets for six hundred and forty Reis, that is, three shillings and sixpence each, intending to improve my knowledge of the language during the voyage. In this object I was disappointed, the translation proving to be an impure dialect of the Spanish, which none of our crew well understood. The people belonging to the frigate had sold other copies at Maldonado, before we arrived there, one of which appeared in the inn. Several persons were poring over it, and endeavouring to turn a narrative, on which they had lighted, in one of the evangelists, into intelligible Spanish. The matter was evidently new to them, and excited a very lively interest. On this subject the conversation turned, and, led by their inquiries, we were induced to become lecturers in Christian divinity, while we ate our dinner; the office devolving chiefly on one of our party, who spoke the language of the listeners with fluency. The scene appeared to us most extraordinary at the time, occurring as it did among subjects of the most bigotted of Catholic powers in Christendom; nor can I, at this distant period, cease to contemplate it in something of the same light."

From the year 1809 to the year 1813, our author had his residence in the town of St. Pedro do Sul, or Rio Grande. The entrance into the river is impeded by a broad and shallow bar; and the coast exhibits a flat and barren aspect. The town stands in a level plain, contains about five hundred houses, and two thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are white, or but slightly tinged. At this place there is a ferry, which pays a rent to the crown; and of its farmer the following anecdote is told:

"When he heard that the royal family had arrived in Brazil, he owed to the crown eight hundred thousand Reis. He therefore mounted a horse, and with the greatest secrecy set off without passports for the capital, where he arrived at the end of three weeks, having travelled nearly eight hundred miles, by an unusual vol. XII.

route, for the sake of avoiding pursuit and detention. He threw himself at the Prince Regent's feet, confessed the debt, and his utter inability to discharge it. His royal highness was so much pleased with this mark of his confidence, as generously to remit the sum, and reinstate the man in his post."

The admission of British vessels to Buenos Ayres had produced an influence on the trade of Rio Grande. The demand for hides, tallow, wheat, onions, cheese, and charqued beef, had increased, and British manufactures were sought after. Yet our author soon found that he had brought a cargo of the greatest variety to a wrong or an overstocked market. The goods were given to retailers to be sold on commission, or to hawkers to be carried through the country, and disposed of by barter. Still, little was sold, and then recourse was had, but with no advantage, to a public auction, the proceedings of which are thus described:

"The second officer of the customs presided, and he appointed the clerk and the auctioneer. To the latter, a black man, the president, with becoming gravity, delivered a bit of straw when the lot was too bulky for him to carry round the room, directing him to present it to the company as representative of a certain lot of goods, containing so many pieces or yards, or dozens, or pints, and distinguished by its peculiar number. With this straw, lifted above our heads, he danced about like a Merry Andrew, loudly vociferating the words of the president, and calling upon the people to buy. Having by his boisterous and absurd gestures produced more merriment than serious attention to business, and gotten to the highest bidding, he returned the straw in form, announcing the price of the lot, and the name of the purchaser. Aware of the prevailing opinion, we had provided a person to run up the lots to a certain amount; in consequence the first fell back into our hands, and the second and third followed without awakening suspicion. At length a conviction of the truth excited among the bidders much laughter at their own simplicity, and the superior address of the strangers. No change, however, was produced in their disposition to buy, and not a single lot was dispo-

The three first days of Lent are called the Intrudo, and are always days of frolic among the Brazilians. The chief amusement of that season is the pelting each other with hollow balls of variously coloured wax, about the size of an orange, and filled with water. The combat is continued till all concerned are well drenched. This custom was brought, we believe, from the mother country; and it is a curious fact, that one of a similar description prevails among the inhabitants of the Birman empire at the commencement of the year. Thus we learn from Captain Syme, that on the last day of the year, the young women of that country arm themselves with flaggons and long syringes, and prepare to give the men a wetting; that the men thus treated also

throw water upon their assailants; and that, notwithstanding this license, good humour is never interrupted nor indecency committed.

Strangers from the interior, of rather a singular character, occasionally made their appearance in Rio Grande, as purchasers of goods. They were short and robust, while a thin beard, lank hair, and an unsettled eye, were indications of their having a mixture of Indian blood in their veins. They were clothed with long coarse cotton shirts, fastened with a girdle about their loins; they had hats of felt, straw, or palm leaf; and though they had neither shoes nor stockings, each had spurs fixed to his heels by a strip of raw hide. They were armed with knives stuck in their belts, and had over their shoulders a pouch of skin, containing a flint, a steel, and tinder.

"When they were about to make purchases, they usually came in small parties, alighted at a store without speaking or taking notice of any one, turned the reins from their horses' necks, and suffered them to trail on the ground, in which state the horses would stand and sleep, without stirring from the spot. Entering the store, they looked round, until some one seeing an article which he wanted, pointed to it, uttered a few words respecting the price, generally purchased, and immediately paid for it. Resuming his upright position, he again looked round, pointed, purchased, and paid. There seemed to be no sense of difference of qualities or varieties of price, no idea of abatement. Thus the party proceeded until they had spent their dollars, if they saw in the place all that they wanted. If they did not, some one would occasionally ask for an unseen article; and if it was not to be had, their trading was finished; they asked for nothing more, and could not be induced to look any farther, but gathered up their purchases and retired. If a seller ventured to recommend his goods. their common suspicions of craft seemed to be immediately confirmed; and I have seen them in such a case leave a store without speaking another word."

Mr. Luccock made several journeys into the interior, taking with him a guide, horses, provisions, and arms; the guide equipped himself with the knife, lasso and balls. The lasso is made of plaited thongs, is about seven yards long, and fixed to the saddle, and is used to entangle oxen and other beasts. The balls are three in number, and are made by filling a purse of soaked hide with wet sand, and then wringing it, when it becomes as hard as a stone. This apparatus, most readers know, is much used in A well-trained horse stops when it is thrown, and even pulls against the entangled animal. On the eastern side of the River Gonzales is a great extent of land, called Charqueados—a name whence the charqued beef of Brazil is derived. This district prepares and exports a great deal of that article. When the cattle are killed and skinned, the flesh is taken off from the sides in one broad piece, something like a flitch of bacon; it is then

slightly sprinkled with salt, and dried in the sun. To give an idea of the quantity of meat prepared in this manner, the author mentions an individual of the Charqueados, who, in one year, slaughtered fifty-four thousand head of cattle, and charqued their After the immense piles of bones thereby collected are picked by vultures, jaguars, and wild dogs, they are usually reduced to lime. The farms in this part of South America are in size from twenty thousand to about six hundred thousand acres; to each three square leagues belong five or six thousand head of cattle, about a hundred horses, and six men. Hogs are generally found near the farm-houses, but sheep are little attended to, both on account of the danger to which they are exposed from beasts of prey, and the prejudice existing in the country against mutton. The breed in the country is ill-shaped, and has coarse wool, which is partly used for stuffing beds and mattresses. Every farm has an enclosed place called the Rodeio, where the cattle are occasionally collected, examined, marked, and otherwise treated as circumstances may require. These few facts are sufficient to show the great capabililies of the country, were it fully peopled and carefully cultivated; and may warrant the hope, that at some distant day it may be the seat of civilization and happiness. The following extract contains a good account of the rural manners and hospitality of Brazil.

"In the abodes of respectable farmers, or rather graziers, there is usually a lodging-room reserved for strangers; to this room their saddles, bridles, and all their baggage, are carefully conveyed. The horses being stripped and led away by slaves, are considered as under the exclusive care of the master of the house, or his servants; and it would be regarded as a want of confidence, if any individual were to show any concern about his beast. By way of marking peculiar attention, a guest is sometimes asked how he would wish the fowls to be dressed. While the supper is preparing, conversation is maintained with spirit, more especially if there be travellers present from different quarters. At supper, which is often graced with a large exhibition of silver plate, the host places himself at the head of the table, where he stands and helps every one plentifully; using his knife, fork, and fingers indiscriminately. Wine, if produced, is taken as a part of the meal; never after it. The attendants are frequently numerous, seldom, as may be supposed, expert. About eleven o'clock a slave appears, with water and a towel, for the hands and face; and is soon followed by another, with warm and cold water to wash the feet,—a most grateful custom in a hot and dusty country. The bed-room being prepared, according to the number of guests, the master conducts them thither, and points out to each where he is to repose himself. The Brazilians do not always undress; where there is nothing to disgust them, Europeans commonly follow their own more refreshing mode. In the morning all put on their uncleaned boots, and, with unshaven chins, meet the host at breakfast, whose beard is, probably, still longer than theirs. Immediately after breakfast the horses make their appearance, and are saddled at the door. A thousand compliments, thanks, and good wishes, are exchanged between the friendly entertainer and his guests, who finally bow from the saddle and depart. Should they return by the same route, to omit to call at the houses where they had been kindly received, would be accounted unpardonable."

When the author returned to Rio de Janeiro in 1813, he found it greatly improved. New streets were added to the city; the markets were extended and improved in cleanliness; the jealousies\* had been removed from the houses, and the balconies ornamented with flowers and plants; numerous villas had been built, and gardens formed; the roads were widened; the brushwood and other impediments cleared away; the court had assumed a European magnificence; the levees of the prince were frequent, and, as he placed himself so as to enjoy the open air, the ceremony of kissing hands was witnessed by the populace; a taste for dress and domestic comfort had been inspired, and the spirit of loyalty reigned among the people; the prince had opened a new public fountain, improved the police, promoted the Brazilians to places of honour and trust, made the people feel their importance as a state, and by these and similar acts of condescension and good government, had become a great favourite, and was hailed by the title of "Monarch of the South."

"Few," says our highly intelligent author, "few are disposed to be disloyal, who are allowed to witness the ceremonies of a court, who know that they also may present themselves to the sovereign, complying only with established forms, and find the road to honours equally open to merit wherever it appears."

The prince, with his family, often attended the theatre, and hence it became a fashionable place of resort. "In the pieces represented, the manners, vices, dialect, and other peculiarities of the colony were ridiculed, and the public taste in consequence amended." Ecclesiastical affairs had also undergone improvement; a nuncio had arrived from the Pope, not so much to enforce papal mandates, as to keep up a connection between Rome and Brazil; a bishop had been appointed to the See of St. Sebastian, who managed with dexterity the ignorant and superstitious multitude; he encouraged marriages and solemnized them in person; he caused the churches to be cleaned and ornamented, bells to be introduced, and cemeteries allotted to the British and the negroes; he discountenanced the devotion of children to a monastic life, directed abuses in convent discipline to be amended, and obliged the priests to maintain propriety of conduct. The altars were decorated with images; the processions of the Host;

<sup>\*</sup> Some of our readers will at once trace this word to the French jalousie, a lattice.

which were less frequent, were conducted with greater decency, music was improved; and festivals, which combine religion and pleasure, something like the old English wakes, were revived and multiplied.

"Among the minor circumstances influencing public manners, may be reckoned a song which obtained a large circulation, satirizing one of the prevailing vices, and into the chorus of which was happily introduced the name of an individual foremost in the ranks of the infamous. It was set to a simple air, which was daily played through the streets, as the military marched from the barracks to the palace. The music accorded with the public taste, the negroes and boys were perpetually singing in merry ridicule, and the song became familiar to all. In consequence, the man particularly pointed at, either left the city, or hid himself in it, or was hidden in the grave, for he was seen no more, and his abettors were glad to pass unpoticed. In no other instance did I ever see ridicule so well, so in mediately and effectually applied."

These alterations and improvements were not relished by all the members of the community, and the individuals who, from bigotry, or bad principles, opposed them, manifested the bitterness of their resentment by conspiring against the life of the able and active minister, Don Rodrigues Conde de Linhares, by whom chiefly they had been either originated or enforced. His successors fell far short of his enterprising and valuable character; and hence, it was not likely that, after he had been laid in the grave, the plans which he had projected would be carried on to the full amount of their promise. Still, there was much good resulted from his labours, which even the impolitic conduct of Don Joan d'Almeida, whom our author describes as the worst and most obnoxious of the subsequent ministers, was not sufficient utterly to destroy. In sundry respects, which we have not room to enumerate, the Brazilian government acquired a consistency and an efficiency which might fairly entitle it to bear comparison with some of the old establishments of Europe; and with this advancement towards political importance, there naturally sprang up an increasing attention to the useful arts, the embellishments and luxuries of social life. But we must pass from these generalities.

In a building on a rock in the harbour of Rio, lately assigned to the British for an hospital, but formerly appropriated to persons labouring under elephantiasis, Mr. Luccock had an opportunity of seeing a case of that singular malady, the Guinea-worm.

"The patient was a negro-boy, about fourteen years of age, among whose countrymen the disease chiefly prevails. The animal, if so it may be called, appeared coiled up beneath the skin; after some time, what was said to be the head, protruded itself,—this was seized with a small forceps, and the worm drawn out to the length of two inches; the extracted part was then wound about a small stick, to prevent its return. In a few hours after,

another portion was drawn out, and secured in the same way; by a similar process, the greatest care being always used not to break it, the whole was extracted, and then appeared like a thin dried thread of catgut, and was several feet in length. The boy had these worms in every part of his body, had been treated for them in his own country, and was deemed incurable, and, on that account, had been sold by his parents for two yards of checked linen. He remained in the hospital about three weeks, was placed, I believe, in a state of complete salivation, and then discharged cured. For five years afterward, during almost every day of which I saw him, he remained free from the complaint, and proved an excellent servant, often expressing his gratitude to his master in warm and simple terms! 'My father in Africa,' he would say, sold me; you are my father, I love you best.' I have pleasure in adding, that I met with the lad in Paris in October 1819, and that he continued perfectly well. I believe, he is now, June 21, 1820, at Buxton."

Our author, who had frequent occasion to traverse the country westward of Rio de Janeiro, has given the observations made during his journeys, in one condensed narration. We shall select

from it a few of the most interesting particulars.

A village called Mata Porcos, is furnished with a chapel, which exhibits "an ensign of the Holy Ghost"—namely, a tall mast, painted like a barber's pole, supporting a board on which there appears a dove, surrounded with a glory. This emblem is said to have lost its original consequence. Beyond Mata Porcos is an indifferent residence of the Sovereign of Brazil, but handsomely and acceptably presented to him, on his arrival in the country, by a private merchant. In front of it is a gateway that had been sent over to his Royal Highness by the Duke of Northumberland, an exact copy of that leading to Zion House. The position has a fine view, and the adjoining gardens, though not in good taste, are an excellent substitute for the morass or forest that existed on their site only a few years ago. A well marked evidence of the improvement that has taken place in this part of the country is communicated in the following anecdote:

"It is somewhat curious to recollect, that in 1796, one of the passengers by the Duff, riding to this small distance from the city, found himself beyond the limits of civilization, and even of military protection. He was attacked by persons who attempted to catch him with the lasso, and was obliged to gallop for his life."

"What a rapid change in the state of society!" exclaims our author, in continuation; "Who can contemplate such improvement without pleasure! Who without astonishment can recollect that it extends nearly round the whole coast of South America!"

The country round Venda Grande, which is seven miles from the city, appears, from its present flat and sandy constitution, to have been formerly flowed by the ocean, but, farther inland, the rocks assume a bold character, the forests are richer, and the valleys have a thicker covering of gramma. Mr. Luccock once met with a party of Swedes in this neighbourhood; they were on their way to St. Paul's, intending to work an iron mine; but the project is said to have failed, owing to the ignorance of the director, and by no means to defect in either the quantity or the quality of the ore. "In Brazil," he informs us, "there are considerable mountains of almost pure metal." But he adds, "by a natural, though selfish stroke of policy, the people were not allowed to work it, before the emigration of the court from Portugal." A few miles farther off lies the estate of Santa Cruz, once a principal settlement of the Jesuits, but now the property and occasional residence of the king, who does not seem to cultivate it with the energy of its former masters. When speaking of that singular body, in a subsequent part of his narrative, Mr. Luccock seems to do equal justice to the amount of their services and the methods by which they were effected. His remarks on the subject are not new, indeed, but they are abundantly expressive, and deserve notice.

"Numerous are the evidences which the Jesuits have left, in this part of the country, of the power and splendour of their order, and of its admirable political management. Speaking generally and dispassionately, it may be said, that whatever was well contrived and executed was done by them, and that the common prosperity and happiness have declined since their dispersion. Yet it must be acknowledged, that they were little scrupulous in the use of indirect means to attain their end. Two circumstances, illustrative of this fact, are related in the neighbourhood. The society asked, and easily obtained from Lisbon, the privilege of a tax on espregos, which word, in Portugal, describes small nails, and the government was well aware that such articles were here little used. In Brazil it means a fastener, and is applied particularly to sipo, the pliant twig, which is universally employed to bind together the frame-work of buildings. So established was a thing once brought into general use, that, long after the dissolution of the order, the tax, devested to a different quarter, is still a subject of complaint. The other instance occurred about the time when the society became suspected at court. By a petition it stated, that there was a piece of water, belonging to the crown, which would be useful to the house at Santa Cruz, as a duck-pond, and prayed for a grant It was not thought expedient to comply without examination, and, on inquiry, it turned out that the pond was no other than the Bay of Angra, containing four hundred square miles of water, and several valuable fisheries. The idea of a duck-pond was probably suggested by the multitude of brown divers, here called Patos, which then appeared in the Bay, and are still occasionally seen on flat and unfrequented shores."

Deceitful conduct and dishonest artifices are not to be imputed to the Jesuits alone, for, according to our author, the mercantile character of the Brazilians is greatly contaminated, and the temptations of avarice seem occasionally to be much too powerful for the pride or the principle of persons in office, and even members of the royal household. He gives some instances of meanness, arrogance, and fraud, apparently with regret, but conceiving them to be truly illustrative of the general character, and at the same time considering himself as doing a real service to the planters and traders of the country, believing that "every honest man among them will allow that he is entitled to thanks for the exposure."

A countryman and friend of our author had, several years ago. purchased a farm at some distance from the city. It consisted of about two thousand acres, and, together with the expenses, cost about \$3000. There were on it two houses, each of which was surrounded with pasture ground, coffee, and fruit trees. Having purchased slaves, the first object of the new proprietor was to clear some of the ground for the purpose of planting, and at the same time procuring timber for necessary buildings and fences. then introduced mandioca on the sandy soils, and milho on the loamy ones; coffee was reared on the clays, and the swamps were prepared for rice; the European modes of culture being occasionally combined with the agricultural practices of the country. Besides the produce of his fields, which seems to have amply remunerated his industry, our farmer profited much by the conversion of a bed of clay and different coloured earths, into bricks and tiles, and earthen ware, if not a kind of porcelain; and the surplus of his wood, after being cut into billets, was disposed of for fuel, at the rate of about three halfpence for thirty pounds weight. As his farm improved, and conveniences were multiplied, he planted the sugar-cane, which was found to thrive admirably. He then erected a mill and distillery, the latter being formed on the most approved British principles—but this part of his speculation did not succeed, owing to the prejudices of the people, by whom, it is insinuated, irreparable mischief was done to the apparatus, during the absence of our countryman. On the whole, this seems to have proved a prosperous concern, and we have thought it worth while to enumerate these particulars, in order to show the nature of farming in this country, under what, it will readily be imagined, was a judicious system of management. Lands are obtained here by grant as well as by purchase; and, as they are distributed by the map, and not by survey and measurement, it is not wonderful that a great deal of confusion and many contests arise with respect to the boundaries of property.

"To ascertain and establish their claims, many landholders fix around their borders a number of small tenants, called Moradores,

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who pay a trifling rent, procure their subsistence chiefly by the cultivation of vegetables, and answer the important purpose of watchmen, preventing the encroachments of neighbouring proprietors and the robbery of the woods. They are generally white people who have families, sometimes a slave or two, and add much to the population of the country; but they love and affect independence, and seldom continue after the limits of an estate are well ascertained, and its remoter parts brought into cultivation."

Mr. Luccock speaks very unfavorably of their general character and habits. Their removal, which is often capricious, and commonly without concern, is frequently succeeded by the occupation of a more valuable class of tenants, who possess a small capital, which they invest in slaves, and who pay the rent of still larger portions of land, either in money, labour, or produce.

"If the article raised be sugar-cane, the most profitable culture in Brazil, half the produce usually goes to the landlord, for which he not only furnishes the soil, but crushes the tenant's share of the cane, distils the syrup, or converts it into sugar, according to the wish of the individual. Such a bargain is considered as advantageous to a man, who possesses land without much capital, because he is thereby enabled to construct sugar-works adapted to his whole estate, and to keep them more fully employed. The tenants are bound also to plant a certain quantity of cane on additional pieces of ground, and to crush the produce at the mill belonging to the estate; and these minor farms fall successively into the owner's hand, and add to the value of his property. At the same time many of the tenants improve their own condition, become advanced in the scale of cultivators, and ultimately proprietors of land."

The mode of laying out or stocking farms, seems to be greatly modified by the distance from the city, and the comparative ease or difficulty with which produce may be conveyed to the market. Vegetables, fruit, and two sorts of grass, are the chief growth of the lands in the vicinity of Rio, and are usually taken in to it by canoes and boats, or on the heads of negroes, each of whom carries from one to two hundred weight, according to his strength. This is reckoned severe labour in such a climate, especially if the distance be three or four miles; and, till lately, these porters were obliged to lay down their burdens when they happened to be met by any of the sovereign's family,—a troublesome piece of homage, for which a simple halt is now substituted. Between the distance of four and twelve miles from the city, the pasturing of cows occupies a large part of the land, and a good deal of sugar is cultivated. The milk is conveyed to the city in large tin cans, on the heads of negroes, " who run along with it, cheering their labour by a song." Much of the sugar-cane is also taken to town as food for Beyond the distance of twelve miles, the influence of the capital on the state of agricultural enterprise is less directly perceived. There it is customary to leave a portion of a farm under

its natural wood, for the purpose of supplying the city with fuel; and the cleared lands are planted with coffee, sugar, rice, and mandioca or milho, according to the nature of the soil, and other local peculiarities.

"There is great simplicity," says our author, "in the usual management of a farm. The master and his family commonly reside upon it, and, except a feitor or bailiff, who sometimes has a family also, are the only white people. On the farm of Maranbaya, my friend would willingly have employed free white labourers instead of negro slaves, as usual, and given any reasonable encouragement to some of the many British and North American subjects, who were wandering about in a destitute condition; but he could not succeed with men who loved a vagabond life, and preferred the gains of fraud to those of labour."

The chief agricultural implement is the hoe, and it succeeds amazingly well. Many attempts have been made to introduce the English plough, but hitherto without success, neither the blacks nor the Brazilians having acquired skill enough to use it: and such instruments as the scythe and the sickle are almost unknown in the country.

The following anecdote may be considered a very striking illustration of the low degree of intellect, but fine natural feeling, of the people alluded to. It affords also a good idea of this remarka-

ble country.

"The owner of an estate, wishing to provide himself a better house, consulted a few of his friends as to the choice of a spot for the purpose. On our pointing out the summit of a small woody hill, as a place where, we thought, he might enjoy pure air and pleasant scenery, a score of slaves were ordered to cut a narrow road through the wood, by which we might ascend and examine the spot more accurately. They immediately went to work, but so far misunderstood their master's order, as to leave all the wood standing on the crown of the hill, by which we were as effectually precluded from looking around us, as if we had been enclosed with a lofty wall. Almost three hours more were spent in cutting down tree after tree, each of which, falling against its neighbour, remained, for the most part, in an upright position. At length, one large and hard-wooded tree giving way towards the south, the rest, which had been upheld by it, followed. The effect was like drawing aside a curtain. In an instant there lay before us a complete view of the city of St. Sebastian, its long islands, shores, and surrounding mountains, together with a wide expanse of ocean. The very slaves were struck dumb with astonishment, feeling the effect of beauty beyond description bursting unexpectedly upon them. The silence and the clamour which succeeded were both expressive: in various languages, used by natives of three different quarters of the globe, the same sentiment was heard: 'Surely this is a goodly world which we inhabit."

We cannot refrain from quoting another passage, which seems to us equally creditable to Mr. Luccock's moral sentiments, firmness of spirit, and power of discrimination, though, we suspect, perhaps unfortunately for our own character, as the reader may think, it displays also a little over-refinement of reasoning. The practical question to which it relates admits of a good deal of argument on both sides.

"At Engeitado, I practised a stratagem which appears to me an useful one in half barbarous regions. It was my uniform custom, when travelling, to carry concealed about my person a brace of bayoneted pistols, and never to be a moment unarmed. Besides these, I have had other pistols fixed on my saddle. On arriving at a station, my first business was to form some notion of the character of the people, while a servant was stripping the horses. the opinion proved unfavourable, I have delivered my holsters to the master of the house, desiring him to take good care of them, as the pistols were loaded; and in consequence of such seeming confidence, have seen an immediate change in the most villainous looking features, and converted a rascal, as I imagined, into a zealous guardian. The man who meditates ill, is always jealous of his own safety, and suspicious of strangers, especially when he sees them armed. By giving up your weapons, he unexpectedly becomes possessed of the fullest proof of your confidence and goodwill towards him. The favourable impression upon his mind will last longer than a single night, unless some powerful cause operate upon his passions; and no traveller in his senses would first take pains to southe a wild animal, and then rouse him in sport or heedlessness."—" Soon after my arrival in Brazil, I was shooting in the woods alone, when I encountered three most suspiciouslooking men, whom I in vain strove to leave. They made many attempts to induce me to discharge my gun, which I determined to avoid, if possible, while I was in their company: indeed I thought the gun was the principal object of their wishes. Coming to a small run of water, I laid my hat on the bank, and requested one of them to hold the gun while I quenched my thirst. They seemed astonished at my confidence; spoke with each other in a low tone of voice; and when I had drank, the man restored my gun with much natural politeness, and bade me farewell. Had I laid down the piece, together with my hat, I have little doubt that they would have made off with both. But whatsoever is committed in trust to a Brazilian peasant is sacred; and bad men are not unfrequently the most superstitious."

For Mr. Luccock's remarks on the various features of the country through which he passed in his route to the westward of Rio, the size and direction of the hills, the number and magnitude of the rivers, and other subjects belonging to physical geography, we must necessarily refer to the book—and we do so with pleasure and confidence; for, though not scientific, he is always intelligent,

and appears to be quite aware of the points on which it is most desirable to be possessed of satisfactory knowledge. We have now to notice, still more briefly, some particulars mentioned in his 11th chapter, which describes his excursions to the Upper Bay and the rivers falling into it; or, in other words, treats of the country to the northward of Rio.

This excursion, which commenced on the day before Christmas 1816, was intended to be almost entirely aquatic, a lanch being fitted out for the purpose, with as many conveniences as if she had been going to sea, and the party resolving to make it their home during the whole time of their absence. Passing up the western side of the middle bay, they landed on a small island, on which they set up their camera obscura, and began to boil their kettle, when the captain gave notice of the approach of heavy weather, and the propriety of seeking a sheltered station for the boat. Our author was the only individual who was prevented from profiting by this suggestion; and soon afterwards the storm burst, and drove the boat to leeward, leaving him on the naked beach, exposed to torrents of rain, mingled with forked lightning and tremendous thunder, the sea and the wind howling at the same time in awful harmony. When the tide ebbed, a sand-bank on which the boat had got fixed, in an endeavour to reach him, was left dry, and so allowing him to regain his party, he passed the night in comfort. Of the numerous places visited or noticed by Mr. Luccock during this excursion, may be mentioned,—the island of Governador, converted into a royal chase, and worthy of attention from its botanical riches, especially its parasitic plants; the village of Marian-gu, two miles behind which there rises a perpendicular rock of granite, more than three hundred feet high, and surmounted by the church of Nossa Senhora da Penha, forming altogether a beautiful object from many parts of the harbour; the Porto des Saveiros, lying at the foot of considerable hills, from the top of one of which he obtained a prospect of plains twelve miles long, and six or seven broad, with a river " writhing among them like a snake;" the village of Porto d'Estrella, interesting from its appearance of business, its thriving condition, and some uncommonly good houses, the inhabitants of which know as well how to show hospitality as to enjoy the comforts of growing wealth; Mage, one of the most considerable towns, as to commercial importance, in the neighbourhood of the city, and where our author, who never fails to bestow merited commendation, experienced peculiar civilities; Villa Nova, where a nobleman, to whom chiefly it belongs, has erected a steam-engine for crushing cane—a singularity so great in this country, as to have induced the Prince Regent once to visit the place, that he might see it at work-but "the owner, in order not to lower the Brazilian character in its respect for royalty, chose to lose a great part of his crop of cane rather than to offend the ears of his visiter by the rattling of machinery;" Macacu, the seat of the authorities of a district, containing a thousand inhabitants.

a large proportion of which consists of priests and lawyers, and proverbially noticeable for "its singular propensity to legal squabbles;" and Pirasenunga, a place of some consequence, near which various mechanical improvements, chiefly of British origin, have recently been introduced, and where our author witnessed a solemhity of so extraordinary, and yet characteristic a nature, as well to deserve description:

"It was matter of regret to me that I could not enjoy the proffered honour of dining with the clergy, whom Easter brought together here. The approach of evening set me at liberty, and I attended divine service at a chapel belonging to a private house, the owner of which is obliged to keep it open to the public, especially at this season, when the free-will offerings are made. The altar stood at the end of a long varanda, and around it sate a great number of females, in ranks on the floor, with their legs crossed under them. The men, not quite so compactly arranged, stood behind them, and others sate on benches down the sides of the varanda. At the end, opposite to the altar, were two tables, with the proper officers to receive and register the offerings. Some of these met with great respect and gratitude, others were received with a marked coldness, which seemed intended to be admonitory. As each offering was registered, it was delivered for sale to a sort of auctioneer, who marched with it up and down the place, vociferating the last bidden sum, and exhibiting all the wit he was master of, to induce a higher offer.

"The British strangers, four in number, had been introduced into a large apartment of the house, which commanded a view of all that passed in this motley scene. Though they conversed gayly with the family and other visiters, it was in an under tone, out of respect to the religious ceremony which was going on; yet the joke, the smile, and giggling laughter, which were seen and heard all around them, plainly showed that nothing was farther from the hearts of the assembly, than thoughts of serious and devout worship. Indeed, the ecclesiastics themselves are in general so guilty of like indecorum, in their holy places and employments, as to make it manifest that they consider themselves only as actors, having each his part assigned in the drama of the day. They seem to expect, on common occasions, no other attention from a congregation, than a care to bend the knee, bow the head, cross themselves, and smite their bosoms at proper points of the service, and to make their responses in unison. The sacred sale passed heavily; few appeared willing to pay more for a cock, consecrated by its having been devoted to the service of heaven, than for one equally fine from an unholy brood. To infuse a little life into the scene, the heretics, after being assured that they might do so without offence, began to raise the prices, and bought a few trifles at an exorbitant rate, or enjoyed the mortification of an opponent, when they chose that a contested article should fall into his hands. The first lot which fell to my own share, was two dozen of eggs, which cost nearly a penny each; the next was a cake, made no doubt in the best style of the donor. This I begged permission, if not absolutely contrary to all rule, to divide among the ladies who were with us; and being allowed to eat, it was presumed that drinking would not be improper, and the mistress of the house produced wine. The auctioneer, elevated, as it might seem, by the high prices which he had obtained, quitted his beaten ground, stepped into the ranks of the females, and strode over their shoulders. Incommoded by his freedoms, they at first repaid him with jokes, and afterwards with pinches on his naked legs and feet, and at last with hearty slaps on the buttocks, which a short jacket left unskirted. In this manner, they beat him off the field, and the feat was applauded as excellent sport. The officiating priest seemed to participate in our feelings, on the conversion of a religious ceremony into a scene so ludicrous; for he commenced the more serious part of the service, which imperatively demanded silence, and vindicated its claim to attention. At this season, similar offerings are made all over the country, and generally disposed of in the same way. In these sales, the common character may not often make so unreserved a display of itself, as in the present instance; yet a man wishing to become acquainted with Brazilian manners, will be well repaid for the time which he may spend in an attendance upon them."

In the year 1817, our author made a journey into the province of Minas Geraes, when he put himself under the guidance of a tropeiro or carrier, partially adopted the dress of the country, and supplied himself with a variety of articles, both of furniture and table requisites, which show that, to take a journey in Brazil, is a very different thing from travelling in Britain. Goods are carried into the interior on the backs of mules, two hundred and fifty-six pounds being the average load of each; but on this occasion a poor animal carried a load of tea-boards, which, with their counterpoise, amounted to four hundred and sixteen pounds weight. On frequented roads, says our author,

"The owner of a large estate builds what is called a Rancho, which, in general, is nothing more than a long and broad roof, covered with tiles, and raised upon rough and unhewn posts, about twenty feet high; intended to afford shelter from the sun and rain, but it has generally no walls whatever, and very frequently the ground upon which it stands is not even rendered smooth and level. In these respects, therefore, they are inferior to the common hovels of English farms, under which cattle are usually housed. Beneath these sheds, those who travel with a troop, for the most part, take up their residence for the night, and have no communication whatever with the house or the owner of it. Just by he establishes a venda, that he may be able to dispose of milho, a chief article which the farm produces, and too bulky and heavy to be conveyed over

mountainous roads to a distant market, where also the price obtained would hardly defray the expenses of carriage. At a small distance also, upon the farm, is a pasture, into which the cattle belonging to the troop are turned at night. This is generally in some secluded valley, where the mules require neither enclosures nor keeper, for they seldom stray from the spot, separate from each other, or mingle with the individuals of another troop. For pasturage a small sum is paid to the owner of the land, and he derives the additional advantage of keeping his estate in some measure free from brushwood, and in a condition suitable for furnishing his own cattle with grass."

The country to the north of the capital is finely diversified with hill and dale. The scenery of one of the tributary streams of the river Parahyba, reminded the author of the vale of Matlock; and a fine vale at some distance from the banks of the Parahyba itself, had some resemblance to that of the Tees near Barnard castle. At the ferry of another river, the officers of the register were found employed weighing gold dust, which they had received as the produce of the washings, by a number of country people who

had brought it in.

"These men, some of them negroes, appeared to be very poor, who, having collected a few oitaves of metal, carry it to the register, where it is examined, weighed, and a small sum advanced upon it. These circumstances are entered in a book, the dust, wrapped up in a small packet, is deposited in an iron chest, and the man departs to search for more. When he has collected as much as he thinks will make a bar, a certificate is given to him of the gross weight and probable value; the metal itself is sent to the smelting-house, where it lies for several months. In the meantime this written certificate is negociated by the searcher, and circulates until the bar which it represents be inquired for. One of these documents fell into my hands in the city, which had been issued at Sabara, two years before. On presenting this writing at the smelting-house, the bar is produced, and with it a certificate of the gross weight of the dust, the waste it suffered in smelting, of the quantity deducted as the royal fifth, of the present weight, assay and value of the bar. These bars, bearing the royal arms, the name of the place where they were issued, the weight and quality of the gold, accompanied by their certificates, circulate as coin, in the province of Minas Geraes, and some others, but now, when they find their way to that of Rio de Janeiro, they must be carried to the treasury, where they are coined into pieces of 6,400 reis, or 4000 reis each. The former of these certificates, it is evident, becomes actually a paper currency, and on a small scale produces in commerce some of the same effects; the latter also, though in the present mode it rather encumbers the circulation, might be made a very convenient kind of bank note, payable on demand, by the

bar which it represents, or exchangeable for treasury paper after date."

The gold searchers exhibited specimens of the dust they had collected, but with the utmost secrecy, as the sale of it to foreigners is prohibited. Upon the lower part of the river Parahybuna, searching for gold is interdicted; yet a considerable quantity is procured from it in a clandestine manner. In reference to the prohibition, an old searcher shrewdly remarked to our author, "you know, sir, the night has no eyes." A cone of wet sand three feet high, which takes a man a day to raise, and two days to wash, yields gold to the value of from twenty to five and twenty shillings.

lings.

The party now entered upon the province of Minas Geraes, and travelled through a fine pastoral country with cattle grazing around. The range of the thermometer in the course of the day was from 54° to 76°. The nights and mornings, of course, felt cool, but the air was finely bracing. In the course of their journey the party had some invitations to dine at the houses of rich farmers, or had fruit and other delicacies sent to them at the ranchos where they stopped. The route lay through a country resembling the West Riding of Yorkshire in external aspect; and from one of its hills our author was presented with a splendid scene.

"Here was nothing romantic and rough, no gray and naked peaks, no abrupt precipices and projections, but one expansive picture of elegant symmetry. Yet, having proceeded a few yards over the brow, a still more delightful scene burst at once to view. We looked down upon an ocean of mist, through whose surface broke, for many miles round, the tops of innumerable mountains, ranged like islands upon the bosom of the deep; all formed by the most delicate hand, painted by the richest pencil, and enlightened by the full splendour of a newly risen sun; even my negro boy, who might have vied with any one in human shape, for want of sensibility and taste, gazed in silence for a time, and then cried aloud, "He muito bonito"—It is very fine! Could I have passed such a spot without admiration, I should have thought myself destitute of one capacity for joy, if without feelings of devotion and gratitude, incapable of praising that Being, who, having formed, looked upon creation and pronounced it good."

The town of St. John D'El Rey is two hundred and sixty-five miles distant from Rio de Janeiro. It is of a circular form, and, in point of situation and size, bears a strong resemblance to Halifax in Yorkshire. The intermixture of public and private buildings, the white-washed walls, the red tiled roofs, the gray paved streets, the yellow sands of the river, and the green shrubbery of the gardens, combined to form an interesting picture. This town was blessed with a good governor, and it is certainly delightful to find among such a people, so much humanity and integrity, as are exhibited in the following extract:

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The character of the governor soon displayed itself, not merely in the frankness of his manners towards strangers, and the easy terms upon which he admitted to his presence every respectable individual of the place, but also by the kind notice which he took of a poor sickly Indian boy, who had accidentally seated himself upon the steps of the house; the tender interest which the condition of this poor outcast excited in the bosom of a person whom fortune had placed so much above him, quite won my heart, and rivetted my esteem for a man so gentle and humane; nor had I occasion afterwards to detract my respect. As a friend, he was warm and sincere, as a judge, upright and inflexible. In the latter respect, his character just before had been put to a severe trial, by the appearance of a person at his tribunal who had till then shared his esteem, and for whose acquittal great interest had been made; nevertheless he suffered not the friend to usurp the seat of justice, but passed an unmitigated sentence. On this account some were disposed to think him severe, yet, besides the satisfaction arising mm the consciousness of having done what was right, he possessed the respect, the affection, and blessings of the people. Without reserve, parade, or affectation, he showed himself among them, and was every where received as their guardian and friend."

The poorer classes are here employed in searching for the precious metals. Some of them collect pieces of quartz, break them, and examine the fragments; others take up the sand of the river and wash it; and others dig holes and divert the stream into them. Westward from the town, the ground on the declivity of a hill is trenched and washed. Our author thinks, and we dare say justly, that it would be more profitable to crop the ground, than to treat it in this manner. The mine which gave being to the town is nothing but a deep pit, near the government house, into which the rills from the neighbouring hills were guided, and the sand with which they were charged afterwards searched.

"Here accounts relating to gold are kept in marks, ounces, oitaves, and vintems, twelve vintems being equal to one oitave, or eighth part of an ounce, and eight ounces to one mark. The integral weight or ounce of the metal, when pure, or twenty-four carats fine, and when the royal claim or fifth has been satisfied, is estimated at 13.090 10-11 reis, which, at an exchange of sixtypence per milreis, gives three pounds five shillings and fivepence halfpenny, nearly as the sterling value of pure gold, when issued from the smelting-house; or for British standard gold, which is only twenty-two carats fine, less than three pounds sterling per ounce. The relative value of every quality of gold may be easily found by multiplying the number of carats by 75, or otherwise, at one operation, by using as a multiplier the number 130.9166, which gives the product in British farthings. Hence it is evident, that the intrinsic value of gold, when taken from the earth, and without any duty being paid upon it, is something less than fortyeight shillings per ounce for British standard, or that quality which is twenty-two carats fine."

Besides the trade in gold, this town enjoys a considerable share in the commerce of the country. The imports consist chiefly of British manufactures, the demand for which is great, and likely to increase. Oxen, horses, and mules; bacon and cheese; cotton, sugar, and coffee; gold, and precious stones, with some manufactured articles,—are given for them in exchange. The military of this town and the comarca or county of which it is the head, consists, as in every part of Brazil, chiefly of militia; hence every person of note is an officer, and very tenacious of his military rank. The climate is fine and dry from March to November. Rain always comes from the south; snow sometimes falls on the hills, and ice is occasionally formed in the night, but neither can resist the heat of the mid-day sun. The disorder called goitre, here papas, prevails throughout the mining district, affecting people of all colours, classes, and conditions, and not sparing even the cattle. Salt, a luxury highly relished, both by the people and the brute creation, seems to be very efficacious in preventing and curing this disease.

From St. John the party proceeded to Villa Rica, through a country similar to that already traversed; but the elevation of which was so much greater, that the thermometer, which, before, had not been observed below 500, now descended to 370. The first appearance of Villa Rica is like an assemblage of well-built white villages, perched upon the salient points of the northern hill. But, on a hearer approach, these objects prove to be churches and other public buildings, while the dwelling-houses are found in the hollows between them. Nothing but the love of gold could have raised a town on such a spot; yet it is substantially built, kept clean and in good repair, and is supplied with abundance of pure water. It contains two thousand houses, all white-washed, fourteen public fountains, numerous bridges across the streams, ten churches, and the edifices of state, such as the governor's palace, the treasury, mint, and custom-house. The town is placed at the junction of several streams, whose waters have only one outlet by a narrow chasm. The united streams take the name of Rio de Carmo, and its sand is productive of much gold. In a small plain near the town, which is often flooded, trenches are opened by any one who chooses, and the mud deposited in them is carefully collected, and washed at home. The rills from the mountains are carefully examined for particles of precious metal; and in places where there is no natural flow of water, a series of pits is dug, a stream conducted to them, at proper scasons the water is drained off, and the sediment collected and searched. Drifts have been also run horizontally into the softer parts of the mountain, to allow the water impregnated with gold to coze through the shistose materials of which it is composed. These drifts are about twenty yards long, and about four broad; but the smaller and safter hills in the vicinity have been bored to a much greater extent. Such, and various other methods, more or less laborious, are now necessarily resorted to by the miners of Villa Rica. But when this place was first discovered by the gold searchers, it is said that they had merely to pull up the tufts of grass from the side of the hills, and to shake the precious dust from the roots. The inhabitants spin and weave wool, worsted, and cotton; but their manufactures are purely domestic. The town is of some importance in a commercial point of view, as it now divides the trade to Goyaz and Cuyaba, with St. John D'El Rey. St. Bartholomew, in the neighbourhood, is famed for its sweetmeats, and sends a large quantity of marmalade to Rio de Janeiro.

"From the steepness of the streets in this town, wheel-carriages would be almost as useless there as in Venice. As a substitute for them, a large vehicle, like a sedan chair, is used, and carried by mules instead of men; the workmanship of it is very clumsy, and the harness far inferior to ours. But an English saddle having found its way thither, the harness-maker, much to his credit, borrowed it, took it to pieces, and put it together again, in such a manner that the owner did not perceive any alteration. The man had the ingenuity to imitate what he had thus examined; and I saw a saddle-tree made by him which came little short of his model."

"The temperature of Villa Rica, and its neighbourhood, is low; in the morning, during my stay, the thermometer varied little from 60°; at noon it was generally 64° or 65° in the shade. There is a considerable degree of moisture in the climate; the mornings were in common foggy, which sometimes turned to a drizzling rain, coming uniformly from the north, over the brow of the hill. About ten o'clock the atmosphere cleared and brightened, and the sun became scorching until four; but there is something ungenial in the heat, which parches the skin, without materially warming the air. The evenings were clear and beautiful, and the stars shone brightly at night, as during a frost in England, unobscured by a prevailing glow of light, which rendered distant objects uncommonly visible."

Mr. Luccock returned to the capital by a different route; but the particulars of this part of his journey are not of sufficient importance to detain us. The last chapter of the book contains information which deserves particular attention. During the period between 1813 and 1818, the inhabitants of the city had been greatly increased by the arrival of many foreigners from the Spanish provinces, North America, and Europe. Several of the labouring class of foreigners had dispersed themselves through the country in the vicinity of the city; and others had gone to the interior to enjoy a cool climate, as better adapted to their constituions than that of Rio. As these foreigners had brought the know-

ledge and habits acquired in their native country along with them, the works of art in progress exhibited more skill and taste than had been hitherto displayed in this part of the world. A new church, and several chapels with steeples, had been built, as also a new treasury and an exchequer. The furniture of houses, and the dress of the people had been improved. " All tended to create a great air of bustle and importance, to banish, in some measure, the formality which had prevailed until then in the manners of the city, and to render it a showy and intrusive place:" This change required the police to be strengthened, as a considerable number of bad characters had found their way to the city; among whom was a large proportion of Frenchmen, "whose characters had been transmitted from the Police Office at Paris." A sort of Alien Office was, in consequence, established, where every foreigner was compelled to enrol his name, and take out a license of residence. A military academy had been established for the instruction of officers, and books of tactics translated for their use. Troops had arrived from Portugal with such equipments, discipline, feelings, and habits, as they had acquired under Lord Wellington.

Mr. Luccock gives the following account of the insurrection which lately broke out in Pernambuco. The extraordinary drought of 1816 had caused a scarcity of provisions, from which the people of that province had suffered severely. The emigration of the Court to Brazil had cut off the connection between Pernambuco and Lisbon: but it had become rich by the exportation of cotton to Great Britain, at an exhorbitant price. Hence, in the needy circumstances of the treasury, it was flattered and indulged; and when the inhabitants saw other states rising into independence, " they recollected and boasted of their former services to the Crown of Portugal, and now became tired of its yoke." Similar sentiments were cherished in all the northern provinces; and the whole of that part of Brazil was on the eve of a revolt. Early in March, 1817, two military officers were murdered, and, in the subsequent affair, a few people lost their lives. But the leaders proved themselves utterly devoid of capacity for successfully managing a resistance to the established government.

"They not only neglected the supplies, and the means of defence, which common prudence might have told them would become necessary, but seemed to court resistance, and in mockery to (of) the government in Rio, sent the expelled governor thither, to carry the news, and tell his own tale. At that period the Conde des Arcos, whose vigour of mind and promptitude in action place him among the first men of Brazil, was governor of Bahia; so soon as the news reached him he despatched two vessels of war, to blockade the port of Pernambuco, and thus intercepted the supplies of the place, and rendered the scarcity of provisions which prevailed still more distressing. He despatched also, by

land, a body of troops, whose advanced guard took possession of Pedras on the 24th of April, and Tramenderé on the 29th; the main body arrived on the 3d and 5th of May; a slight skirmish ensued, in which the rebels were routed and their four leaders taken. Thus terminated, in little more than ten days, and almost without a struggle, the wild projects of a drunken coward, a profligate priest, a mad assassin, and a cunning knave."

When the king heard of the insurrection, he exclaimed, "How is it that my subjects revolt? I have always tried to do them good; I do not know that I have injured any one: what do they wish for?" His conduct on this occasion was vigorous. Accompanied by the heir-apparent, he visited the treasury, the arsenal, and other offices of state; examined the stores, the storekeepers, and their books; punished negligent officers, and replaced them by better men; and by this means created among the people a feeling of loyalty which must have been peculiarly gratifying. The palace was crowded with people offering services or money. In the city alone, 7000 volunteers were enrolled, and L.60,000 Sterling raised. The performances of the theatre were suspended by rapturous expressions of loyalty and patriotism.

"I confess, that though a foreigner, and interested only in general with domestic politics, this burst of national sentiment thrilled to my very soul. I saw a whole people at once forget the execrable mode in which the administration of the country had been conducted, and the oppression under which almost every man had laboured. I saw them bury it all beneath the love of a sovereign whom they knew to be benevolent, though inactive; deceived, but not personally cruel."

The troops appointed to suppress the insurrection, had seen service in Spain, and were officered by men of talents and loyal-ty. A blockading squadron sailed from Rio on the 2d of April; the voyage was prosperous. The fleet entered the Recife on the 20th of May; Olinda rehoisted the royal standard, and was treated with mercy.

"When the troops which composed the expedition returned to Rio, they were complimented with the proud epithet of Pernambucanos; and although they had actually never seen an enemy, were as vain of their exploits as if they had gained the best disputed field. They met there, however, two regiments of uncommon merit, from Portugal, who were distinguished as Talaveirans, because they had been engaged in the battle which bears that name, and in every subsequent affair which had opposed their progress from Torres Vedras to Toulouse. The dirlogues and disputes which occurred between the bloodless hero of Olinda, and him who had bravely marched up to, and scaled the breach at St. Sebastian's, would have been highly diverting, had they not displayed much ill temper, and laid the foundation of serious affrays, in which some lives were lost. These were generally fomented by

the Brazilians, because they hated the people from Portugal; while all impartial men could not but be struck with the superior discipline, energy, and temper of the men of Talaveira. In this moody state of things, some insane blockhead, or desperate traitor, obtained an order from the king for a review and sham-fight, to take place a day or two afterwards around the palace of St. Christophe, in which the two parties were to try their skill in attack and defence. All sober-minded men became alarmed, and the very day before the review was to take place, it was discovered by accident that the Pernambucanos had provided themselves with balls, buttons, nails, and other missiles, for the purpose of doing The troops from Portugal were instantly ordered to mischief. their barracks, and being examined by their officers, frankly owned that they were not unaware of the mischief intended for them, and that if any one man among them was hit, they had agreed to disobey orders, to charge with the bayonet, and march over their opponents. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the review did not take place, and that the circumstance produced a spirit among the parties which it would be very difficult to control. In the full exercise of such rancorous feelings, I left the troops in the year 1818."

In the subsequent part of the volume is some curious information respecting the internal police of the country, the regnal honours bestowed upon it, the acclamation of the king, and the increase of knowledge and taste, with sundry observations on slavery and the slave trade. We cannot enter on these particulars; and must now come to a conclusion by a few notices concerning the commerce of Brazil.

"While looking at the intercourse of foreign vessels with Rio. every Briton must be gratified at the wonderful preponderance which his own country possesses in that branch of commerce, both as it respects the direct trade from British ports, from colonial ones, and between Rio and other foreign ports;-a branch of commerce almost new in itself, of great importance to every maritime people, and of immense value to our shipping interest, although it makes no figure either in our custom-house entries or our reports to parliament. This, however, loudly calls for legislative interference, not only to nurture and protect it, but to control and prevent it from doing mischief. It is certain that no vessel ought to navigate under the British flag, without the government knowing precisely where she is, and what she is doing. Every such vessel which goes from one foreign port to another, ought not only to take a consular clearance, but to specify, definitely, the port to which she intends to proceed; her arrival, or non-arrival there should be noted, the duration of her voyage, the nature of her cargo, and such other circumstances as may be thought connected with the object which she has in view.

"These particular should be transmitted also to the Beard of Trade, not so much with a view to make known the nature of the traffic in which the vessel is engaged, as to prevent British ships from abusing their privileges, and foreign ones from appearing under a protection to which they have no title, and making use of the flag as a cloak, in distant seas, for such proceedings as the British government would not justify. In proportion as the commerce we are speaking of expands, care ought to be taken to maintain the purity of mercantile character, the acknowledged rectitude and generosity of the British ensign. Wherever that is displayed it should be the rallying point of the injured, the pavilion of the distressed,—always indicating a place of refuge to be sought, and never appearing as a beacon to be shunned."

This branch of foreign commerce is of advantage to Brazil, as it takes off her surplus produce, and supplies her with British manufactures; for her trade is still only in the state of barter. American vessels call at Rio for bullion, which they carry to Asia to purchase cargoes that are distributed through Europe and the United States. "In this important and lucrative branch of commerce, Britain," says the author, "has no share: she prohibits it to herself!" Political relations, and a friendly intercourse subsist between Brazil and Spain, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, as well as some of the other states of Europe. Respecting the late marriage of an Austrian princess to the heir-apparent, Mr. Luccock remarks, that "from a connection of this kind, Austria could expect no immediate or direct advantage; and the state of banishment in which the princess must be placed, can be compensated only by the consideration, that Brazil, like South America, in general is a rich country, and affords a field for royal as well as commercial adventurers."

## ART. XIII.—Letters from the West. Letter III.

April 18th. This morning we left Wheeling. Between this place and Marietta, there is little particularly worthy of attention, except the mounds and fortifications, on Mr. Tomlinson's farm at Grave Creek. The "Big Grave," as it is called, is about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Tomlinson's house, in a south-westerly direction; it is a circular mound, sixty-eight feet high, and fifty-five feet in diameter at the top. This is one of the largest mounds in the western country, and it exhibits every indication of great antiquity, its whole surface being covered by forest trees of the largest size, and the earth presenting no peculiarity to distinguish it from the adjacent soil.

The "Long Reach," where the Ohio pursues a direct course for

17 miles, may also be noticed in this place, as presenting a remarkable exception from the general character of this river.

19th. Marietta is beautifully situated at the mouth of the Muskingum river, and has an appearance of neatness and regularity, which is not usual in the villages of this country. The Ohio has occasionally overflowed its banks at this place, but its inroads might easily be prevented by a slight embankment, and it is presumed that the inhabitants will not neglect a precaution so necessary to their health and convenience. Ship building was carried on here to some extent several years ago, and great expectations were entertained of the future commercial importance of the town; but as yet they have not been realised. As early as the year 1798 or 99, commodore Preble built a brig of 120 tons at this place, which probably was the first sea vessel lanched in the western waters.

I would gladly have stopped for a short time at this place, for I began to be heartily tired of the boat. A voyage of any kind is disagreeable enough at best, for give it what variety you may, it still involves confinement of the body, and a correspondent restraint of the mind. The fancy, it is true, may wander over boundless regions, but the feet are as fond of wandering as the imagination, and it is by no means pleasant to have them limited within the space of a few yards. Yet disagreeable as such a situation naturally is, I have found so many recreations to amuse me on the present occasion, so much novelty in the objects which are continually presented, and so much interest in the recollections which crowd upon my mind, that I cannot say my most idle moments have been wearisome; and I am convinced that with the aid of a little ingenuity, and some good humour, no man need ever despair.

The heart must be cold indeed that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream La Belle Riviere (the beautiful river). Its current is always graceful, and its shores every where romantic. Every thing here is on a large scale. The eye of the traveller, let it wander as it may, is continually regaled with magnificent sc nes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified with the name of mountains; no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid, but masterly hand;

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every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilise that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself delightful, as it consists in the recurrence of noble traits which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a lovely woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expression. The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rock, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it, like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. This noble stream, clear, smooth and unruffled, sweeps onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and avoiding those acute angles, which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which nature forces it to submit. On each side, the romantic hills rise, piled on each other, to a tremendous height; and between them are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot, while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad, among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasingly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation. The poet, in sketching these solitudes, might, by throwing his scene a few years back, add the light canoe and war song of the Indian; but the peaceful traveller rejoices in the absence of that which would bring danger as well as variety within his reach-

You are to observe, that I am speaking of the Ohio only so far as I have already seen it; after we leave this hilly region, its shores no doubt present a different aspect. We have just passed the Muskingum Island, and the country already seems to be much less mountainous, though not less romantic. The prospect immediately below this island is singularly characteristic and picturesque. The river making a long stretch to the west, affords an uninterrupted view for several miles. On one side are seen several log houses surrounded by newly cleared fields, exhibiting the first stage of improvement; a little further on a neat brick house surrounded by fruit trees, just putting forth their blossoms, indicates a more advanced state of civilization, and marks the residence of a more wealthy, or more industrious citizen. Beyond these are lofty hills, whose long shadows fall upon the water, and all around is the gloom of the forest. On the opposite bank a rude bridge thrown over a deep ravine is discovered through the trees, and near it a few frail inclosures fabricated of rough stakes, designate and protect the tombs of some of the early adventurers to this wild country.

I never was a friend to the incarceration of beauty, as I always believed that every pretty woman, to say nothing of the ugly ones, was intended to assist in beguiling the cares of some poor fellow, who, like myself, had more of them on his shoulders than he could well attend to. Yet, whenever I gaze on the silent shores of the Ohio, I am tempted to think how pretty a convent would look in one of these romantic vallies, where deep melancholy shadows curtain every spot, where no discordant sound disturbs the solitude, and where no unhallowed object intrudes upon the eye, that could excite "a tumult in a vestal's veins." But this illusion is easily destroyed. When I forsook the deck, and struck into the country among the farmers, who fearing the atmosphere of the river, build their houses at a distance, leaving a strip of the forest standing to intercept the damps, I found something very different from nuns and anchorites.

To day, our boat struck on a sand bar, through the carelessness of the captain, who was sleeping below, when he should have been minding his business. The boatmen jumped into the water with great alacrity, and attempted to "heave her off;" but being unable

to do it, we were obliged to procure a flat boat to lighten, and hands to assist us. These were readily and cheerfully furnished in the neighbourhood; and we suffered no other inconvenience than that of a few hours' detention. In the mean time, I took my fowling piece, and scoured the forest on the Virginia side. After shooting some squirrels and partridges, which were very plenty, I stopped at a farm house, where I was hospitably received. My arrival had been foretold, not like that of Fitz-James, by "a minstrel old and blind," but by the good man of the house, who said he had heard the sound of a shot-gun in the woods, and knew there were strangers about. He eyed my piece with a great deal of contempt, and wondered I did not shoot with a rifle. Throughout the west, a fowling piece is viewed rather as a toy for children, than as a weapon for man. Hunting is here, as Walter Scott expresses it, "mimicry of noble war." The people scorn a weapon less deadly than the rifle, and practice has made them remarkably expert in the use of it. "Luck's like a shot-gun, mighty uncertain," is a common saying, and indeed the poor shot-gun is a standing butt for ridicule, and a common subject of comparison with every thing that is insignificant. I obtained no other information here, than that the country was healthy, and that lawyers were very plenty; my respondent added, by the by, that the latter were wonderful good shots. Returning, I passed over a newly-ploughed field, where a fine strapping country girl, and a negro wench were planting corn, and having nothing else to do, I sat down and inquired the whole process, which I understood as well as they did, but which they explained very amiably.

To-day we passed two large rafts lashed together, by means of which simple conveyance, several families from New England were transporting themselves and their property to the land of promise in the western woods. Each raft was eighty or ninety feet long, with a small house erected on it; and on each was a stack of hay, round which several horses and cows were feeding, while the paraphernalia of a farm yard—the ploughs and wagons, pigs, children, and poultry, carelessly distributed, gave the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence, than of a caravan of adventurers seeking a home. A respectable looking old lady, with "spectacles on nose," was seated on a chair at the door of one of

the cabins, knitting; another female was at the wash-tub, the men were chewing tobacco with as much complacency as if they had been in the "land of steady habits," and the various family avocations seemed to go on like clock-work. In this manner these people travel at a slight expense. They bring their own provisions, their raft floats with the current, and honest Jonathan, surrounded by his scolding, grunting, squalling and neighing dependants, floats to the "point proposed," without leaving his own fire-side; and on his arrival there, may step on shore with his house, and commence business—like a certain grave personage, who on his marriage with a rich widow, said he had "nothing to do but to walk in and hang up his hat."

The evening of this day brought us to Parkersburg, a small village in Virginia, famous for its manufactory of bank notes, of which a goodly quantity were, some years ago, ushered into an ephemeral existence. They have now entirely disappeared—the shop is shut and as this species of domestic industry will find no protection from Mr. Baldwin's contemplated tariff-bill, the inhabitants will be obliged to exert their ingenuity upon some other branch of the arts. The town, composed of a few scattering houses, is beautifully situated. The approach by water is singularly pretty; the houses presenting themselves through a cluster of intervening trees, which, with a proper taste, have been allowed to stand on the shore. We had but a glimpse of it before night came on, when the lights shining through the numerous foliage, reminded me of a Chinese feast of lanterns; and we were so long in getting to the shore, that even these were extinguished before we reached it. The sky was delightfully serene, and the moon beams playing over the tree tops, and drawing out the forest shadows into a thousand fantastic shapes, invited us to a stroll. Our curiosity was soon satisfied. The villagers had retired to rest,—the silence of the forest was around their dwellings-the stranger's foot-step alone disturbed it. We therefore soon returned; but the boatmen were more successful in their researches after nevelty. In their little tour they discovered one of those engines of justice, to which the philanthropic compiler of the Navigator, has devoted a page or two of invective, namely: a vile whipping post. The honest old gentleman last mentioned, could not have been more scandalized at the appearance of this unsightly fixture, than were our unenlightened mariners, who being mostly Pennsylvanians, were unused to this instrument of corporeal punishment, which they forthwith removed from its place, and lanched into the river, observing that "them that wanted to be whipped might go after it."

Nor did the amusements of the night end here. The adventure of the whipping post had exhibarated the spirits of the crew, who now seating themselves in groupes on the bank, actuated, no doubt, by the genial influence of "the chaste cold moon," began to chant their rude ditties of "bold young fellers," and "ladies gay;" an accomplishment in which some of them had acquired a tolerable proficiency, and which they appeared to value more highly than their rough natures would seem to indicate. Here was a fund of entertainment for me. It is amusing to see poetry dressed in rags, and limping upon crutches. Dignified and lovely as she is in her robes of majesty, she becomes the most quaint, ingenious entertaining little imp imaginable, when she condescends to play the hoyden; and I assure you, that I adored her with ten-fold ardour, when I beheld her versatility, and saw her, like a good republican, conforming herself to the company in which she happened to be thrown. She has indeed risen wonderfully in my opinion, in which of late years she had rather sunk, in consequence of the suspicious company she had kept-a virago with Lord Byron, a voluptuary with Anacreon Moore, and with Monk Lewis, a wrinkled old hag. She has again appeared in her native integrity; I have seen her in the robes of nature, and heard her in the innocency of her heart. To the admirers of the simplicity of Wordsworth, to those who prefer the naked effusions of the heart, to the meretricious ornaments of fancy, I present the following beautiful specimen verbatim, as it flowed from the lips of an Ohio boatman:

Its oh! as I was a wal-king out,
One morning in July,
I met a maid, who ax'd my trade,—
Says I "I'll tell you presently,"
"Miss, I'll tell you presently!"

I challenge the admirers of that celebrated poet to point out, is all his works, or in those of his disciples, a single verse which is

more simple, more descriptive, or which contains so much matter in so small a compass.

In the following amatory stanza, the lover betrays his tenderness with great delicacy:

Here's to you, and all the rest,
And likewise her that I love best;
As she's not here to take a part,
I'll drink her health with all my heart."

What a manly spirit breathes through each line, where the poet pays an honest tribute to poverty, sympathises with the forlorn wight, too often the object of ridicule, who lives in "single blessedness," and satirises the cupidity of the world, all in the compass of a single verse, as thus:

"Here's to those that have old clothes, And never a wife to mend 'em; A plague on those that have half joes, And hav'nt a heart to spend 'em."

There was one ballad particularly, of a very pathetic nature, which I regret I have forgotten, as the singer observed very feelingly, that "he set more store to it, than all the rest." It began thus:

"Oh! love was the 'casion of my downfal, I wish I had'nt never loved none at all! Oh! love was 'casion of my misery, Now I am bound, but once I was free!"

But I have no more room for criticism. These brief extracts will convince you that I have not decided in favour of the "River Melodies," on slight grounds. By some future opportunity, I will send you some more of them; in the mean while I bid you good night, in the words which the rowers are even now sounding in my ears as they tug at the oar:

Some rows up, but we row down,

All the way to Shawneetown,

Pull away—pull away!

LETTER IV.

You will have seen already, that it is not my intention to confine this correspondence within the limits of any fixed plan; or to

enter into any of those elaborate details which belong to more patient and more learned investigators. I shall not lay down courses and distances, analyse minerals, or describe the volant or the creeping tribes; but when an amusing anecdote, or a precious morsel of biography presents itself. I shall preserve it with the zeal of a virtuoso. You may smile when I mention biography, as among the subjects of interest in a Western tour; but you have yet to learn that your tramontane countrymen cherish among them many names which deserve "a monument more durable than brass;" and that these rocky barriers, which until recently have repelled the tide of population, have concealed behind them patriots and heroes, whose deeds would give dignity to any age or country. Among these, not the least conspicuous, was a gentleman, whose name is familiar to me from its connection with the traditions current among the inhabitants of that part of Western Pennsylvania in which I have resided for several years past. His history recurred to me this morning as we passed the village of Neville.

Here were passed, in seclusion, the last years of a man who had shone in the brightest circles, and borne a conspicuous character in public life. General Presley Neville was born in Virginia in the year 1756; he received the rudiments of his education at Newark academy, in Delaware, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1775, when he received an honour, and spoke the Latin Salutatory in the presence of the American congress. Immediately after leaving college, he abandoned the idea of one of the learned professions, with a view to which he had been educated, and joined a company commanded by his father, the late general John Neville, then stationed at fort Pitt. The latter gentleman was promoted about this time to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in Colonel Woods' regiment of the Virginia line, and his son obtained command of the Colonel's company, with the rank of Captain Lieutenant. He marched to Boston in 1775; and passed through all the grades to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He was at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Princeton and Trenton, and indeed, in most of the distinguished actions which occurred, and was finally taken prisoner at the surrender

of Charleston in South Carolina, and remained on parole until the end of the war.

In the early part of his service he was aid-de-camp to Major General Stevens, whom he shortly after left, " to follow to the field a warlike lord." La Fayette was then a popular chief; his youth -his gallantry-his rank-his foreign lineage, and his zeal for the republican cause, threw an air of romance about his achievements which rendered him the favourite hero of every circle. He was the mirror in which old men advised the youthful champions of that day to shape their manners. Invited into his family in the capacity of aid-de-camp, colonel Neville became the bosom friend and companion in arms of the gallant Frenchman. He remained with him three years, sharing with him the toils of war, the triumphs of victory, and the gratitude of emancipated thousands. Community of danger, and similarity of taste, produced an ardent friendship between these young soldiers, which was not damped by separation, nor cooled by the shadows of old age. La Fayette, after spending the morning of his life in deeds of virtuous daring, retired to his native country, to devote its evening to philosophic repose; Neville remained on the busy scene, but an intimate correspondence was kept up between them until the death of the latter.

At the close of the revolutionary war, general Neville married the daughter of the celebrated general Daniel Morgan; and removed to Pittsburg, where he spent many years in affluence and happiness, such as rewarded the labours of but few of the veteran founders of our republic. Here he was elected to the General Assembly; once, it is believed, by an unanimous voice, and always by such overwhelming majorities, as sufficiently showed his unbounded and merited popularity. He continued to represent the county of Alleghany, until his fondness for domestic life induced him to retire. He was several times nominated as a candidate for Congress, but always declined the service.

But I am inexcusable in detaining you so long, with a detail of those honours which are, or ought to be, but the ordinary rewards of merit—so true it is that in contemplating the trappings of wealth and office, we forget the merits of the wearer. The most captivating traits in the character of general Neville, are yet untold—to depict them we must pass his threshold, and observe him in that

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circle of which he was the centre, soul, and life. We have seen that he was not only himself a revolutionary hero, but was the son of a gallant soldier, and the son-in-law of one of our most distinguished leaders. Imbibing thus a military spirit with his dearest associations, his whole heart was filled with chivalric ardour. Fresh from the study of Greek and Roman models, he had plunged into the horrors of a civil war, with a mind teeming and glowing with classic images of military and civic virtue—and he had the rare felicity of realizing the visions of his fancy;—in Washington, Hamilton, and La Fayette, he saw Athenian elegance. combined with Spartan virtue, while Rome in the maturity of her fame, was eclipsed by the youthful vigour of American valour. These events operating on a young and ardent heart, contributed to nourish and expand a romantic loftiness of feeling, which gave a tone to the character and fortunes of the future man. He thought, felt, and acted with the pride, the enthusiasm, and the energy of a soldierbut he also acted, felt, and thought on every occasion with that benevolence which is so attractive in the character of a truly brave man, and with that courtesy which belongs exclusively to the wellbred gentleman. No man could boast more from family and fortune-yet no man ever wore his honours with more becoming gracefulness. He was a proud man-but his pride was as far above the vanity of unmeaning distinctions, as his heart was above fear, and his integrity above reproach. He was the kindest of human beings;—there were a thousand tendrils about his heart that continually entwined themselves in the little world around him. His fancy often roved abroad with the classic poet, and loved to linger with the heroes of other days-but his affections were always at home. No man was too great for his friendship-none too insignificant for his kindness. His understanding was strong, and highly cultivated; he was a lover and patron of the arts; elegant in his manners, and easy in his conversation.

The house of general Neville was the seat of festivity, and hospitality smiled at its portals. It was resorted to by the gentry of those days, as a temple consecrated to conviviality and intellectual enjoyment, whose shrine was always accessible. The Cerberus which modern fashion has placed at the doors of the wealthy, to snarl at indigent merit, was then unknown; nor had the heartless.

ness of the bon ton contrived that ingenious system of pasteboard civilities, by means of which the courtesies of social intercourse are now so cheaply paid and received. The hospitalities of that day were substantial; and never were they dispensed with more profusion than under the roof of general Neville. Pittsburg and its vicinity were then but thinly populated, and houses of entertainment were scarce. Strangers of respectability almost always brought letters of introduction to the general, to whose house they were invited with a frankness which banished all reserve on the part of the guest. Here they remained during their stay in the country, and such was the hearty welcome they received, and the continued round of social pleasure which they enjoyed, that their visits were often delayed beyond the original limit. But it was not under his own roof alone, that this gentleman dispensed happiness; he was the constant patron of merit, and the needy never appealed to him in vain for relief.

A man so highly gifted was not calculated to pass unnoticed through life; nor was all of his time devoted to its enjoyment. Besides the offices which he exercised, he was in other respects an active citizen; a liberal promoter of all public improvements, and a careful guardian of the rights of his fellow-citizens. He was often referred to by the federal government for local information, and was once appointed on a mission to France, but was taken ill at Boston, where he was about to embark, and obliged to decline the duty. He also, at different periods, held the offices of surveyor, county lieutenant, and paymaster general to the army of the insurrection. These trusts he discharged with fidelity. The friendship of Washington, and of most of the conspicuous men of that day, which he had gained as a soldier, he forfeited not as a citizen.

Such was the man who was doomed in his old age to present a striking example of the instability of fortune. His notions were too princely for a private individual, and adversity was the inevitable consequence. His fine fortune dwindled under his lavish beneficence; and was perhaps more deeply injured by those who shared his bounty, and whom he trusted without suspicion. There was no guile in him, and he suspected it not in others. He found himself, at last, dependent in a great measure for support upon an

office which he held under the state of Pennsylvania. But even this was not left to him. It would have been inconsistent with the practice of those times to have allowed an old soldier to carry his gray hairs in peace to the grave. Party spirit had reared its gorgon head, and as merit is ever the first object of its vengeance, the revolutionary veteran had nothing to hope.\* But his sun was already setting, and the twilight of his existence alone was darkened by the storm. Still it was a sad reverse:—

"The harp that once in Tara's halls, The soul of music shed, Now hung as mute on Tara's halls, As if that soul was fled."

Thus deprived of all but an unsullied reputation, general Neville retired to this spot, and seated himself on the land which had been earned by his revolutionary services. Here he lived in indigence, and died in obscurity. His remains were removed to Pittsburg, by the filial care of his eldest son, where they were interred with the highest military and civic honours.

I was at the burial of that gallant man. While living I never saw him—but I wept at his grave. It was a touching scene. That man, in prosperity was idolized—in adversity forsaken—in death honoured. There were those around his last earthly receptacle, whose feet had long forgotten the way to his dwelling—but there were none who remembered not his virtues. There were those who had drank of his cup—and whose hearts had smote them at that moment, could they have felt, as that sleeping warrior had felt, "how sharper than the serpent's tooth, is man's ingratitude." The young soldiers whose nodding plumes bent over the corpse, had been the infants who played about the good man's path, and now remembered only his gray hairs and gallant name,—there was a flush on their cheeks—but it arose from the reflection, "that the dearest tear that Heaven sheds, is that which bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

<sup>\*</sup> He was dismissed, with many other soldiers of the revolution, by Governor M'Kean.

Art XIV.—Theology explained and defended, in a Series of Sermons. By 1 imothy Dwight, S. T. D. L. L. D., late President of Yale College. With a Memoir of the Life of the Author. In five Volumes. 8vo. Price 3l. 10s. Middletown, printed: London, re-printed, 1819. From an English Journal.

AMERICA has not of late years been indebted to this country for any theological publication of greater value than these lectures of President Dwight. If that jealousy of our transatlantic brethren, which has too long manifested itself in the supercilious tone of English writers towards every thing American, were not already subsiding, this work might seem sufficient to give a check to the language of disparagement, and to compel a more respectful estimate of at least one branch of her literature. But, unfortunately, that one branch is the least likely to obtain in this country adequate attention, or to be fairly and impartially appreciated; the American divines being too closely identified, in the minds of a large class of persons, with the English Calvinistic Dissenters, to stand a fair chance of having their claims to high consideration generally recognised. A modern essayist actually ranks President Edwards among English Dissenters, being ignorant that the Author of the acutest piece of metaphysical reasoning in the language, was an American. For any thing that appears to the contrary in respect to the purity of his style and the extent of his literary information, the Author of these volumes too might pass for an Englishman. And his masterly exposition and defence of the doctrines of the Reformation, might occasion his being referred to that class of theologians who in this country are stigmatised as Calvinists or evangelical divines. The truth is, that he was a man whom any religious denomination might be proud to claim, one whom every true Christian, of whatever country or language, must delight to recognise as a brother. Such men, the Latimers and the Leightons, the Pascals and the Fenelons, the Owens and the Henrys, the Brainerds and the Martyns, the Doddridges and the Dwights, are the property of no exclusive community: they belong to the Catholic Church. And one might be allowed to apply to them the apostolic designation: they are "the angels of the churches, and the glory of Christ."

Timothy Dwight was born at Northampton in the county of Hampshire, state of Massachusetts, on the 14th of May, 1752. His paternal ancestors were English, but his family had been settled in Massachusetts upwards of a century. His mother was the third daughter of President Edwards; and to this excellent parent, young Dwight was indebted for the rudiments of his education, young for his early impressions of piety. She is said to have possessed uncommon powers of mind, and having been accustomed from infancy to the conversation of literary men at her father's house, was well aware of the importance of intellectual acquirements. It was a maxim with her, that children generally lose

several years, in consequence of being considered by their friends as too young to be taught. She accordingly, began to instruct her son almost as soon as he was able to speak, so that before he was four years old, he was able to read the Bible with correctness.

"At the age of six, he was sent to the grammar school, where he early began to importune his father to permit him to study This was denied, from an impression that he was too young to profit by studies of that description; and the master was charged not to suffer him to engage in them. It was soon found to be in vain to prohibit him; his zeal was too great to be controlled. Not owning the necessary books, he availed himself of the opportunity when the elder boys were at play, to borrow theirs; and, in this way, without his father's knowledge, or his master's consent, studied through Lilly's Latin Grammar twice. When his master discovered the progress he had made, he applied earnestly to his father, and finally obtained a reluctant consent that he might proceed; though every effort short of compulsion was used to discourage him. He pursued the study of the language with great alacrity, and would have been prepared for admission into College at eight years of age, had not a discontinuance of the school interrupted his progress, and rendered it necessary for him to be taken home, and placed again under the direction of his mother."

The conduct of the father will remind our readers of the simi lar prohibition which was laid, from the same mistaken kindness, on Pascal, and which gave occasion for the astonishing display of his precocity of genius. Mr. Dwight was an intelligent man, and in the company of the well educated persons whom his hospitality attracted, his son had valuable opportunities of enlarging his information, and was stimulated to ardent exertion. In his fourteenth year, having, during the previous twelvemonth, improved his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages in a respectable school at Middletown, young Dwight was admitted a member of Yale College; but the disorganized state of the college at that period, together with the interruptions of ill health, rendered the first two years which he passed there, all but absolutely lost time. His intense application during the subsequent two years, laid the foundation of a weakness of sight which caused him great distress during the remainder of life. He formed a resolution, to which he faithfully adhered, to employ fourteen hours every day in close application to his studies. In the year 1769, being a little past seventeen years of age, he received the degree of Batchelor of Arts. On leaving college, he was employed to take charge of a grammar school at New Haven, and during the two years he passed in that situation, his time was thus distributed: six hours in school; eight hours in close and severe study; ten hours to exercise and sleep. In Sep. 1771, he was chosen a tutor in Yale College.

"When he entered upon the office, more than half the members of his class were older than himself; and the freshman who waited upon him, was thirty-two years of age. Notwithstanding a circumstance generally so disadvantageous, he proceeded in the discharge of his official duties with firmness and assiduity; and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the government and instruction of his class, rarely known in the former experience of the College. In addition to the customary mathematical studies, he carried them through Spherics and Fluxions, and went as far as any of them would accompany him into the Principia of Newton. He also delivered to them a series of lectures on style and composition, on a plan very similar to that contained in the Lectures of Blair, which were not published until a considerable time afterwards. His application to study during the six years he remained in office, was intense. In the year 1772, he received the degree of Master of Arts, on which occasion he delivered, as an exercise at the public Commencement, a Dissertation on the History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible. This production, composed and delivered by a youth of twenty, on a subject then so new and of such high interest, was received with the strongest marks of approbation. A copy was immediately requested for the press; and it was afterwards re-published both in America and in Europe. The field of thought was new in this country. The Lectures of Lowth, if then published, were not known on this side of the Atlantic; nor do we know of any work, except the Bible itself, to which the Author appears to have been indebted for his plan or his illustrations."

During the second year of his tutorship, he subjected the physical powers of his constitution to an experiment which had very nearly proved fatal. In order to save the time spent in bodily exercise, he resolved to attempt how far he could obviate the inconveniences attendant on habits of constant sedentary application by, abstemiousness. He began this system by gradually reducing the quantity of his food at dinner, till he brought it down to twelve mouthfuls. After trying this regimen for six months, feeling 'less clearness of apprehension than was desirable,' he adopted a vegetable diet, without increasing the quantity. His constitution was strong enough to enable him to persevere in this rash system for a twelvemonth. At length it gave way, although, strange to say, Mr. Dwight, when he first perceived the reality of the change in his health, had no suspicion of the cause. Repeated attacks of the bilious cholic brought him, at last, to so extreme a degree of emaciation and weakness, that it was with great difficulty that he was removed to Northampton, and his recovery seemed even to himself hopeless. He was recommended, when some improvement had been effected by the aid of medicine, to try the effect of vigorous bodily exercise as the only means of restoring his constitutional health; and to his perseverance in following up this

advice, he was doubtless indebted for his complete recovery. Within a twelvemonth, he walked upwards of two thousand miles,

and rode on horseback upwards of three thousand.

In May 1777, the College was broken up in consequence of the American War. Mr. Dwight, who had recently married, retired with his class to Weathersfield, where he entered on the labours of the pulpit, and continued to occupy himself with instructing his pupils and preaching on the Sunday, till September. He then resigned his charge, and being appointed Chaplain to General Parsons's brigade in the patriot army, joined the forces at West Point.

"The generous enthusiasm," remarks his Biographer, "which then pervaded the country, not only prompted our young men of honour in civil life to take the field, but induced many of our clergy of the first reputation for piety and talents to attach themselves to the staff. The soldier of the revolution need not be told how animating were their sermons and their prayers, nor how correct and exemplary were their lives."

Mr. Dwight remained with the army a little more than a year, during which he distinguished himself, not only by the diligent discharge of his official duties, but by writing several patriotic songs, which contributed not a little to keep alive the enthusiasm of the soldiers in the cause of freedom. The melancholy death of hie father, who fell a victim to the disease of the climate in a distant expedition, leaving a widow and thirteen children behind him, imposed upon him new duties as the elder son and the bro-He now removed with his family to Northampton, where he devoted himself for five years to the education of his younger brothers and sisters, and to the superintendance of a farm, the maintenance of the family depending almost entirely on his personal exertions. He also established a school for the instruction of youth of both sexes, which was almost immediately resorted to by so great a number of pupils, that he was under the necessity of employing two assistants. During this period, he preached on the Sunday almost without intermission.

"The filial affection and dutiful respect and obedience which he exhibited towards his mother, and the more than fraternal kindness with which he watched over the well-being of his brothers and sisters, deserve the most honourable remembrance. To accomplish this object, he postponed his own establishment for life and a provision for his family. To accomplish it, though destitute of property, he relinquished in their favour his own proportion of the family estate; laboured constantly for five years with a diligence and alacrity rarely exampled; and continued his paternal care, and exertions, and liberality long after his removal from Northamptos. Often have we heard his mother acknowledge in language of elequent affection and gratitude, his kindness, and faithfulness, and honourable generosity to her and to her children. The respect

which she felt and manifested towards him, though perhaps not his inferior in native powers of mind, resembled the affection of a dutiful child towards her father, rather than the feelings of a mother for her son."

In the years 1781 and 1782, he twice represented the town of Northampton in the state legislature; and it was owing to his exertions and those of his colleague, the Hon. Joseph Hawley, "in opposition to the current of popular feeling and to no small weight of talents and influence, that the new constitution of Massachusetts was adopted by the convention of the most important county in the state." His talents, his industry, and his eloquence soon rendered him one of the most influential and valuable members of the legislative body. He was at this period warmly solicited to devote himself altogether to public life; but his attachment to the duties of the Christian ministry induced him to decline every offer of a permanent employment in a civil capacity; and in November 1783, he accepted of the pastoral charge of the church at Greenfield, a parish in the town of Fairfield in Connecticut. Here, to supply the deficiencies arising from an inadequate stipend, he established, absolutely without funds, an academy for both sexes, and supported it with unexampled reputation, devoting six hours every day to the instruction of his pupils, numbers of whom were carried through the whole course of education customary at college. He adopted to a considerable degree one part of the Lancasterian method, making it the duty of the older scholars to hear the recitations of the younger. During the twelve years of his residence at Greenfield, he instructed more than one thousand pupils.

"When it is considered that, from his leaving college as a tutor, his eyes were so weak as not only to preclude him almost entirely from reading and writing, but to cause him very frequently extreme pain and distress, it will naturally be concluded, that he must have passed a very industrious and laborious life. Such, however, was his capacity for every kind of business in which he was engaged, that he was able to devote as much time as was necessary to the calls of company and friendship, as well as to perform the extra-parochial duties of a minister to his people."

In 1787, Mr. Dwight received the degree of doctor of divinity from the college at Princeton, New Jersey. In May, 1795, the presidency of Yale College becoming vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Styles, he was unanimously appointed to that honourable station, and once more removed with his family to New Haven, to the extreme regret of the parish over which he had so long presided. The state of the college at this period was truly deplorable: its discipline was relaxed, its reputation deservedly on the decline, and to such a height had the prevalence of a shallow and flippant inficielity arisen, that a considerable proportion of the class which he first taught, had assumed the names of the principal English and French infidels, by which they were more familiarly known than by their own.

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"To extirpate a spirit so pernicious and fatal, he availed himself of an early and decisive opportunity. Forensic disputation was an important exercise of the senior class. For this purpose, they were formed into a convenient number of divisions; two of which disputed before him every week in the presence of the other members of the class, and of the resident graduates. It was the practice for each division to agree upon several questions, and then refer them to the president to select which he thought proper. Until this time, through a mistaken policy, the students had not been allowed to discuss any question which involved the inspiration of the Scriptures: from an apprehension that an examination of these points would expose them to the contagion of scepticism. As infidelity was extensively prevalent in the state and in the country, the effect of this course on the minds of the students had been unhappy. It had led them to believe, that their instructors were afraid to meet the question fairly, and that Christianity was supported by authority and not by argument. One of the questions presented by the first division, was this, 'Are the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament the word of God? To their surprise, the president selected it for discussion; told them to write on which side they pleased, as he should not impute to them as their own, any sentiments which they advanced; and requested those who should write on the negative side of the question, to collect and bring forward all the facts and arguments which they could produce: enjoining it upon them, however, to treat the subject with becoming respect and reverence. Most, if not all, of 'the members of the division came forward as the champions of infidelity. When they had finished the discussion, he first examined the ground they had taken; triumphantly refuted their arguments; proved to them that their statement of facts was mistaken or irrelevant; and, to their astonishment, convinced them, that their acquaintance with the subject was wholly superficial. After this, he entered into a direct defence of the divine origin of Christianity in a strain of powerful argument and animated eloquence which nothing could resist. The effect upon the students was electrical. From that moment, infidelity was not only without a strong hold, but without a lurking place. To espouse her cause, was now as unpopular as before it had been to profess a belief in Christianity. Unable to endure the exposure of argument, she fled from the retreats of learning ashamed and disgraced."\*

A man who could by means so mild, yet so decisive, achieve such a revolution as this, must have been of no ordinary character; and had we no other data than this solitary anecdote for forming an exalted estimate of the distinguished subject of this memoir, it would be amply sufficient to prove that he must have united, in a

Two discourses "on the Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy," addressed to the candidates for the Baccalaureate in Yale College, which president Dwight published in 1797, have been reprinted in this country.

very striking degree, calmness of temper and coolness of judgment with moral intrepidity and decision. The means which he adopted, were undoubtedly the most direct and the most prudent; and yet, in the hands of a man of inferior powers of mind, the result, if not doubtful, would, assuredly, have been far less triumphant. It is in vain to speak of the omnipotence of truth, in any other reference than its ultimate prevalence; for, in the practical encounter with infidelity, truth is often found powerless, owing to the unhappy facility with which minds in love with error may repel the utmost force of argument, and escape from their own convictions. The confutation of confirmed scepticism would seem, indeed, to be a hopeless adventure. But in the instance before us, it was with ignorance as mach as with scepticism, that president Dwight had to contend; and it is quite evident, that he won the day as much by his conciliatory policy, as by his power of reasoning. The young men were taken by surprise, by a conduct so different from what they had been accustomed to; while the mild energy of their president was well adapted to conciliate, not only their respect, but their confidence. At precisely the right moment, he interposed the full weight of his authority, and the whole force of his eloquence, in vindication of the truth; and then it was, that feeling themselves grappled with by a superior mind, they were not only conquered, they threw away their arms. Had he previously attempted to decide the dispute by his own authority, whatever had been his powers of reasoning or of oratory, he would, in all probability, have failed in producing any lasting conviction on the minds of his pupils. On the other hand, had he, with mistaken candour, permitted them to remain in any degree of indecision, had he betrayed any deficiency of clearness or certainty in his own convictions, or any languor in the tone of his belief,—had he disclaimed the wish to bias their minds in matters of infinite interest, their infidelity would never have been vanquished. His conduct on this occasion was in perfect contrast to that spurious liberality of opinion which would tolerate the ceaseless renewal of such discussions, in what is termed the spirit of free inquiry, as a scholastic exercise. Between the mistaken policy which precluded altogether the discussion of any question involving the inspiration of the scriptures, and the worse than impolitic conduct which would give up the fundamental fruths of Christianity to be bandied about with daring nonchalance in academic games, there is surely to be found a practicable medium. Our readers will, perhaps, call to mind bishop Watson's remark on the themes selected for disputation in the Soph's school at Cambridge, when he was Moderator: "The liberality of principles in which the University of Cambridge initiates her sons, would, had he been acquainted with them, have extorted praise from Mr. Gibbon himself."\* By such praise Dr. Dwight would not have considered himself as honoured.

<sup>•</sup> Eclectic Review. N. S. Vol. IX. p. 101.

There were other circumstances which rendered his situation as president of the college at that period, one of peculiar difficulty.

"A general sentiment of insubordination, growing out of the political situation of the civilized world, had seized the minds of the young as well as the old. High notions of freedom and personal independence prevailed among all ages. And the first impulse to which, in many instances, the minds of youth as well as men, were disposed to yield, was, resistance to authority. Many of our higher seminaries of learning have witnessed its effects in scenes of riot and insurrection, which have, for the time, subverted their authority, and destroyed their usefulness. Yale College wholly escaped these evils. No general combination of the students to resist its government, ever occurred during his presiden-This fact is to be ascribed to the wisdom and firmness of the president and his associates in office. He well knew that the tranquillity of such an institution must depend on the respect and affection of the students, and the steady watchfulness of its officers. Deeply read in the human character, and emphatically so in the character of young men, he foresaw the approaches of the storm which so extensively prevailed, and provided in season the means of defence and security. On every occasion of this kind, he derived the utmost benefit from one trait of his character, his energy; a trait which no man ever possessed in a more eminent degree. His decision and inflexibility to his purpose cannot be surpassed."

On his accession to the presidency, the number of the students was only a hundred and ten. Almost immediately after his accession, they began to increase, till they amounted, at one time, to three hundred and thirteen. His conduct towards the young men was truly paternal. He encouraged more especially the senior class, in all their difficulties and troubles, to come to him for advice and assistance; and those who, on leaving college, wished to be employed as tutors, regularly applied to him to procure them eligible situations.

"He remembered the feelings of a young man just leaving college without a profession, without property, and with no means of support but the blessing of God and his own exertions. Nothing gave him higher pleasure than to encourage the heart of every youth so situated, to save him from despondence, and to open to him the road to property, to usefulness, and to honour. The number of his students whom he thus essentially befriended, would almost exceed belief. With others who were in more affluent circumstances, he would enter into a free and confidential conversation on their plan of life, explain to them their peculiar dangers, and lead them to aim at eminence in their professions, and to form for themselves a high standard of moral excellence. His pupils familiarly spoke of him by the most honourable appellation, the 'Young Man's Friend.'

During twenty years, Yale College continued to enjoy the watchful superintendance and indefatigable labours of this invaluable man; and at the age of sixty-three, his constitution exhibited no symptoms of decay or infirmity. The regularity of his habits, and the uniform course of exercise which he pursued, rendered him at that age more active and energetic than most men are at forty. It was his constant practice, when the season admitted of it, to work for at least one hour before breakfast in his garden. He also walked, or rode on horseback, for some time every day; and often in the winter, when no other mode of exercise was convenient, would employ himself in cutting fire-wood. By these means, he secured the uninterrupted enjoyment of vigorous health, till, in February 1816, he was seized with the first attack of the painful disease to which he ultimately fell a victim. For several weeks, he endured with unyielding fortitude and resignation the most excruciating pain; and when at length he obtained, by surgical aid, partial relief, it was evident that the disorder had made the most fearful ravages in his constitution. During the summer, he was able so far to struggle with the disease as to resume his professional and official labours. But, although his cheerfulness, as well as the activity of his mind, were unabated, his strength was visibly ebbing away. Often, languid and scarcely able to support himself, he would enter the lecture-room, announcing his intention only to ask the students a few questions; but, kindling with the subject, 'his physical system,' says his biographer, "seemed temporarily excited by the action of his mind, and he would discourse with his usual eloquence and interest, and even threw a charm of sprightliness and brilliancy over his communications. Only a week before his death, he heard the theological class at his own house for the last time. His sufferings were extreme; his debility so great that it appeared a painful effort for him to speak; "but again, his mind abstracted itself from sympathy with an agonised frame," and, in a discourse of one hour and a half, he expatiated on the doctrine of the Trinity in a strain of cogent reasoning and interesting illustration, which left an indelible impression on the minds of his pupils. He continued in a state of suffering, but not of inactivity, his amanuensis being kept in constant employment during his long confinement, till the 8th of January, 1817, when he was seized with new and alarming symptoms, and after lingering till the 11th, expired without a struggle.

We have deemed this brief sketch of the life and character of the admirable author of these volumes, the best introduction to a review of their contents, and, possibly, the most effectual recommendation of them to our readers. The high veneration which the memoir is adapted to inspire, although by no means necessary to secure the attention which they demand, and which they will so richly repay, prepares the reader to enter with appropriate expectations on the perusal. We have of necessity omitted many very interesting details illustrative of his finished character as a preacher, a theological tutor, a citizen, and a Christian, will be found in the very ample narrative of his biographer. It would admit, in some parts, of a little compression, and a revised form, would be highly deserving of separate republication, since the magnitude of the work will place it out of the reach of many individuals to whom

the memoir will be highly acceptable.

The lectures contained in these volumes were planned, and in part composed and delivered, during Dr. Dwight's residence at Greenfield. When appointed to the divinity professorship, in addition to the presidency, of Yale College, his practice was, to preach one of them on every Sunday morning during term time; by which arrangement, he finished the course once in four years, so that every student who completed the regular term of his education, had the opportunity of hearing the whole series. The lectures were published as they were dictated to the amanuensis, with scarcely any corrections. He wrote no plan of them himself, and yet, the analysis of them drawn up by the editor, exhibits the most exact and lucid arrangement. They are strictly, and in the best sense, sermons, and sermons of a highly practical nature, while they are fully entitled by their systematic order, their metaphysical acuteness, their depth and comprehensiveness of thought, and their logical accuracy of reasoning, to the character of theological lectures. "Their primary object," the editor justly states, "is to explain and prove the great truths of theology; their second, to enforce them on the conscience, and to show their practical influence." His most obvious purpose was, to promote the salvation of those to whom they were addressed.

The two leading divisions of the work are, a series of lectures on the doctrines, and a series on the duties of religion. The first series is rather arbitrarily, and not very correctly subdivided, in the editor's analysis, into doctrines of natural religion, and doctrines peculiar to the Christian religion. With no propriety are the discoveries of Revelation respecting the decrees of God, the existence and rank of angels, the fall of man, and the impossibility of being justified by the works of the law, ranked among doctrines of natural religion. For such an arrangement, Dr. Dwight is not responsible. His own division of the subjects, is, into, Scripture truths, and Scripture precepts. The first sixteen sermons treat of the existence and attributes of God, and embrace, of course. a notice of what is termed the atheistic controversy. followed by nine sermons on the works of God, including a specific consideration of the nature and the end of man. To these succeed a series on the providence of God as Creator, in which the probation, the fall, and the consequent depravity of man, together with "the situation in which mankind are by means of their corruption," are treated at large. These thirty-four sermons have a general correspondence, as to their order and contents, to the first book of Calvin's Institutes, De cognitione Dei Creatoris. Dr. Dwight has followed the same natural order of the Apostles creed, in proceeding to treat, in the subsequent sermons, on the doctrines which come under the title of his second book, De cognitione Dei Redemptoris. In these, the Socinian controversy comes under examination; and many of the remarks and illustrations which occur in this part of the series, are peculiarly striking and original. The following is the order of the subjects which it comprises: the deity of Christ (in seven sermons), the humanity of Christ; (one sermon), the covenant of Redemption under which he acted (one sermon), his threefold office as prophet, priest, and king, including the special consideration of the nature, necessity, and extent of his atonement (sixteen sermons), the miracles, of Christ, his resurrection, and the amiableness of his moral character (each, one sermon). The consequences of Christ's mediation are treated of under the heads of justification by faith, regeneration, adoption, and sanctification, with its fruits and evidences, in sermons 64 to 90; corresponding to the third book of Calvin, De modo percipiendæ Christi gratiæ, et qui fructus inde nobis prove-The doctrine of the Holy Spirit's agency, and that of the Trinity, come under consideration in this part of the series. The "system of duties," which occupies sermons 91 to 162, comprises, first, an exposition of the Commandments, and secondly, all those subjects which come under the general designation of means of grace. The subjects of Calvin's fourth book, therefore, De externis Mediis ad Salutem, are embraced in this part of the work, including the subject of church government, as well as what is too often considered as foreign from theological discussions, a code of christian morality. Death, the resurrection, the final judgment, and the future state, which are treated of by Calvin in his third book, among the fruits of Christ's mediation, are with more correctness reserved by Dr. Dwight for what might be termed a fifth We see no propriety, however, in the general title given to them in the analysis; a "system of dispensations." long in fact, with the exception of the first topic, to the truths of revealed religion. They form a part only, and are but the consummation of that great system of Providential dispensations which commences with the mediatorial intervention of the Saviour. This, it is evident from the author's own language, was the light in which he himself viewed these subjects, although, from their mixed nature, he deemed it more proper, instead of classing them with other doctrines of religion in connexion with the scheme of redemption, to reserve them for a separate series that might form an impressive conclusion of the whole course. They consist of nine sermons, which, with two concluding lectures on the internal evidence of the truth of Revelation, supplied by this view of the christian theology, make a total of one hundred and seventy-three.

Besides these, Dr. Dwight had collected materials for a series of fifty lectures on the Evidences of Revelation; some of which he delivered in the year following his induction. But the weakness of his eyes compelled him to desist, and they were left unfinished.

This subject, however, strictly speaking, forms no part of a system of theology; and it is possible that the author was less anxious to complete his design, from feeling that it was more proper for the lecture-room than for the pulpit, as being of a less practical nature. He might also think, that the internal evidences of revealed religion are those which it is most safe and most beneficial to bring forward; and these he takes frequent occasion, in these volumes, to insist upon. He well knew, that a man may acknowledge the authority of the scriptures and the credibility of the gospel history, and yet remain, as to the substance of revelation, an infidel. In all these lectures, he takes the truth of Christianity for granted, and argues from the declarations of Scripture as from first principles, never neglecting, at the same time, to show the reasonableness of its dictates, and the harmony of revealed truth with the soundest deductions of logic. We cannot but consider this as the most rational, the most philosophical, as well as the most salutary mode of investigation. Theology pre-supposes a revelation, and that revelation is not merely the primary serice of our knowledge as to a large class of the most important truths, but it supplies the only medium of proof. This holds good with regard to the doctrines of what is termed natural religion, not less than with respect to the discoveries of the New Testament. Not only were they not discoverable, as the history of the most civilized nations of heathenism shows, by the light of reason; but the divine testimony is the only basis of certainty upon which, as principles of theological science, they can rest, and faith in that testimony is the only means of our knowing them. The practice, therefore, of exhibiting those doctrines apart from Revelation, we cannot but consider as wholly unadvisable, since it is to separate them from their true and proper evidence. Even the infidel who rejects the authority of the Scriptures, derives from the very Revelation he impugns, the knowledge of those primary theological truths which he attempts to turn against the believer. The existence and authority of Revelation must, then, be assumed as a first principle, in laying the foundation of theological science, and the legitimate purpose of a priori reasoning is, not to prove the truth of what, being revealed, is certain, but to answer the objections brought against the matter of Revelation. It is an unwarrantable and dangerous concession to the Humes, the Gibbons, and the Paines, to seem to admit, by the style of our reasonings, that there is any reasonableness in their scepticism as to the genuineness and credibility of the sacred records, or that Christianity, at this time of day, stands in need of being proved to be true. Yet, in many of the apologies of its advocates, and many lectures on the external evidences of Revelation, there is, we think, something too much of the tone of concession; and there is in some theologians a hesitating or timid way of referring to the Scriptural proof of religious doctrines, as if the inspiration of Scripture were really questionable; as if "Thus saith the Lord" were a less philosophical

reason for believing, than, Such is the testimony of Tacitus, or,

such the reasoning of Mr. Hume.

The theological lectures of Dr. Dwight are characterised by a manner and spirit the very opposite of this. There is no dogmatism, neither is there any compromise of the claims of Revelation. He treads firmly, with the sir of a man who knows the ground he has taken, and feels his position to be impregnable. There is, at the same time, a calm earnestness of manner, which bespeaks his conviction of the intrinsic value and practical efficacy of the truths he advocates. There is none of that professional sang-froid with which sometimes theological subjects have been discussed and lectured upon. The connection between his intellectual powers and his moral sensibilities, seem never to be suspended, but a wholesome circulation is going forward, which communicates warmth to his most abstract speculations. The consequent effect is, that these lectures are admirably adapted to make the reader not merely a rational believer, but a devout Christian.

In proceeding to substantiate these remarks, we feel no small difficulty in making from so large a mass of materials, our selection of extracts. The eighth and ninth sermons treat of the benevolence of God. In the first of these, the scriptural proposition, that "God is love," or benevolence (Ayana), is proved from the works of creation and providence.

"Although,' says Dr. Dwight, 'I can by no means admit with many of my fellow-men respectable for their understanding and worth, that the Benevolence of God is not capable of being completely proved, or that it is not in fact completely proved, by the Scriptures, yet, I cannot help believing, that, if the proof furnished by reason be satisfactory also, and can be fairly exhibited as satisfactory, the minds of many men, at least, will rest on this subject with a conviction more unmingled, a confidence less exposed to danger and disturbance. The question concerning the amount of the evidence which Reason gives concerning this doctrine, has long been, and is still disputed. The proofs of the Divine benevolence from Reason, are regarded by many persons of reputation as insufficient. I have myself entertained, heretofore, opinions on this subject different from those I now entertain. I have not seen it discussed in such a manner as satisfied my own wishes, I shall now consider it with more particularity than might otherwise be necessary.

Having, in the previous lectures, proved from the self-existence and necessary attributes of Deity, that God is absolutely independent,—that is to say, that 'he needs, and can need, nothing to render his ability either to do or to enjoy whatever he pleases, greater or more perfect,'—he proceeds to argue in proof of the necessary benevolence of God, first, 'that God can have no possible motive to be malevolent.' The nature of things can furnish no vol. XII.

such motive, since it is impossible to suppose, that to be malevolent is a more desirable state of being, than to be benevolent. And no such motive can be presented to God from without himself, since all other beings, together with all that pertains to them, being what he, antecedently to their existence, chose either to produce or to permit, it is certain that he could gain nothing to himself by the exercise of malevolence. Therefore, if malevolent, he must sustain that character without a motive.

The second argument is, that, inasmuch as an Omniscient Being cannot but see, that to sustain and exhibit a benevolent character is more glorious to himself and more beneficial to his creatures, than the contrary, and as the glory of the Creator and the good of his creatures involve every thing that is desirable,—an infinite motive is constantly presented to the Creator, to the exercise of benevolence; that the exercise of malevolence would, therefore, be not only without a motive, but against the influence of the strongest possible motive to the contrary, and could arise only from an original inherent propensity in the Infinite Nature,—'a propensity uninfluenced by truth, and immoveable by motives.'

Thirdly. 'The only conduct which a Creator can receive with pleasure from his creatures, must plainly be, attachment, reverence, and the voluntary obedience which they produce;' and 'it is impossible that God should not choose to be loved, reverenced, and obeyed.' But the Creator has so formed his works, and so constituted his providence, that the minds of men irresistibly, and of absolute necessity, esteem a benevolent being, and hate and despise malevolence. To suppose the Creator to be a malevolent being, therefore, would be, to believe, 'that he has necessitated, beyond a possibility of its being otherwise, his intelligent creatures to hate and despise that which he supremely loves and approves, viz. his own moral character,' and to esteem and love the opposite.

Fourthly. 'The Creator has placed mankind either in a state of trial, or a state of reward: but our present state is, on neither of these suppositions, compatible with the doctrine that he is malevolent.' Rational creatures can exist in no possible situation except one of these two. 'If, then, we are placed in a state of reward, we are beyond measure more happy, and less miserable, than is consistent with the character of malevolence in the Creator.' If in a state of trial, our circumstances are equally at variance with the supposition, all our opposition to such a character being necessarily approved by our own consciences. And 'God has so constituted the world, as to make misery the only legitimate and natural consequence of malevolence, and happiness the only natural

consequence of benevolence,'

Lastly. 'The goodness of God displayed in the present world, is a strong argument that he is a benevolent Being.' This is illustrated by the following considerations pursued into detail. The

last is urged in a very forcible manner as a proof of the forbearance of God.

'1. God makes mankind the subjects of extensive enjoyment in the present world. 2. God has furnished mankind with many alleviations and many remedies for the evils which they suffer in the present world. 3. The original and main design of each particular thing, appears plainly [as insisted upon by Dr. Paley] to be benevolent. 4. All the blessings experienced by mankind are bestowed on sinful beings.'

Dr. Dwight then notices the objections usually made against this doctrine as a dictate of reason, which are reducible to two: the existence of moral evil, and the existence of natural (or, more properly, physical,) evil. Here he frankly avows himself to be unable, and expresses his complete conviction that all other men are unable, to explain this subject so as to give an inquirer clear and satisfactory views, by the light of reason, 'of the propriety of permitting the introduction of moral evil into the Intelligent System.' He contents himself with insisting on the following positions: 1. 'God cannot be proved to be the efficient cause of sin;' and till this is done, man is unquestionably to be acknowledged as the cause of his own sin. 2. 'It cannot be proved, that God was obliged, either by justice or benevolence, to prevent sin from existing;' inasmuch as a state of trial supposes a liability to sin, and it cannot be proved, that it is inconsistent with justice or benevolence, for God to place his rational creatures in a state of trial. 3. 'It cannot be proved, that the existence of sin will, in the end, be a detriment to the Universe.' The objection drawn from the existence of physical evil might seem scarcely deserving of separate discussion, physical evil being but the consequence of moral The considerations urged by Dr. Dwight,—that, of a large proportion of such evils, men are themselves the authors, that the evils inflicted by God are always less than the subjects of them merit, and that afflictions have often a beneficial influence,—do not appear to us to be urged with his usual acuteness, since they leave the previous difficulty undiminished. The case of infants, he evades, rather than fairly disposes of. In fact the existence of physical evil, viewed apart from that of moral evil, is wholly inexplicable. An infidel can give no answer to the question-how death originated; the only solution is that of the Apostle-" By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." Rejecting this, or attempting to go beyond this, we are lost in interminable conjectures. Although afflictions have unquestionably a beneficial effect on the minds of many individuals, it is equally certain, that their effect on others is of a prejudicial kind. That they are overruled as means of good, may be admitted to supply a striking proof of the benevolence of the Supreme Moral Governor in his providential dispensations; but, unless the necessary tendency of pain and suffering were beneficial, which assuredly it is

not, the existence of physical evil is by no means accounted for. The only conclusion on which we can repose as a dictate of reason, is that at which Leibnitz arrives in his Essay on the Goodness of God. 'Infinite Goodness united to Supreme Wisdom, could not but choose, out of all possible things, that which is best. An objector may reply, that the world might have existed without sin and without suffering; but I deny that it would therefore have been better.' Every thing,' he adds, 'having been foreseen by God, has contributed as it were ideally (idealment), before its actual existence, to the determination formed in the Divine mind respecting the existence of all things. If, therefore, the smallest evil which arises in the world, were not to take place, it would no longer be that world which, all things being taken into the account, has been deemed the best by the Creator who has made choice of it.' 'I may not be able to show you in detail how any other conceivable worlds would be inferior to that in which we exist; for can I comprehend, or can I represent to others, infinite things, and compare them one with another? But you ought to conclude with me that it must be so, ab effectu, since God has chosen the world such as it is.'\*

Dr. Dwight admits, in concluding the discourse, that the arguments he has adduced, scarcely amount to a demonstration in the strict logical sense, but they furnish the most solid foundation for rational and immoveable confidence. He adds very forcibly:

Intuitive or demonstrative certainty concerning the moral character of God, might exist in every supposable case, without any useful influence on the heart or on the life. Nor would he who, in the possession of high probable evidence that God is a benevolent being, have demanded a demonstration of this truth before be would yield his heart to his Maker, be at all more inclined to yield it, when he arrived at the demonstration. Confidence, on the contrary, is always a virtuous state of mind, being invariably a cordial assent to that truth which is its object. Confidence in the moral character of God is a virtuous emotion, capable of reaching to any degree of excellence predicable of rational creatures, and being founded on evidence which, like a converging series, will rise higher and higher for ever, it will increase eternally in strength and excellency; and will more and more intimately, in an unceasing progress, unite the hearts of all moral beings to their glorious and perfect Creator.

The proof of the doctrine from Revelation is very strikingly enlarged upon in the subsequent discourse. Among other arguments, what amounts almost to demonstrative evidence, presents itself in the considerations, 'that, in the law which God has given to mankind for the regulation of all their moral conduct, He has required no other obedience than their love to himself and to each

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Theodicee." 12mo. Tom. i. pp. 84.-6.

other;' and, that 'God requires the whole regard which he claims to be rendered to him, only as a benevolent God.' One of the inferences drawn from the whole argument, is this; that 'the perfect benevolence of God must delight in greater good more than in that which is less, and most in that which is supreme.' The present system, therefore, it is argued, in accordance with the sentiment quoted from Leibnitz, must be the best and most perfect system of good; and the means employed for the accomplishment of God's final end, must also be the best and most proper that could be chosen. 'The whole work of creation and providence, composed of the means and the end, is, then, a perfect work entirely suited to his character.'

In the fifteenth sermon, on the Decrees of God, in which the reader will find some very able reasoning, the same sentiment is

thus expressed.

'It cannot but be acknowledged, that He knew what system was, upon the whole, most desirable, wisest and best. If he did not resolve on it, it was plainly because he did not desire or choose to bring it to pass. In plain English, then, he did not desire the chief good of his creation, or the supreme glory of himself, with sufficient good-will to resolve on it. Can this be infinite goodness? Can it be moral perfection? If he did not resolve on the superior system, it must be that he chose to do less good, rather than greater.'

In this sermon, we meet with one of the very rare instances which the work contains of Americanisms.

'The metaphysical nature of Moral Agency both in God and his creatures, is a subject, perhaps, as tenuious, as difficult to be fastened upon, and as easily evanescent from the mind, as any which we can attempt to examine.'

In the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh sermons, on the probation and fall of man, this vast, and fathomless, and ever recurring question, Si Deus est, unde malum? again presents itself; and our Author's views of the metaphysical difficulties of the subject, are still further developed. After enlarging on the character of the Tempter, and the subtlety which distinguished the manner of the temptation, he remarks that the character of the persons was probably singular.

'They were newly created; were innocent; were holy; and, considering the short period of their being, were undoubtedly possessed of no small discernment in divine things. Still, they were imperfect beings, without experience, and destitute of knowledge in many particulars which would naturally be wished in a case where art and falsehood were employed against them; and, although furnished with a clear comprehension of their own duty, were totally ignorant of the character, and unable readily to conjecture the designs of their adversary. The first deceit which

they ever knew, was now practised on themselves; and the first talsehood of which they ever heard, was now directed to their own destruction. Of the rebellion of the Angels, they probably knew nothing; of the character of the Tempter, they would not naturally form even a suspicion. Accustomed to hear only truth, they would not easily expect a lie; and, habituated only to faithfulness and friendship, fraud and malevolence were, in their approach to them, assured of a necessary and sufficient disguise. That artless, childlike simplicity which so delights the mind, and embellishes the pictures of the historian and the poet, which adorned the life, and endeared and enforced the lessons of the Redeemer himself, and which now constitutes no small part of evangelical excellence, was then a principal trait in their character. In the peculiar kind of wisdom which we call prudence, they certainly had made little progress; and caution must have been known to them only in lessons of instruction.

'Thus they were, in several important respects, beings fitted for imposition, and not unnaturally the victims of insidiousness and cunning. The same means, at the present time, ensnare persons of the same character; and it is not in the nature of things, that superior sagacity, however employed, should not possess the power of influencing, more or less, the same simplicity. Firm obedience, such as they were bound to render to their God, a prompt undeliberating refusal, and an original steadfast determination not to listen, would have secured them from yielding; but when they began to hear, and to investigate, they began to be exposed; and their danger increased with every step of their pro-

gress in inquiry.

'In the meantime, it seems that neither of them thought of supplicating the aid of their Creator. A single prayer would have put the Tempter to flight, and dissolved the charm of the temptation. A single recollection, also, of his commands, his kindnesses, and his instructions, might easily have produced the same effect. But neither prayer nor recollection was summoned to their assistance. Like their descendants, when forgetful of God, and, in a sense, forgotten by him, they were weak, frail and exposed to every danger.'

The Author then briefly adverts to the immediate consequences of the temptation, and passes on to a consideration of the 'two great questions' so perpetually iterated: 'Since our first parents were entirely holy, how could they become sinful?' and, 'Why

did God permit Adam to fall?

The first question, he remarks, in its simple and proper form, is no other than this: 'How can a holy being become sinful, or how can a holy being transgress the law of God?' To this, no philosophical answer can, he thinks, be given. It has, however, been unnecessarily embarrassed by the modes in which answers to it have been attempted. To refer the effect, in the case of Adam,

to a principle of action inherent in his nature, would seem to involve the subject in deeper difficulty, because, if the only principles of moral action in Adam were holy, the question returns; How could a holy principle be the cause of a sinful action? Dwight is of opinion, however, that a fallacy lies concealed under the vague and equivocal word, principle. He admits that 'there is a cause of moral action in intelligent beings, frequently indicated by the words principle, affections, habits, nature, tendency, propensity, and several others;' terms indicating a cause, the existence of which is proved by its effects, but the real nature of which is to us wholly unknown. They intend no more than this; that 'a reason really exists, although undefinable and unintelligible by ourselves, why one mind will, either usually or uniformly, be the subject of holy volitions, and another, of sinful ones.' The existence of such a cause must be admitted, unless we acknowledge it to be a perfect casualty that any volition is sinful rather than holy. But there is no such thing as a casualty in this sense; that is, an effect uncaused. This unknown cause is what the Scriptures denominate the heart. It is the state of mind out of which volitions arise, and from which they receive their character; a state of mind neither unchangeable, nor so powerful as to necessitate that the volitions should uniformly correspond to it, so as absolutely to prevent either from sinning, where the mind is inclined to holiness, or from acting in a holy manner, where it is inclined to sin. To explain the effect in question, therefore, it is necessary only to suppose 'that a temptation actually presented to the mind, is disproportioned in its power to the inclination of that mind towards resistance.'

'There is no proof, from the nature of things, that finite strength and stability are sufficient to resist all possible motives to sin. From facts, we are irresistibly led to admit the contrary doctrine. Angels, though entirely holy, yielded to such motives, as did our first Parents also, who possessed the same virtuous character. These facts furnish a strong presumption, at least, that it is not within the limits of created perfection, to resist temptation in all possible cases; and that the final perseverance of saints and angels, both in a state of trial and in a state of reward, is derived ultimately from the Almighty Power of God.'

We are desirous to exhibit Dr. Dwight's sentiments, rather than to express on these points any opinion of our own. Some of our readers may be surprised that he makes no reference to the negative principle in created beings, on which theologians have generally laid so much stress. His object is, let it be remembered, to dispose not so much of the metaphysical as of the moral difficulties of the subject; and the consideration alluded to is purely metaphysical, and adapted to meet a philosophical objection. Leibnitz, in reply to those who contended that God is the only agent in the Universe, remarks: 'When we say that a creature depends

upon God for all that he is, and for all that he does, and even that his preservation is a continual act of creation, we mean, that God is constantly imparting to the creature, and producing in him, all that is positive, all that is good and perfect, every perfect gift coming down from the Father of lights; whereas the imperfections and defects attaching to his operations, proceed from the original limitation of which the creature could not but be the subject from the earliest commencement of his existence, owing to the ideal reasons which set bounds to his nature. For God could not bestow upon the creature every thing, without making him a God. It was necessary, therefore, that there should be different degrees in the perfection of things, that there should also be all varieties of limitation.' . . . . . Evil, then, is like darkness; and not only ignorance, but even error and malice formally consist in a certain species of privation. The will of the creature tends to good in the abstract; it ought to go forward towards the perfection which is suited to our nature; and supreme perfection is in God. There is in all pleasure some sense of perfection. But when the mind stops short at the pleasures of sense, or any other kind of gratification, to the prejudice of its higher interests, such as health, virtue, union with God, felicity, the defect consists in this privation of an ulterior tendency. In general terms, perfection is positive; it is an absolute reality: imperfection is privative; it proceeds from limitation, and tends to further privation. Thus, it is a saying as true as it is ancient; Bonum ex causa integra, malum ex quolibet defectu. And again: Malum causam non habet efficientem, sed deficientem.'\*

Important, however, as this distinction may be in philosophical reasoning, it contributes very little to a satisfactory view of this inscrutable subject; and we are disposed to agree with Dr. Dwight, that the most adviseable method of examining it, is, 'to consider the man and the facts, and not the abstract principles.' But the very terms, sin and holiness, are abstractions; and his own statement of the case assumes a metaphysical character. It seems, indeed, impossible, if we go beyond the literal circumstances of the fact, to avoid adopting such a phraseology. Thus much is clear and certain, that man fell through forgetfulness of God, and therefore, it cannot be viewed as otherwise than most equitable, that he should have been suffered to fall. And further, since the display of his own perfections is the highest end which an Infinite, Self-existent Being can propose to himself in the creation and government of his creatures; it is conceivable how it should be infinitely worthy of God, to allow of an occasion being afforded for the exercise of mercy to those who had so come short of glorifying him by obedience. To suppose that God was bound antecedently to interpose, is to hold, that sin merited the favour of God, which is a contradiction in terms; and yet, a secret disbelief of the dement

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Thodicee," Tom. i. pp. 106, 7.

of sin, lies at the bottom of the sceptics reasonings, or rather feelings, on this subject; a disbelief arising from viewing sin in relation to human infirmity, instead of in its more important and

primary relation to the holiness and claims of God.

It appears to us to be incorrect to say, that Adam, prior to his defection, was the subject of no other principle of action than a holy principle; or that his defection arose entirely from what has been termed a negative cause. There was a positive principle of action involved in his transgression, a principle neither holy nor unholy in itself, but deriving its moral character from the direction of its exercise. We are not going to plunge again into abstractions; we mean only to remark, that an inclination to seek its own enjoyment is an inherent and necessary principle of all animal and intellectual existence: it is a universal instinct, founded in the nature of things, since it is impossible to conceive of a being that should not seek its own happiness. Man participated in this principle in common with the brute creation; and because he was capable of a higher happiness, a happiness suited to a moral agent, the principle which impelled him to seek that happiness was not, on that account, either virtuous or the contrary. It was a necessary principle, one upon which he could not but always act. then, what distinguished him from all inferior ranks of existence, was his being the subject of another principle, which bound him to his Creator; and this principle not being necessary, its exercise being voluntary and rational, it followed, that the former might be called into exercise, while the latter remained dormant. principle which bound him to his Creator was a natural tendency, . leading him to seek that happiness which he could not but instinctively seek, in God. But this natural holy tendency, was not a necessary law of his being. God was even then an object of faith; and the religious exercise of his intellectual powers, which was requisite to keep alive the principle of love to God, and to subordinate the natural principle of self-gratification to that which was designed for its guidance, was not essentially different in Adam before his transgression, from what it is in the Christian now. It was properly faith as opposed to animal instinct.

It is the incommunicable property of the Divine Nature, that the source of happiness and the end of his operations are within himself. It is an essential law of created intelligence, that the source of its happiness should be without itself, and that its perfection should consist in union to the source of its happiness. This union, it is manifest, can be only of an intelligent and voluntary nature: it is the principle of love. Nothing is more clear from even the concise narrative of Scripture, than that our first parents, when they listened to the tempter, were induced to seek their own gratification independently of God,—that they did not, at the actual time of transgressing, love God,—that they had for the time lost the sense of God,—that the principle of faith was wholly merged in the instinct of self-gratification,—and that the prevalence of in-

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ferior motives over those infinite considerations which should have enforced obedience, arose from the blind operation of a natural principle, neither holy nor unholy in itself, in the suspension of that higher principle of love to their Maker, which, in a holy nature, the faintest act of remembrance, the slightest recurrence to the Invisible Author of their being, might seem sufficient to have awakened. The transgression involved an act of self-idolatry: it was a withdrawment from God as the supreme object of affection and confidence. To maintain, then, that the Almighty was bound to prevent sin, involves one of these absurdities: either that a created nature should have been so constituted as that its union to the Divine Being should have been other than moral and voluntary, so as to afford no scope for moral agency; or, that the creature's voluntary withdrawment from his maker, his ceasing to love the Author and Source of his happiness, affords a reason why he should have been made the subject of a special act of favour.

We are aware that this by no means supplies a complete answer to the question which is in every child's mouth on first learning the existence and history, of moral evil, Why did God permit Adam to fall? It goes some way, however, towards showing the unreasonableness and unphilosophical nature of the flippant objections of full grown sceptics. To that question, the best answer that can be given in the present world, is, as our Author remarks, that which was given by our Lord concerning one branch of the Divine dispensations: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." 'It was,' he adds, 'a dispensation approved by infinite wisdom, and seen by the Omniscient eye to be necessary towards that good which God proposed in creating the universe.' To this it may be subjoined, that it was a dispensation which afforded occasion for a transcendent and ineffable display of the Divine character. And unless it can be proved that, on the whole, the fall of Adam was a greater evil in the system of the Universe, than the death of Christ was a good,-all the effects and relations of which stupendous event, no human intelligence can pretend to appreciate, -no objection can lie against the legitimate conclusion which is established by reasoning ab effects, that the existing system of things, is, in all its parts, the best possible.

The practical remarks which Dr. Dwight makes in the conclusion of this sermon, are most excellent. 1. 'How superior is the Scriptural account of the introduction of moral evil into the world, to every other!' 2. 'How dreadful the evil of sin as exemplified in the malice of the Tempter!' 3. 'The only time of successful resistance to temptation, is the moment when it is presented.' 4. 'The ultimate safety of mankind, when they are tempted, lies in God only.'

'Had Eve sought the protection of God when she was assailed by the Adversary, she had never fallen. Had she remembered



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the character of God, she had never believed the declarations of the Tempter. Had she admitted no jealousy, no suspicion, of the Divine wisdom and goodness, she had, in all probability, kept

her happy state.

'The same dangers attend all her descendants. If we wish to overcome, or escape temptations, it is indispensable, that we remember the presence, and acknowledge the character of God; that we distrust in no degree his sincerity or kindness; and that we go directly to him for the succour which we need. The closing petition in the prayer taught by Christ to his disciples, is, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" that is, Suffer us not to be led into temptation, but, should this danger betide us at any time, deliver us from the evil to which we shall then be exposed. Of six petitions only, of which this prayer consists, a prayer taught by him who knew all the dangers and necessities of man, this is one. So necessary did he determine this assistance and guardianship to be; and so necessary our continual prayer that it might be afforded.

In the first temptation, we see the doctrine strongly illustrated. Here no prayer ascended for aid. Here, therefore, no aid was given; and here, left to themselves, the miserable victims were of course destroyed. Let us, then, learn wisdom both from their example and their end. Let us avoid the one, that we may escape the other. For protection from tempters and temptations, both within us and without us, let our prayers unceasingly rise with fervent repetition. Especially, when the Serpent approaches, when the charm is about to begin, and when his mouth is ready to open and swallow us up, let our cries for help ascend to Heaven, that He who is swift to hear, and always prepared to pity and relieve, may mercifully extend his arm, and snatch us

from the jaws of destruction.

We feel restricted by the length to which this article has already extended, from entering in this place on any fresh topic. We must, therefore, in justice to the merits of the work, request the indulgence of those readers whose dissatisfaction with continued articles is equal to their impatience of long ones, in reserving some account of the contents of the remaining volumes till our next Number.

ART. XV. The Gold-winged Woodpecker, or Flicker. (Picus Auratus.) From Wilson's Ornithology.

Le Pic aux ailes dorees, Buffon VII, 39. Pl. enl. 693.—Picus Auratus, Linn. Syst. 174.—Cuculus alis deauratis, Klein, p. 80.—Catesby, I. 18.—Latham, II. 597.—Bartram, p. 289.—Peale's Museum, No. 1938.

With an elegant coloured engraving.

This elegant bird is well known to our farmers and junior sportsmen, who take every opportunity of destroying him; the

former for the supposed trespasses he commits on their indian corn, or the trifle he will bring in market, and the latter for the mere pleasure of destruction, and perhaps for the flavour of his flesh which is in general esteem. In the state of Pennsylvania he can scarcely be called a bird of passage, as even in severe winters they may be found within a few miles of the city of Philadelphia; and I have known them exposed for sale in market every week during the months of November, December and January, and that too in more than commonly rigorous weather. They, no doubt, however, partially migrate, even here; being much more numerous in spring and fall than in winter. Early in the month of April they begin, to prepare their nest, which is built in the hollow body or branch of a tree, sometimes, though not always, at a considerable height from the ground; for I have frequently known them fix on the trunk of an old apple tree, at not more than six feet from the root. The sagacity of this bird in discovering under a sound bark, a hollow limb or trunk of a tree, and its perseverance in perforating it for the purpose of incubation, are truly surprising; the male and female alternately relieving and encouraging each other by mutual caresses, renewing their labours for several days until their object is attained, and the place rendered sufficiently capacious, convenient and secure. At this employment they are so extremely intent that they may be heard-till a very late hour in the evening, thumping like carpenters.

I have seen an instance where they had dug first five inches straight forwards, and then downwards more than twice that distance through a solid black oak.

They carry in no materials for their nest, the soft chips and dust of the wood serving for this purpose. The female lays six white eggs almost transparent. The young early leave the nest, and climbing to the higher branches are there fed by their parents.

The food of this bird varies with the season. As the common cherries, bird cherries, and berries of the sour gum successively ripen, he regales plentifully on them, particularly on the latter; but the chief food of this species, or that which is most frequently found in his stomach, is wood lice, and the young and larvæ of ants, of which he is so immoderately fond, that I have frequently

found his stomach distended with a mass of these and these only, as large, nearly as a plum. For the procuring of these insects nature has remarkably fitted him. The bills of Woodpeckers in general are straight, grooved or channelled, wedge-shaped and compressed to a thin edge at the end, that they may the easier penetrate the hardest wood; that of the Golden-winged Woodpecker is long, slightly bent, ridged only on the top, and tapering almost to a point, yet still retaining a little of the wedge form there. Both, however, are admirably adapted for the peculiar manner each has of procuring its food. The former like a powerful wedge, to penetrate dead and decaying branches, after worms and insects; the latter like a long and sharp pick-axe to dig up the hillocks of pismires that inhabit old stumps in prodigious multitudes. These beneficial services would entitle him to some regard from the husbandman, were he not accused, and perhaps not without just cause, of being too partial to the indian corn when in that state which is usually called roasting-ears. His visits are indeed rather frequent about this time; and the farmer suspecting what is going on, steals through among the rows with his gun, bent on vengeance, and forgetful of the benevolent sentiment of the poet; -that

> —Just as wide of justice must he fall Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

But farmers in general are not much versed in poetry, and pretty well acquainted with the value of corn from the hard labour requisite in raising it.

In rambling though the woods one day I happened to shoot one of these birds, and wounded him slightly in the wing. Finding him in full feather, and seemingly but little hurt, I took him home and put him into a large cage made of willows, intending to keep him in my own room that we might become better acquainted. When he found himself enclosed on all sides, he lost no time in idle fluttering, but throwing himself against the bars of the cage, began instantly to demplish the willows, battering them with great vehemence and uttering a loud piteous kind of cackling, similar to that of a hen when she is alarmed, and takes to wing. Poor Baron Trenck never laboured with more diligence at the

walls of his prison than this son of the forest in his exertions for liberty; and he exercised his powerful bill with such force, digging into the sticks and shaking them so from side to side, that he soon opened for himself a passage; and though I repeatedly repaired the breach, barricadoed every opening, yet on my return into the room, I always found him at liberty, climbing up the chairs or running about the floor, where from the dexterity of his motions, moving backwards, forwards and sideways with equal facility, it became difficult to get hold of him again.

Having placed him in a strong wire cage, he seemed to reliaquish all hopes of escape and soon became very tame, fed on young ears of indian corn, refused apples, but ate with avidity the berries of sour gum, winter grapes, and several kinds of berries; he exercised himself in climbing or rather hopping perpendicularly along the sides of the cage, and as evening approached, fixed himself in a hanging position with his head under his wing. As soon as dawn appeared, even before it was light enough to perceive him distinctly across the room, he descended to the bottom of the cage, and began his attack upon the ears of corn, rapping so loudly as to be heard in every room in the house. After this he would sometimes resume his former position, and take another nap. He was beginning to be very amusing and even sociable, when, after a lapse of several weeks, he became drooping and died, as I conceived from the effects of his wound.

Some European Naturalists, and among the rest Linnæus in the tenth edition of his Systema Naturæ, have classed this bird with the genus Cuculus, or Cuckoo; that it is almost always on the ground; is never seen to climb trees like the other Woodpeckers, and that its bill is altogether unlike theirs; every one of which assertions I must say is incorrect, and could only have proceeded from an entire ignorance of the habits of the bird. Except in the article of his bill, and that, as has been observed, is a little wedgeformed at the point, it differs in no one characteristic from the rest of its genus. Its nostrils are covered with tufts of recumbent hairs or small feathers; its tongue is round, worm-shaped, flattened towards the tip, pointed and furnished with minute barbs; it is also long and missile, and capable of being instantly protruded to an uncommon distance. The os hyoides, like those of its

tribe, is a substance in strength and elasticity resembling whale-bone, divided into two branches each of the thickness of a knitting needle, which pass on each side of the neck, to the back part of the head, where they unite and run up along the scull in a groove covered with a thin membrane or sheath; they descend into the upper mandible by the right side of the bill, to which they are attached by another extremely elastic membrane that yields when the tongue is thrown out, and contracts when it is retracted. In the other Woodpeckers we find the same apparatus, differing a little in different species. In some, these cartilaginous substances reach only to the top of the cranium, in others to the nostril, and in one species they are wound round the bone of the right eye, which, for its accommodation, projects considerably more than the left.

The tongue of the Golden-winged Woodpecker, like the others is supplied with a viscid fluid secreted by two glands, situated under the ear on each side, and are at least five times as large in this species as in any other of its size. In this the tongue is continually moistened, so that every small insect that it touches adheres to it.

The form and strength of the claws and tail, prove that the bird was designed for climbing; in fact I have scarcely ever seen it on a tree for five minutes at a time without climbing, hopping, not only upwards and downwards but spirally, pursuing and playing with its fellow round the body of the tree. I have also seen them a hundred times, alight on the trunk of the tree, though more frequently on the branches; but that they climb, construct their nests, lay the same number and similarly colored eggs, and have the manners and habits of the Woodpeckers, is notorious to every American Naturalist, while they have no resemblance to the Cuckoo except in the bill being somewhat curved, and the toes being placed, two before, and two behind.

It may not be improper, however, to remark, that there is another species of Woodpecker, also called Gold-winged,\* which inhabits the country near the Cape of Good Hope, and resembles the present, it is said, almost exactly in color and form of the bill, and in the tint and markings of its plumage, with this difference, that

<sup>\*</sup> Picus Caper, TURTON's Linn.

the mustaches are red instead of black, and the lower side of the wings, as well as their shafts, are also red, while the others are golden yellow. It is also considerably less. With respect to the habits of this new species we have no particular account; but there is little doubt of their being found to coincide with those of the one which we are now describing.

The abject character which the Count de Buffon, with equal eloquence and absurdity, has drawn of the whole tribe of Woodpeckers, belongs not to the elegant and sprightly bird now before us. How far it is applicable to any of them, will be examined hereafter. He is not "constrained to drag out an insipid existence in boring the bark and hard fibres of trees to extract his prey," for he frequently finds in the loose ruins of a mouldering stump, the capital of a nation of insects, more than is sufficient for the wants of a week. He cannot be said to "lead a mean and gloomy life, without an intermission of labour," who usually feasts at the first peep of dawn, and spends the early and sweetest hours of the morning on the highest peaks of the tallest trees, calling on his mate or companions, or pursuing and gambolling with them for hours together.

Can it be said that "necessity never grants an interval of sound repose,, to that bird, who while other tribes are exposed to the rude peltings of the pitiless storm, lodges dry and secure in a snug chamber of his own constructing, or that "the narrow circumference of a tree, circumscribes his dull round of life" who, as the seasons and inclination inspire, roams from the frigid to the torrid zone, feasting on the abundance of various regions? Or is it a proof that "his appetite is never softened by delicacy of taste," because he so often varies his bill of fare, occasionally preferring to animal food the rich milkiness of young indian corn, and the nourishing berries of the wild cherry, gum and cedar? It is truly ridiculous and astonishing that such absurdities should escape the lips or pen of one so able to do justice to the respective merits of his subjects; but the Count de Buffon had too often a favourite theory to prop up, that led him insensibly astray, and so, forsooth, the whole tribe of Woodpeckers must look sad, sour, and be miserable, to indulge the caprice of a whimsical Philosopher who takes it into his head that they are and ought to be so.

But the Count is not the only European who has misrepresented and traduced this beautiful bird. One has given him brown legs,\* another a yellow neck; a third has declared him a cuckoo, and in an English translation of Linnæus, lately published, he is characterised as follows—"Body striped with black and gray, cheeks red, chin black, never climbs on trees, &c." which is about as correct as if in describing the human species we should say—skin striped with black and green, cheeks blue, chin orange, never walks on foot, &c. The pages of natural history should resemble a faithful mirror, in which mankind may recognise the true images of living originals; instead of which we too often find this department resembling the hazy medium of wretched window-glass, through whose crooked protuberances every object appears so strangely distorted, that we scarcely know our most intimate neighbours and acquaintances.

The Gold-winged Woodpecker has the back and wings above, of a dark umber, transversely marked with equi-distant streaks of black, upper parts of the head an iron gray, cheeks and parts surrounding the eyes a fine cinnamon colour; from the lower mandible a stripe of black, an inch in length, passes down each side of the throat, and a lunated spot of a vivid blood red, covers the back of the head, its points reaching within half an inch of each eve; the sides of the neck, below this, incline to a blueish gray; throat and chin a very light cinnamon or fawn color; the breast is ornamented with a beautiful crescent of deep black; the belly and vent, white, tinged with yellow and scattered with innumerable round spots of black, every feather having a distinct central spot, those on the thighs and vent, being heart-shaped and largest. The lower or inner side of the wing and tail, the shafts of the larger feathers, and indeed of almost every feather are of a beautiful golden yellow, that on the shafts of the primaries being very distinguishable even when the wings are shut. The rump is white, and remarkably prominent. The tail coverts white, and curiously serrated with black; upper side of the tail and tip below, black, edged with light loose filaments of a cream color, the two middle ones

<sup>\*</sup>See Encyc. Brit. Art. Picus. † Latham ‡Klein. § "P. griseo nigroque transversim striatus"——"truncos arborum non scandit." Ind. Orn. v. I. p. 242.

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nearly wholly so. Bill, an inch and a half long, of a dusky horn color, somewhat bent, ridged only on the top, tapering, but not to a point, being a little wedge-formed. Legs and feet light blue; iris hazel. Length twelve inches, extent, twenty. The female differs from the male chiefly in the greater obscurity of the fine colors, and in wanting the black mustaches on each side of the throat. This description was taken from a very beautiful and perfect specimen.

Although this species is, generally speaking, migratory, yet they often remain with us in Pennsylvania, during the winter. They also inhabit the continent from Hudson's Bay to Georgia, and have been found on the north west coast of America.

They arrive at Hudson's Bay in April, and leave it in September. Mr. Hearne, however, informs us, that the Gold-winged Woodpecker is almost the only species of Woodpecker that winters at Hudson's Bay. The natives there call it Ou-thee-quan-norow, from the golden color of the shafts and lower side of the wings. It has numerous provincial appellations in the different states of the Union, such as "High hole," from the situation of its nest, "Hittock," "Yucker" "Piut" "Flicker" by which last it is usually known in Pennsylvania. These names have probably originated in a fancied resemblance of its notes to the sound of the words, for one of its most common cries consists of two notes or syllables frequently repeated, which with the help of the hearer's imagination may easily be made to resemble each or all of them.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XVI.—The Bridge over a part of the Belaware, at Philadelphia.

[With an Engraving.]

Notwithstanding the opposition which interest and prejudice excited against this noble enterprize, the legislatures of New Jersey and Pennsylvania have granted permission to erect a bridge from the Jersey shore to the island opposite to this city. The arguments employed to defeat the plans of Messrs. Farrand and Sharp are few and feeble. It has been objected, in the first place, that they propose to build but a half-way bridge, which will not

obviate the necessity of a ferry; and it is added that if a traveller once gets into a boat, it is not material to him how far he is to be conveyed in that manner. As the ferries are at present, the distance run by the boats from Market-street to the opposite shore is 8750 feet, or about 12 miles, by the usual course round the old wreck at the north end of the bar; and 10,200 feet, or two miles, From our wharf to if they go round the south end of the island. the island, the distance is less than 900 feet, and from the city wharves to the Jersey shore, it is nearly 4000 feet. Thus the distance will be a-bridged nearly 11-12 ths of the water navigation round the island. The serious difficulties arising from running aground, which so frequently occurs, and the imminent danger and losa of lives during the winter, will be entirely avoided. But it is not necessary to enlarge upon this head, because the bridge cannot supersede the use of the boats, until experience shall have convinced the public that it offers a preferable mode of crossing the river. Until that fact shall be clearly demonstrated, the boats will continue to ply, and every person may select the conveyance which he prefers.

It is further objected, that the bridge, by obstructing the stream, may create bars in the main channel, on this side of the island, and thus become injurious to the navigation of the port. This is really too ridiculous for grave refutation. On the other side of the island, the water is shallow and it flows at the rate of 13 knots or miles an hour. On this, which is the main problem channel, the rate is 34 knots. A sluggish, shallow stream is to force obstructions into one which is deep, strong and rapid!

Again, it is said that the city side of the island will be wharfed out, so as to narrow the passage of the water in the main channel. The port-wardens to whom the regulation of wharves is confided, by act of assembly, can obviate this objection without any difficulty.

We throw out of view, as unworthy of consideration, the paltry argument, that the projectors of this important enterprize are actuated by motives of self-interest. What public undertaking among us has ever been achieved, without touching this chord? Let it be demonstrated that the proposed canal to connect the Chesapeake and Delaware, will yield 6 per cent to the stockholders, and that project will not be suffered to sleep in the Philosophical Society a

single day. It is a strong proof of the correct judgment of Messrs. Farrand and Sharp, in this measure, that it received the approbation of nearly all the constituted authorities of the city and county of Philadelphia, besides a fair proportion of our most respectable individuals. To this weight of authority is to be added the Legislature, composed chiefly of persons who may be called practical men on subjects of this nature. It would be a difficult matter to persuade such intelligent minds that a bridge at Philadelphia would produce any effects against the course of nature, notwithstanding all the clamour which might be excited, in order to produce such a belief.

The Board of Directors have published a report, by which it appears that the cost of the bridge, boats, tavern, stables, 4 acres of ground on the island, &c. &c. will be \$140,000; and they estimate, from satisfactory documents, the present annual income from all the ferries, at about \$56,000.

No positive opinion can be formed as to the proportion of this income, which may remain with the boats if the bridge should be erected. The owners of some of them do not hesitate to admit that their business would be destroyed entirely, and they offer to join the Bridge Company on equitable terms. No one will deny that in winter and at all times when the weather is inclement, travellers will prefer that mode of crossing which keeps them not more than one minute on the water. Against such an advantage, the ferry boats cannot long contend, and if the whole of the business should fall into the hands of the Bridge Company, the stock would become incalculably valuable.

We conclude, therefore, by warmly recommending to the patronage of individuals, a measure which has been so powerfully sanctioned by all the public authorities. Instead of joining in the senseless clamour which it has created, we think the projectors entitled to all praise for the zeal and perseverance with which they have prosecuted this scheme.

## ART. XVII .- Poetry.

## VERSES ON BURNS' PUNCH-BOWL.

Written extempore, at the house of R—B— Esq. by one of the gentlemen present, when Burns's Punch-Bowl, (after dinner,) was introduced, full primed with excellent whiskey-toddy.

Thou bonie, tosh, wee, modest bowl,
When wayward fate would dare to scowl,
How aft thou's cheer'd Burns' drooping soul,
When prim'd wi' nappy,
Round him and thee care then might growl,
But he was happy.

Though death, felonious, snatch'd away—
The richest gem frae Scotia's lay,
And left thee fatherless to stray
'Mang deeps and shallows,
End now thy woes, thou's found thy way
'Mang honest fallows,

For here's mysel, a funny loun;
And there's my jovial neighbour B—n;
A better chiel to our Auld Town
Ne'er came before,
He's drawn us round thee,—now we'll drown
A' care—encore!

Sae fill the glass, but e'er we pree,
Round this dear relic reverently,
We'll brighten Scotland's downcast e'e,
For sair she mourns,
And toast thy honoured memory
Immortal Burns!

STANZAS.

BY MRS. MORTON, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

I like—it is my choice to live unseen,— Unsought by all whom busy eyes admire; To watch the blossom's gem,—the deepening green, And from the giddy glare of wealth retire.

I like the gracious Spring—the Summer gay— The Autumn, in his harvest-bounties kind, The social Winter's unpretending day, The kindly converse, and the modest mind.

What is to me the City's joyous throng?

I love the sighing of the solemn grove,
The soft half warble of the twilight song,
The fragrant eve's refreshing calm I love!

If friends have passed, and sorrows found their place, And the hurt mind laments its lone career, If lost, of life, the sunshine and the grace, Yet may the tender gleam of Hope appear.

There the crushed thought shall find a voice, and there Some healthful Pleasure on the sick heart rise,
Some living lowliness—some banished care,
Warm the cold cheek, and light the languid eyes.

#### SONG.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair:
Oh! wha wou'd buy a silken goun,
Wi' a poor broken heart,
Or what's to me a siller crown
Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die:
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gien to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He grateful, took the gift,
Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
It wou'd be war than theft,
For longest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

#### SONNET.

Mais les Tems sont changes, aussi bien que les Lieux. Racine.

How dear that time, on which the weeping thought
Of pensive Memory delights to dwell;
When each new day some glorious triumph brought,
Beyond the power of eloquence to tell!

How dear that place, the paradise of thought,
Where sacred Love and Friendship us'd to dwell;
Where echoes faint in ev'ry gale are brought,
That still, to Fancy's ear, of pleasure tell.

On eagle wing the hours of rapture flew,
And from this bosom ev'ry comfort bore;
Reluctant sorrow bade those scenes adieu,
Which still to me a pleasing aspect wore.
The scenes of bliss again these eyes may view,
But Pleasure's season will return no more!

## SONG.

The muse of Robert Herrick, who flourished in the reign of Charles I., was a genuine descendant from that of Anacreon, as the following song will testify.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious light of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And near he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, And, whilst ye may, go marry; For having lost but once your prime, You may forever tarry.

#### SONNET.

Dispregiator di quanto 'l mondo brama. Petrarch.

How blest is he who for the love of gain, (A love, I fear that never will be mine,) With cheerful heart can every toil sustain, And Freedom's self without a sigh resign!

For me, how oft must I lament in vain, The wayward taste of these romantic eyes, Which many an object view with fix'd disdain, That all the world besides agrees to prize!

Content through life's sequester'd vale to glide, By wealth unloaded, and to fame unknown, If Friendship's foliage deck'd my smiling side, And Love's fair flow'rets on my banks had blown, And were the muse her voice at times to join, All that this heart desires would then be mine.

#### SONG.

I want not a goddess, to clasp in my arms, With the wisdom of Pallas, or Venus's charms;

But give me a maiden who smiles without art, Will sweetness of temper and softness of heart; With breeding accomplish'd, and virtue improv'd, With soul that can love, yet never has lov'd; To her I'd resign all my freedom and ease, Contented to love her and happy to please.

I sigh'd when I saw what I lov'd in a maid,
With graces that won me as soon as survey'd;
I look'd and I lov'd, but too rashly I find,
How wretched I should be if she were unkind—
Her virtue may tempt one more worthy to woo;
Her taste is so nice and her judgment so true—
How can I pretend her affections to move,
With no charms but my music, no merit but love.

But yet she delights in my music and rhyme,
And my love is so warm it may melt her in time;
Of late as I sung in a passionate strain,
She was mov'd with my song and perhaps with my pain;
'Tis foolish to hope—'tis in vain to despair,
If I fail to possess her, adieu to the fair—
By reading I'll strive to recover my rest,
And grow wise in mere spite, if I cannot be blest.

#### TO MY CHILDREN.

Heu! quam minus est reliquis versari, quam vestrorum meminisse.

These verses were written, as the author informs us, under the influence of great depression of spirits. The subject is of a nature we should have thought, too sacred for the public eye, had not Cowper taught us that a mind of acute and shrinking sensibility, can strangely find a solace in laying open to that unseen public the inmost recesses of the heart. We envy not the feelings of him who can peruse these lines without emotion: they abound with images which must find a mirror in the breast of every parent.

My babes, no more I'll behold ye,
Little think ye how he ye once lov'd,
Your father who oft did enfold ye,
With all that a parent e'er prov'd;—

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How with many a pang he is saddened,
How many a tear he has shed
For the eight human blossoms that gladdened
His path, and his table, and bed.

None knows what a fond parent smothers, Save he who a parent has been; Who once more in his daughters, their mother's, In his boys, has his own image seen!

And who—can I finish my story?—
Has seen them all shrink from his grasp;
Departed the crown of his glory,
No wife and no children to clasp!—

By all the dear names I have uttered,
By all the most sacred caresses,
By the frolicksome nothings I've muttered
In a mood that sheds tears while it blesses;

By the kisses so fond I have given,
By the plump little arm's cleaving twine,
By the bright eye whose language was heaven,
By the rose on the cheek pressed to mine.

By its warmth that seemed pregnant with spirit; By the little feet's fond interlacing, While others pressed forward to inherit The place of the one thus embracing;

By the breast that with pleasure was troubled, Since no words were to speak it availing: Till the bliss of the heart was redoubled, As in smiles on the lips 'twas exhaling.

By the girl who, to sleep when consigned, The promised kiss still recollected, And no sleep on her pillow could find, If her father's farewell were neglected;

Who asked me, when infancy's terrors Assailed her, to sit by her bed; And for the past day's little errors
On my check tears of penitence shed;

By those innocent tears of repentance,

More pure e'en than smiles without sin,

Since they mark with what delicate sentence

Childhood's conscience whispers within;

By the dear little forms, one by one,
Some in beds closely coupled half sleeping,
While the cribb'd infant nestled alone—
Whose heads at my coming all peeping,

Betrayed that the pulse of each heart

Of my feet's stealing fall knew the speech;

While all would not let me depart,

Till the kiss was bestowed upon each;

By the boy who, when walking and musing
And thinking myself quite alone,
Would follow the path I was choosing
And thrust his dear hand in my own;
Joy more welcome because unexpected;
By all this fond store of delights,
(Which in sullen mood, had I neglected
Every curse with which heaven requites,

Were never sufficient for crushing
A churl so malign and hard-hearted,)
But by the warm tears that are gushing,
As I think of the joys that are parted;

Were ye not as the rays that are twinkling
On the waves of some clear haunted stream?
Were ye not as the stars that are sprinkling
Night's firmament, dark without them?
My forebodings then hear! By each one
Of the dear dreams through which I have travelled,
The cup of enjoyment from none
Can I take, till the spells, one by one,
Which have withered ye all, be unravelled.

#### ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

This is decidedly superior to any ode of Akenside's, and bad it appeared among the works of Collins, few persons would have suspected it to be spurious. It is, unquestionably, a very beautiful, though not a faultless poem. The last three lines are objectionable, whether in point of sentiment or merely of phraseology, we will not decide.

When first thine eyes beheld the light
And Nature bursting on thy sight,
Poured on thy beating heart a kindred day:
Genius, the fire-eyed child of Fame
Circled thy brows with mystic flame,
And warm with hope pronounced this prophet lay:

"Thee, darling Boy! I give to know
Each viewless source of Joy and Wo,
In thee my vivid visions shall unfold;
Each form that freezes sense to stone,
Each phantom of the world unknown,
Shall flit before thine eyes, and waken thoughts untold.

"The bent of purpose unavowed;
Of Hopes and Fears the wildering crowd;
The incongruous train of wishes undefined;
Shall all be subjected to thee!
The excess of bliss and agony
Shall oft alternate seize thy high attempered mind.

"Oft in the moody summer vale,
When Evening breathes her balmy gale,
Ott by the wild brooks' margin shalt thou rove;
When just above the western line
The clouds with richer radiance shine,
Yellowing the dark tops of the mountain grove.

"There Love's warm hopes thy breast shall fill,
For Nature's charms with kindliest skill
Prepare for Love's delicious ecstasy;
Thy prostrate mind shall sink subdued,
While in a strange fantastic mood,
The wild power fires thy veins and mantles in thine eye!

"For know, where'er my influence dwells, Each selfish interest it expels, And wakes each latent energy of soul; Indifference, of the marble mien, Shall ne'er with lazy spells be seen, To quench th' immortal wish that aims perfections goal.

"These shalt thou burst, whate'er it be
That manacles mortality,
And range through scenes by fleshly feet untrod;
And Inspiration to thine eye
Shall bid futurity be nigh,
And with mysterious power approximate to Ged."

#### CHILDHOOD.

In a child's voice, is there not melody?
In a child's eye, is there not rapture seen?
And rapture not of passion's revelry;
Calm, though impassioned; durable, though keen!
It is all fresh, like the young spring's first green!
Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still cleave Heaven's atmosphere serene;
Their very wildnesses with truth are blended;
Fresh from their skiey mould, they cannot be amended.
Warm and uncalculating, they're more wise,—

More sense that ecstasy of theirs denotes,—
More of the stuff have they of Paradise,
And more the music of the warbling throats
Of choirs whose anthem round th' Eternal floats,
Than all that bards e'er feigned; or tuneful skill
Has e'er struck forth from artificial notes:
Theirs is that language, ignorant of ill,
Born from a perfect harmony of power and will.

## OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.

Her father lov'd me-oft got drunk with me, Captain, (he'd cry,) come tell us your adventures, From year to year, the scrapes, intrigues, and frolics,
That you've been versed in.

I ran them through, from the day I first wore scarlet
To the very hour I tasted his fine claret;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances
Of hair-breadth 'scapes from drunken frays in taverns,
Of being taken by the issolent foe, and lodged in the watch-house,
Of my redemption thence, with all my gallantry at country quarters.

When of rope-ladders and of garret windows-Of scaling garden-walls, lying hid in closets, It was my hint to speak, (for I love bragging,) And of the gamblers that each other cheat, The pawn-brokers that prey on needy soldiers, When sword or waistcoat's dipt. All these to hear, His daughter Prue would from a corner lean, But still to strain the milk, or skim the cream, Was call'd to the dairy,— Which when she'd done, and cleanly lick'd the spoon. She'd come again, and sit, with gaping mouth, And staring eyes, devouring my discourse:-Which I soon smoaking, Once seiz'd a lucky hour, and entertained her With a full history of my adventures; Of fights in countries where I ne'er had been, And often made her stare with stupid wonder When I did talk of leaping from a window, Or lying hid on tester of a bed. She gave me for my pains a gloating look: She swore, ecod 'twas strange, 'twas woundy strange, 'Twas comical, 'twas hugely comical; "I' fags, you officers are vicked creatures," She'd be afraid of me, she vow'd-" and yet You are so comical and entertaining, Well, I declare, of all the men on earth, I like a soldier." On the hint I spoke. She lov'd me; for the sex loves wicked fellows, And I lov'd her to get her father's money.

#### A NEW PROLOGUE TO

## "THE POINT OF HONOUR."

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"The Point of Honour! what a pretty name!"
Methinks I hear each auditor exclaim;
While Fancy roams abroad on airy wing,
And each anticipates a different thing.

- "The Point of Honour!" cries a matron sage,
- "Honour indeed! in this degenerate age!
- "Tis Satire surely-some mischievous poet,
- " Has mark'd our folly and would let us know it.
- "When I was young-if I remember right,
- "The point of honour was to be polite,
- To act with due decorum, and to speak
- "With staid demeanour, and with accent meek;
- " No flippant miss then dar'd the public gaze,
- "Unless protected by a hoop and stays;
- "In ample folds the glossy satin fell,
- "And she who carried most, was most a belle;
- "Then so discreet their conduct too appear'd,-
- " For pretty maidens then were seen, not heard,
- "The beaux too, then their wigs and small-swords sported,
- "Ah! men were men indeed, when I was courted!
  - "The Point of Honour!" cries a dashing blade,
- "An author teach a gentleman his trade!
- "Why curse his impudence! the knave no doubt
- "Would teach us how to call each other out,
- "Prescribe the distance, measure out the lead,
- "And tell the game cocks how they should be fed!"

The younger ladies sit in glad surprise,—
(I think I see it dancing in their eyes,)

- "The Point of Honour! I would bet a pair
- " Of white kid gloves, 'tis full of sweet despair,-
- "Of love and fighting, danger and delight,-
- "Wooing and wonder, frenzy and affright,-
- "A cross old guardian, and a maiden aunt-
- "A gallant lover and a spectre gaunt,-

- "He gains her heart-and then when he has won her,
- "To get her off, must be his Point of Honour;
- "Her Point of Honour, every lady knows,-
- "To please a lover, and to plague a spouse."

  Mercantile men with formal length of phiz,

  Fancy the thing must be a sort of quiz;

  And eager to avert th' expected stroke,

  Whisper, "'tis known that I have never broke—
- "I pay my debts-'tis true my notes are out,
- "But who can say that they are hawked about.
- "In broken banks I've not a cent of stock,
- "Nor do I shave—I'd rather pick a lock.
- "My credit's good-nor do I e'er forget
- "The Point of Honour when I owe a debt."

Thus in suspense, to you and us distressing, You seem resolved to make it up in guessing; For us—we care not what your guesses are, If you'll confine them to the bill of fare; Nor let your critics hint with wintry looks, "The Lord sends victuals but the Devil cooks."

# ART. XVIII .- Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

A third edition of Sig. Carlo Botta's history of the War of the American Revolution, in the original Italian, has been transmitted by the author to the American Philosophical Society. This edition was printed at Milan, in 1819 "with some corrections" by M. Botta.

The French House of Deputies caused to be published in 1818, a complete list of the pensioners of government, with the amount of their several pensions. This list is printed in 10 vols. 4to. The whole number of pensioners is, 196,205, and the amount of pensions is nearly twelve million of dollars. The greater part of these pensions is paid for services rendered to Bonaparte, and either were granted before the restoration, or have been given to the military who have since retired from service. The pensioners are thus divided into three classes:

	196,205	63,595,003——\$11,924,000.	
Ecclesiastics, .	<b>55,</b> 50 <b>5</b>	12,959,837	233
Military and Widows,	132,918-	48,340,484	371
Civil,	7,881	<b>2</b> ,294,68 <b>2 f.</b>	<b>295 f.</b>
	Persons.	.amount.	average.

Compensation to Authors. In the case of Power v. Power, lately tried in London, it appeared in evidence that in the year 1811, the plaintiff entered into an engagement with Mr. Moore for a period of seven years, during which time the latter was to supply the former annually, with one number of Irish Melodies, and certain other works specified, for the consideration of five hundred pounds sterling, (\$2,220), at the expiration of the seven years, a further agreement was entered into for the term of six years.

Mr. Jackson has published a translation of "An account of a Journey from Fas, to Timbuctoo, performed in or about the year 1787: by El Hage Abd. Shabeeny." Shabeeny is a musselman, a native of Tetuan, who, at the age of fourteen, accompanied his father to Timbuctoo: here they resided three years, and then proceeded to Housa; their residence in this place was for two years, when they returned to Timbuctoo, resided 7 years there, and then came to Tetuan. From this account it is evident that this person, if in the least intelligent, and to be depended upon, is extremely well qualified to give information respecting a part of Africa scarcely known to Europeans. Mr. Lucas, the British Consul at Tetuan, was well acquainted with him, and the information this work contains was obtained through Mr. Lucas, in answer to questions put by Mr. Beaufoy. It is a very important work, clear in its details, and, as far as internal evidence goes, entirely worthy of credit.

The "Travels to the sources of the Senegal and Gambia," are from the pen of M. Mollien, who was sent by the French government to discover the sources of the Senegal, Gambia, and Niger; to ascertain if any communication existed between the two former, to descend the Niger, to traverse Bambouch, and visit its gold mines; and to return by way of Galam. The more novel and difficult parts of this expedition he was not able to execute: he has, however, added considerably to our knowledge of the geography of this part of Africa—having ascertained the sources of the Gambia to be distinct, though very near to each other, and having explored the source of the Senegal. The information he received respecting the Niger agrees with that which all the natives of this part of Africa, and the travellers to Timbuctoo, give-viz. that it falls into the Nile. Except in a geographical point of view, M. Mollien's work is not entitled to much praise; many of his adventures and accounts are tinctured with egotism or the marvellous.

Mrs. Bailey, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for republishing, by subscription, a scarce and valuable work entitled, A complete view of Episcopacy, as exhibited from the fathers of the Christian charch until the close of the second century, containing an impartial account of them, of their writings, and of what they say concerning bishops and presbyters; with observations and remarks, tending to show, that they esteemed these one and the same order of the ecclesiastical officers, in answer to those, who have repre-

sented it as a certain fact, universally handed down, even from the apostles' days, that governing and ordaining authority was exercised by such bishops only, as were of an order superior to presbyters. By Charles Chaunor, D. D. Pastor of the first church of Christ in Boston. Price one dollar. This title is so ample as to supersede the necessity of any explanation from us. To those presbyterians who wish to obtain a clear view of the powers peculiar to the office of bishops in the apostolic age, this work may be recommended with great confidence.

James Hall, Esq. of Illinois, late of the United States army, is preparing a Treatise on Military Law, on an enlarged planwill be put to press as soon as sufficient encouragement is received. There is no work in which this subject is treated so fully and fundamentally as its importance requires; and if we take into consideration the number of courts martial which are created in this country, and the gross ignorance which is too often displayed by the judges, it may be affirmed that there is no book more wanted. On the law of evidence, for instance, these gentlemen, who, without the intervention of a jury, are called upon to decide questions which may affect the honour or the life of an individual, are often as ignorant as a stupid justice of the peace. They have been known to reject, with scorn, rules deduced from the gravest authority, merely because they did not coincide with the imperfect notions which they had rashly adopted. To some practical experience in military affairs, Col. Hall has the advantage of adding the professional knowledge of a lawyer, and we may therefore expect from his pen a systematic treatise on this anomalous branch of jurisprudence.

Nismes.—The beautiful temple known by the appellation of the Maison Carree, has undergone considerable repairs. The roof has been restored to its ancient shape; and the cornice in the eastern façade, which was much decayed and very loose, has been rendered quite firm, and secure. It is now intended to clear away the rubbish below, which has accumulated to a depth of nearly nine feet, and to restore the bases of the columns; so that the temple will be completely visible, although much sunk beneath the level of the surrounding place, from which it will be separated by a handsome iron pallisading placed on the top of the stone facing of the area surrounding this beautiful relic of ancient architecture. These repairs are undertaken in consequence of the exertions of the General Council for the Department du Gard, seconded by the liberality of the King.

Denmark.—Grumbach has translated, from the Anglo-Saxon, an ancient Gothic heroic poem, entitled Biowulf's Drapa; a composition of very great antiquity, having been written more than tea centuries.—Professor Rahbeck has also produced a translation of the Mala or Saga of Brennunia, one of the oldest and most carious of Icelandic Sagas. It is printed in the first volume of his Northern Tales. Since this eminent writer and elegant poet

has turned his attention to the traditions and mythology of the early periods of the Northern Nations, much may be expected from so industrious and skilful a pen. The Icelandic Literary Society continues its labours with uninterrupted and indefatigable zeal. The Sturlunga Saga, an undertaking of extraordinary magnitude, and of no less historical importance, is now completed. The society contemplates another design of equal interest, namely—editing a collection of the best Icelandic poets. Professor Finn Magnussen observes, in his interesting papers on Northern Archæology, that the extraordinary attachment which Oluf Hoskaldsen (who was Hovding in Iceland in the tenth century,) had for sculpture, is now remarkably displayed in the illustrious Thoraldsen, who is the twenty-fifth in descent from that personage.

Sola, another Spanish artist, has likewise exhibited a group of extraordinary merit. It represents a mother, who is instructing her infantine son to shoot, and assists him to draw the string of the bow with one hand, while she directs the arrow with the other. It is needless to inquire what is the history attached to these figures, or the particular incident here represented, since their exquisite beauty and sportive grace sufficiently prove to the spectator that they are

Dame Venus and her sagittary boy
Who work to gods and men such sweet annoy.

Roman Antiquities at Caster.—Since the late discovery of Roman remains at this place, there has been found a tesselated pavement of extraordinary splendour and beauty: it is surrounded by a strong foundation, and is in the most perfect state of preservation. There have been likewise discovered many other articles and curious specimens of Roman manufacture, such as floors of painted plaster, urns, coins, trinkets, and four pieces of elephant's horn.

Botanical Gardens.—The most ancient Botanic Garden, of which there is any authentic record, is that formed by Theophrastus, with the assistance of Demosthenes of Phalerus, about 300 years before the Christian æra. In the Capitularies of Charlemagne are to be found directions concerning gardens, and lists of the plants to be grown in them. At the request of Messer Gualtieri, the Republic of Venice formed a public garden for the cultivation of medicinal plants, in the year 1333; and in the sixteenth century Italy exhibited many similar establishments, although the French claim the merit of having given the first example of any thing of the kind in the botanical garden at Montpelier. This, however, did not exist until the reign of Henri IV; yet was certainly the first of the kind in that kingdom, and prior to the one at Paris by five-and-twenty years.

Panoramas.—Professor John Adam Breysig, an architect and scene painter of considerable eminence in Germany, and author

of various essays on perspective and theatrical decoration, has published a paper in the Berlin and Spener Zeitung, by which he lays claim to the merit of being the original inventor of the Panoramas, the principle of which he discovered before the ingenious Englishman, Barker.

Cleaning of Medals.—Professor Lancellotti, of the Royal Institute at Naples, read at a late sitting of that society, an account of process which he employs in order to remove from ancient silver medals the rust that covers, and often renders them illegible. He first lays the medal in oxydated acid of salts, afterwards in a solution of sal-ammoniac for a short time; then rubs it with a piece of linen until all the rust disappears. His experiments have always been attended with success; and the discovery is of importance to those who study numismatics, since a greatnumber of silver medals, whose inscriptions have hitherto not been legible, may now be rendered so.

Mechanical Inventions.—M. Kuhaiewsky of Warsaw, a very excellent mechanist, has produced the following inventions, viz. 1. A Threshing Machine, which has the advantage of being very simple in its construction, durable, economic, and not expensive; and is likewise superior to every contrivance hitherto formed for this purpose, being the only one that injures neither the stalk nor the grain in separating the former from the latter. chine consists of several wheels, two of which (one at either end) are furnished with 48 flails: these are put in motion by one man as he walks to and fro within the machine, and thus a single labourer is enabled to perform the work of a great number. The most complete success has attended the experiments that have been made, and there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the inven-2. A Sawing Mill, which is also worked by a single person, without any assistance from water. 3. An Astronomical Watch, which indicates the difference of time in the principal places in different parts of the globe: this has been accepted as a present by the Emperor Alexander, who has sent M. Kuhaiewsky, in return, a magnificent snuff-box, and has assigned him a sum to enable him to continue his important labours.

Prophecies.—Councillor Lillienstern, of Frankfort on the Mayne, has published a very singular work, in which he attempts to prove argumentatively and methodically, that the predictions respecting Antichrist are now on the eve of being accomplished. Antichrist, he asserts, will appear in 1823; his arrival will be succeeded by ten years of religious wars; after which the millenium, as he assures us, is to commence in 1836.

Zoology.—M. Diard, a young French naturalist, found at Sumatra, in 1819, a tapir, an animal which, until then had never been met with except in the New World. It does not differ from the American tapir, except in colour; the extremity of the ears, the rump, the back, the belly, and the sides, being white: while every

other part is of a deep black. This fact is the more worthy of notice, as it overturns the reasonings of Buffon, respecting the difference between the animals of Asia, and those of America.

Institute.—The prize proposed this year, by the 'Academie Royale des Sciences,' in the class of Physics, is—to determine, by means of accurate experiments, what are the causes of animal warmth,—whether chemical or physical? The academy expressly requires that the quantity of caloric emitted in a given time, by a healthy animal; and the quantity of caloric produced by its respiration, be ascertained with the utmost exactitude; also that this caloric be compared with that produced by the combustion of carbon, in forming the same quantity of carbonic acid. The prize will be a gold medal, of the value of 3,000 francs, to be adjudged at the sitting of 1823.

Belzoni.—The city of Padua, of which this celebrated traveller is a native, has struck a medal in commemoration of his discoveries, and in testimony of their gratitude for the valuable gift he made to this place, he having presented to it two curious pieces of antiquity,—two lion-headed statues of granite, now deposited in the hall of the Palazzo della Ragione.

An Italian translation of his interesting travels, is expected to appear about this time. It will contain some alterations made by the author himself,—and will appear in two volumes octavo, accompanied by six numbers of plates. The publisher is Bettoni of Milan

Lisbon.—Abolition of the Punishment of Death.—The Portuguese Cortes have, by the application of a long violated principle of justice and humanity, abolished this dreadful punishment, so opposite in its effects to the interests of society, and so degrading to civilization;—one which has been so deservedly reprobated by Beccaria, and a number of other eminent philosophers and writers on the criminal and penal system. Public morality would be much better consulted by the adoption of solitary confinement as a punishment for crimes, than it is at present by the spectacle of death.

Portable Houses.—The Swedish journals speak very highly of certain portable houses, that have been invented by Major Blom, who is celebrated at Stockholm for his knowledge of mechanics. These edifices, which are constructed of wood, may be elevated in a single day, and contain, if not every comfort, at least all that is necessary for a small family. In cold weather they are warmed by a stove.

Spanish Literature.—Don Torribio Nunnez, Professor of the University of Salamanca, has collected the various writings of Jeremy Bentham, and formed them into a regular system of politics; such a one as he conceives to be particularly adapted to the wants of his countrymen at the present juncture. The title of this work, which has already met with great commendation, is Sistema de la

Ciencia Social Ideado por el Jurisconsulto Ingles Jeremias Bentham, y puesto en egecucion conforme a los principios del autor original, por el Dr. D. Torribio Nunnez, &c .-- Marshal De Ha-10's Account of the Defence of Gerona, Relation Historica de la defensa de Gerona, is a publication that may be consulted with advantage both by the historian and the military tactictioner, and is particularly rich in materials for a narrative of the important events of the late war. Several works have been translated from the English and French: even the Memoirs of Bergami, and the Queen's Trial, have found both translators and publishers But books of more permanent interest are not overlooked, as is proved by an annunciation of a Spanish version of Robertson's Charles V. and of the Principes de la Legislation Universel.— The Thirteenth Volume of the translation of Mrs. Bennet's Novels has appeared, containing Rosa 6 la nina Mendiga (the Beggar Girl); and a female writer, named Donna Juana Barrera, has translated another English Novel, under the title of Cæcilia o el Padre y al Hija.—D. Vincente Fernandez Villares has produced a good translation from a French novel of Ducray-Dumenil, called Dias en el Campo 6 Pintura Historica de una piquena Familia. -Little original poetry has appeared; nothing indeed worthy of mention, except some political and patriotic Odes, and a performance of D. Rafael de Cæceres, which deserves notice merely from the extravagance of the subject, it being a system of myology in verse. The title of this curious poem is, Exposicion Metrica Succinta y Exacta di todos los Musculos del Cuerpo Humano 6 sea la Miologia puesta en verso Castellano!

The first volume of an historical work of very superior merit, and indeed of more importance than any produced during the last century, has lately issued from the press at Madrid. It is entitled. La Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en Espada, sacada de Manuscritos y Memorias Arabigas and is written by the Academician Josef Antonio Conde, who died last year. The Spaniards have for a long time, been indebted to the researches of the literati of other countries, but have at length, applied themselves to the investigation of this interesting epoch of their national history; and, notwithstanding the number of documents that have been destroyed, enough yet remain to supply the deficiencies, and to correct the errors of the old chroniclers, and thus dispel the obscurity in which the annals of this æra are enveloped. Conde, whose early death is to be lamented as an irreparable loss to Spanish literature, ventured into this immense and bewildering mine, examined the valuable MSS, deposited in the various libraries of Madrid, as well as those in the archives of the Escurial, and, after attentively collating and studying them, produced a work that will confer immortal honour on his memory. The policy of the Arabian conquerors, their military tactics, their government and legislation, their system of taxation, the administration of their police, their institutions for public charity and education, their religious toleration, manners and customs, form the principal objects of the author's attention; and the facts and documents are all original and authentic. He has, moreover, incorporated many fragments from the Arabian poets, partly for the purpose of elucidating events and customs, and partly to give an Oriental air to the whole composition. He has, likewise, derived from Arabic sources of biography, much important information relative to those great men who distinguished themselves, either in literature or in arms. The work is divided into four books; the first of which commences with a brief account of the situation of the Arabians, at the time of their first irruption into Africa. The author then proceeds to describe their attact upon Spain; the government of the Omars; their policy, and their conduct towards the people whom they conquered; the feuds between the Omars themselves; the events which brought Spain under the dominion of the Caliphs of Damascus; and, lastly, he presents a vivid picture of the actions and the characters of the first Arabian conquerors in Spain, during the interval from 710 to 748. The second book treats of the Arabian Monarchy in Spain, (as it existed independent of the Caliphs);of the princes of this powerful dynasty, and the extension of their power, both within and without the peninsula; of the government, manners, wealth, arts and sciences of the Arabians, until the breaking out of the war in 1080, to which period we are brought down in the present volume, which consists of 660 pages in 4to. third and fourth books will be comprised in the two succeeding volumes, which are partly printed. It was the intention of the author to give a glossary and explanation of all the Arabic words: and also a comparative geography, and a map of Arabian Spain; this, however, he has been prevented from executing by death, which seized him in the midst of his labours.

Russia -- According to the latest estimation, there are 350 livving authors in this country, about one-eighth part of whom are ecclesiastics, but the far greater proportion consists of persons of rank. Backmeister, in his Russian Library, computed that, previously to 1817, there existed about 4000 different works in that language. In the extensive collection of national literature belonging to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, there were, in 1800, 3000 works printed in the Russian tongue; among which, only 105 belonged to the class of novels and romances. Since this period, authorship has increased so much, that last year no fewer than 8000 volumes were printed in this language. Translations are very numerous, particularly of dramas, novels, works of imagination, and the belles lettres. There are newspapers and journals, both German and Russian, published at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, Revel, Abo, and other principal cities. At the first of these places there are 15 printing houses, and 10 at Moscow.

A Poetical Journal,—entitled Die Muse, has been commenced at Leipzig, by Kind. One of the most important articles that

have appeared in it, is a specimen of a translation, by Nordstern, of Childe Harold, in the Spenserian stanza of the original. 't he writer, however, is not sufficiently master of this difficult form of versification. In addition to the poetry, this publication is intended to contain theoretical, polemical, and satirical essays.

The Bell and Lancasterian Systems.—A work has appeared at Lyons, attacking the system of education pursued in what are called, on the continent, schools of mutual instruction, condemning it as pregnant with danger, and pointing out the mischiefs to be apprehended from its adoption. The title of this work is, L'Enseignment Mutuel Devoile, ainsi que ses Jongleries at Pretintailles Revolutionnaires; ou l'Art d'affranchir l'Education de l'Enfance de toute Influence Morale et Religieuse!

Italian Literature.—A voluminous publication has been commenced at Milan: it is intended to form a complete series of the best historical works in every language, and is entitled, Biblioteca Storica di tutti i Tempi, e di tutte le Nazioni. The first work selected by the editor is Muller's General History of the World, in six volumes. Next, the History of the American War, by Botta, an author who has been called, by the journalists of Philadelphia and New York, the Livy of the United States; and who has. been universally admired, as one of the most philosophical historians of the present age. To these succeeds the eloquent work of Gibbon: a very unfinished and incorrect translation of him had before appeared in Italy; but this has now been entirely rewritten, and completed by Bertolotti, the successful translator of many other English works.—Bettoni's Lettere sui Giardini ai Venezia is another publication, from the Milan press, deserving of notice. In these seven epistles (four of which have been before printed.) the writer describes, in an elegant style, the noble garden which has been formed, of late years, in the centre of that city, the naturally romantic situation of which it is well adapted to render still more picturesque, especially should those improvements be made which Bettoni suggests. He proposes that it should be embellished with monuments, statues, temples and other elegant decorations of art. This work is sentimental and poetical.—The Cavalier Luizi Bossi continues to labour indefatigably in the prosecution of his laborious work on Italy, Le Storia d'Italia Antica e Moderna. The twelfth volume has just been published at Milan, by Giegler and Bianchi. It begins with the overthrow of the Western Empire, from the time of the acknowledgement of Theodoric, as king of Italy, to the founding of the kingdom of Lombardy, and finishes with a description of the situation of the provinces, cities, and islands of Italy under the dominion of the Goths and Lombards .- Vita e Commercio Letterario, &c. the Life and Correspondence of Galileo Galilei, a posthumous work of the learned Florentine Senator De Nelli, is an interesting piece of biography of the great Italian astronomer, composed from the most authentic sources and original documents, the author having purchased all the manuscripts and letters he could meet with of Galilei, Coricelli, Castelli, Viviani, and other mathematicians of the 17th century. The work, which is in two volumes quarto, is embellished with ten plates: two of them are portraits of Galilei; the first taken when he was 40, the other, 77 years of age. Both of them are engraved under the direction of the celebrated Raphael Morghen.—The first volume of the Collezione degli antichi Storici Greci volgerizzati, edited by Sonzogno, of Milan, contains a translation, by Compagnoni, of Dictys Cretensis, and of Dares the Phrygian. In the second, third, and fourth volumes, are the first and second books of Diodorus, also translated by Compagnoni, and the nine books of Herodotus, translated by Andreas Mustoxidi of Corfu, who has added to them a Commentary.—The anonymous Storia di America, intended as a sequel to Segue's General History, gives an account of the moral and physical features of the New World. The writer has borrowed much from Humboldt, but has not availed himself of the assistance of Azara and Sobrevielo. In the sixth and last division of his work, he treats of the different dialects of America, and their origin: he considers that their number, said by some to amount to 1264, has been greatly exaggerated, although it is certain that in a single province a variety of dialects are used orally which are not employed in writing. -A work on the science of history, by the Duke di Ventignano, a writer before known to the public by his tragedies, has issued from the press at Naples, under the title of Pensieri sulla Scienza della Storia. In this treatise the author follows the steps of Rio, whom he calls the founder of the Synthesis of History; and he endeavours to systematize this important study, and to reduce it to certain principles founded in the nature of man. In conformity with this theory, he attempts to develop the progress of civilization, and the changes which society and government have successively undergone.—The interesting biographical work entitled Vite e Ritratti d'illustri Italiani, is now closed with the 60th number, containing the Life of Filangieri, by Carnebali, and his portrait, engraved by Caronni. There is another work of nearly a similar nature and title, Ritratti d'illustri Italiani Viventi, of which the fifth number has just appeared, with the portraits of Palette, Perticari, Rossini, Stratico, and Venturi. The sixth number will complete the work. Among the portraits which have already been given are, Appiani, the scene painter, Botta, the historian, Canova, Morghen, Paer, the composer, Pindermonti, Scarpa, Visconti, the archeeologist, and Volta.

History of Russia.—Castelneau's Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne de la Nouvelle Russie is an historical work of great research. The labour of collecting materials for such an undertaking, was considerably enhanced, by the rapid succession of the different tribes, who have made themselves masters of this country, from the time when it was first described by Herodotus, until it was in vol. XII.

corporated with the rest of the Russian Empire. M. Castelneau has divided his history into three distinct portions or æras; the first, commencing with the most remote antiquity, ends at the conquest of the Crimea by Mahomet II. in 1475. The second, which records facts better authenticated, and less perplexed and obscure, comprises three centuries, terminating in the year 1784; when the country was ceded to the Russians. The Author has spared no pains, that he might produce the first complete and genuine history of a people, with whose annals we have hitherto been but imperfectly acquainted,-of those warlike Tartars and Cossacks, who have so often rebelled against the Porte, and have constantly been at variance with Poland and Russia. The third, and last portion of the work is not deficient in interest, to those who prize the cultivation of intellect more than the subjugation of territory, and who consider the advance of agriculture, commerce, art, and civilization, to be more truly glorious, than all the pomp, pride, and circumstances of war and conquest. These provinces, so long exposed to devastation, now present a scene of prosperity. Their situation on the borders of the Black Sea, the navigable streams by which they are intersected, the fertility of the soil, and the possession of a flourishing and increasing commercial city, render them the most important possessions of the Bussian empire. At the end of the work, is an interesting account of a journey made by the author through the Crimea, for the purpose of collecting information relative to its geology, natural history, numismatics, statistics, agriculture, trade, and navigation.

The Journal of Jurisprudence, No. IV. by J. E. Hall, will contain an Analytical Digest of the English Reports of cases, decided in the courts of Common Law, and Equity, of Appeal and Nisi Prius in the year 1820. To be continued annually.

Harrison Hall proposes to publish a third volume of MOORE'S INDEX, which will embrace the reports of Anstruther, W. Blackstone, Burrow, Cowper, Douglass, Forrest, Loft, Price, Smith, Wightwick, Wilson, and the volumes of Taunton, Barnewall and Alderson, Moore, &c. which have appeared since the publication of the previous volumes.

Also, A Law Glossary of the Latin, Greek, Norman, French, and other languages, interspersed in the Commentaries of Sir Wm. Blackstone.

In Dugald Stewart's Dissertation prefixed to the supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. V. part I. p. 166. we have perused, with cordial satisfaction, the following well-earned tribute to the labours of one of our friends to whom the readers of the Port Folio owe more than we are permitted to acknowledge. After stating that he had received the "Report of the Historical Committee, &c." this profound writer proceeds: "It was with

great pleasure I observed, that one of the first objects to which the committee," (i. e. Mr. Duponceau) "has directed its attention, is to investigate and ascertain, as much as possible, the structure and grammatical forms of the languages of the aboriginal nations of America. The Report of the corresponding secretary, (Mr. Duponceau) dated January 1819, with respect to the progress then made in this investigation, is highly curious and interesting, and displays not only enlarged and philosophical views, but an intimate acquaintance with the philological researches of Adelung, Vater, Humboldt, and other German Scholars. All this evinces an enlightened curiosity, and an extent of literary information, which could scarcely have been expected in these rising states for many years to come."

"The rapid progress which the Americans have lately made in the art of writing has been remarked by various critics, and it is certainly a very important fact in the history of their literature. Their state papers were, indeed, always distinguished by a strain of animated and vigorous eloquence; but as most of them were composed on the spur of the occasion, their authors had little time to bestow on the niceties or even upon the purity of diction. attention to these is the slow offspring of learned leizure, and of the diligent study of the best models. This I presume was Gray's meaning, when he said, that " good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts;"\* a maxim, which if true, would point out the state of the public taste among any people of the general improvement which their intellectual powers have received; and which, when applied to our Trans-atlantic brethren, would justify sanguine expectations of the attainments of the rising generation."

The "Presbyterian Magazine" recommends the Conversations on the Bible, lately printed at the Port Folio office, to "families, schools, and Bible classes, as a pleasing and important help, in the study of that portion of the inspired volume to which the work relates."

A new edition of Nicholson's Dictionary of Chemistry with improvements by Dr. Ure of Glasgow, has lately been published in

<sup>\*</sup> Note of Mason on a letter of Gray's to Dr. Wharton, on the death of Dr. Middleton.

Great Britain, and republished by Robert Desilver in this 'city; with valuable notes by Dr. Hare. The high reputation of these gentlemen entitles this work to confidence.

The London Literary Gazette, for September last says the *Pi-rate*, does not move so fast under the press as to afford any hope of his appearing very speedily. Perhaps it may be Christmas before he issues forth.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Since the Account of the Tyrol Wanderer was printed off (vid. p. 333.) we have discovered that what is there acknowledged to be borrowed from an English Journal was actually stolen from us, as any one may be convinced who will refer to the Port Folio for August 1812. This explanation may excite a smile at our expense, although this Journal was not then under our control.



